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Thirteen clues to be solved in this competition are given below. Each clue is followed by two or three alternative words. Out of these select one as answer to the Clue and enter it in your Entry Column in Block Letters only. (Reference: The Concise Oxford Dictionary)

(The Entry Column given below is for practice purpose only. Send your Entry Columns on plain paper)

CLUES		CLUES	
1	Some of the modern fashions of dress make the wearer appear (TRIM or PRIM)	8	The better the more pleasurable (POSE or ROSE)
2	He is not entitled to respect in society (CROCK or CROOK)	9	Really good one is scarcely un welcome (TALK or TACK)
3	Its temptations are difficult to get rid of (TIN or SIN or GIN)	10	To appreciate this accurately requires commonsense (ZEST or JEST)
4	Generally speaking such a talk makes unfavourable impression (CURT or PERT)	11	A slight thing sometimes causes serious this among bosom friends. (JAR or WAR)
5	Nasty these are irritant (TRICKS or PRICKS)	12	To spend extravagantly on these shows lack of prudence in a family man (EATS or PETS or BETS)
6	A wise leader rightly directly directs.....of his people (MOOD or GOOD)	13	A reckless man is apt to be brutal when.....(ROUSED or SOUSED)
7	Such a person is generally harmless by nature (PURE or POOR)		

Entry Column

LAST POSTING DATE 14th January, 1944

All entries must be received by last post on 14th January 1944. The Sealed correct solution to this Competition will be opened and certified by The Indian Bank Ltd. Bombay (in which it is deposited) and will be published in BLITZ Weekly News Magazine Bombay dated 22nd January, 1944. The Result will be published in the same on 12th February 1944. (Competitors wishing to receive the sealed correct solution as well as the result sheet when it is out from us should enclose two self addressed stamped envelopes with their entries and must add annas two more in their M O or I P O)

ENTRANCE FEE Rupee One for a Single Entry Column Rs Two for Three Entry Columns and Rs Five for every set of Eight Entry Columns

RULES AND CONDITIONS Any number of filled in ENTRY COLUMNS on plain paper along with the requisite fee is accepted. All entry columns must be clearly filled in with ink (in Block letters) or typewritten. No alterations, corrections, mutilations will be allowed. The Entrance Fee should be sent by M O or I P O only. M O receipt should be enclosed. The First Prize will be awarded to the competitor who sends in a solution which agrees with the sealed All correct solution. In the case of tie or ties the First Prize will be divided equally. Failing an All correct solution the First Prize will be awarded to the nearest correct entry. The Runners up First prize amount will be divided between the senders of one two and three error correct solutions in such proportion as the Manager in his absolute discretion thinks fit. A winning competitor can receive only one prize in this competition. Number you filled in entry columns serially and write your name and address in ink in block letters on every sheet of paper containing your entry columns. The Surname and total number of entry columns enclosed must be stated on the back of the cover. The decision of the manager in all matters regarding this COMPETITION must be accepted as final and legally binding and is an express condition of entry.

Address your entries and fees to

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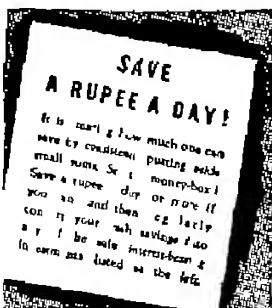
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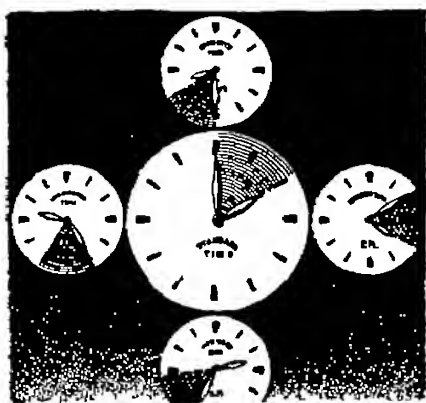
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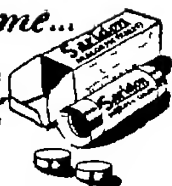
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(Single copy As 12)

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ASIATIC DIGEST

JANUARY 1944

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TIMES HAVE CHANGED!



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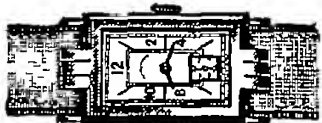
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Lord Wavell to tackle Indian Deadlock?

—A NEW APPROACH

AFTER a lull of nearly a couple of years, action is expected on India's political front. The *National Call* of Delhi, usually well-informed in such matters, set the ball rolling with a story that Lord Wavell has big things up his sleeve. Forecast release of Gandhi and Congress Working Committee members as a preliminary to a political settlement. Others have taken up the cue. In Britain the Secretary of State for India has been booed in public meetings, certain less important trade unions have passed resolution for his recall. Nevertheless, even assuming that there are indications of a growing dissatisfaction of the British public—or should one say, a section of the British public, with the Indian policy of the War Cabinet, the *National Call* story has not clicked,—yet

Delhi has been a grave for the political reputation of so many Viceroys that no one can possibly forecast with confidence a brighter fate for Lord Wavell than that of his

predecessors. It is no reflection on Lord Wavell, indeed, that political commentators of his regime should have to temper their optimism with moderation. Unhappily, the political relations of this country with Britain, acerbated by a war professedly being fought for freedom and democracy, have been brought to such a pitch of desperation that enthusiasm is easily chilled.

In the very short time that he has been in office, Lord Wavell has shown a rare energy, unconventionality and a freshness of approach which would have been considered absolutely *infra dig* by other occupants of the Viceregal *gadi*, and which has, precisely for this reason, captured the imagination of the Indian public. Or rather, to be more accurate, it has captured the imagination of such of the Indian public who actually saw the 'big lord' (this is a literal translation of *bara lat*, the Indian designation of the Viceroy) doing any of these things supposed not to be 'done', *viz.*, walking on grass instead of treading with dignity

miles and miles of crimson carpets, appearing in a plain suit or a bush shirt instead of the regulation frock coat and top hat, etc. Those who did not have the benefit of visual demonstration have read Lord Wavell's speeches. They could not possibly have failed to notice that wherever Lord Wavell speaks, which is not often, he prefers direct speech to the rounded periods of Mid-Victorian oration, so characteristic of his predecessor.

Behind these external trappings, one can see the spirit and convictions of the man who has been taught to face difficulties and solve them. He could not be in sympathy with the professional brand of politicians who are temperamentally better fitted to create difficulties rather than solving them.

The manner in which Lord Wavell has been tackling the problem of famine in Bengal deserves the highest admiration. Without belittling his achievements in any way, one can still say with justice that it is a solution over the heads of the politicians. True, the Army is getting all the support it needs from the public in its task of distribution of food but it is not support through their accredited leaders that Lord Wavell has sought or obtained. In fact, in his approach and attitude, Lord Wavell's differences with politicians are too

fundamental to be limited even by geographical boundaries. His straightforward and forceful handling of the food situation contrast so strikingly with Mr Amery's halting, lame and whitewashing explanations on the floor of the House of Commons that no one can hardly fail to notice it. Delhi and Whitehall do not speak with the same voice now, how long they would be able to pull together is a legitimate question. But that is a different story.

One of the reasons why the *National Call* story failed to click is that, up till now, Lord Wavell has fought shy of contacting the political leaders and has sought, instead, direct contact with the masses. One would not like to harp upon it, but there it is. It has already given rise to a legend about the alleged intention of the new Viceroy to short circuit the leaders of the people he has come to rule. The new slant in the Government publicity films, now exhibited under compulsion by all show houses, is on mass-contact—Wavell trying out his Pushtu while chatting to frontiersmen, Wavell visiting villagers on horse back during his North India tour, no pandals, no festoons, no red carpets and above all, no frockcoats and top hats.

This theme of mass-contact could easily be developed.

After all, why not? The Congress was pampered, it started the "Quit India" movement. The Muslims were pampered,—they put up a bid for Pakistan, as the price for their support. The middle-class leaders were pampered,—they, too, proved no less recalcitrant than the others. Indeed, a very plausible case could be made out for this line of approach. The victims of famine have to be fed. The productivity of our agriculture has to be improved, our cultivators could do with several hundred million tons of chemical fertilizers, the slums and chawls in our towns and cities could be cleared. As a matter of fact, all the three items are on the cards, and as far as the exigencies of the war situation permit, they would be pursued with the same energy that Lord Wavell has brought to bear on the solution of the problem of food. That brings us to the crux of the problem,—the war, and particularly, the war on the Eastern Front.

If Britain is not in too much of a hurry to quit India, apparently she is not,—even this attack on problems of everyday life, essential as much for civilized existence as for reinforcing civilian morale in wartime, could be construed as a diabolical attempt to strengthen Britain's hold on India. Passive acquiescence is not a very secure

foundation for foreign rule in any country. The active support of at least a fairly large section of the people must be sought and obtained if Britain's relations with this country are to be put on a more sound and mutually advantageous basis. Direct contact with the masses, therefore, may hold out hopes of success where a political approach has failed. If one cares to pursue the broader implications of this line of thinking, one might find a sanction for them in the alignment of the political forces in India,—particularly in the sphere of labour politics, which is curious but not accidental. It is not an accident that the leftist parties, both the Radical Democrat and the official Communist Party of India are ranged today on the side of Britain while the Congress and bourgeois elements are in the opposite camp.

The Indian National Congress has been accused, not without reason, of drawing their support from the capitalist sections. But it is the same Congress which led the movement for freedom during the last couple of decades and whatever the political rights that India has gained have been won by the Congress, and not by the parties of the left. Though the latter may have supported the Congress in the past in its fight for political rights, the support was never wholehearted nor consistent.

It is true, the Communists now want the Congress leaders to be released but their demand for a National Government is prompted by expediency, as a means for stepping up the war effort. Their hostility to what the Congress stands for remains as inflexible as ever. If the present Government of India were to go down to the masses, it is difficult to see how the leftist parties could reasonably withhold cooperation from them so long as the war is on, unless they are afraid of losing their position as the accredited leaders and spokesmen of the peasants and workers.

Whether there be any ulterior political motives behind it or not, as a soldier and a realist Lord Wavell would be perfectly justified in overhauling the economic organisation of the country as much for redressing the wrongs that were crying to be redressed as for making India a stronger base for large scale military operations in S E Asia. Inflation, the shortage of manufactured goods for civilian consumption and the tragic food situation all go to show that the economic policy pursued so far has been shortsighted in the extreme from the viewpoint of successful prosecution of the war. How fundamentally unsound may be judged from the recommenda-

tion of the Food Enquiry Committee, presided over by Sir Theodore Gregory, the Economic Adviser to the Government of India, that the whole strategy of the war in the East must be changed if it interferes with the provision of adequate transport and shipping for rushing a sufficient quantity of food grains to the famine area.

The solution of administration problems is essential indeed but the magnitude as well as the complexities of war-time problems are such that success is impossible unless the people of the country are yoked to the task through their own leaders. Even assuming that such a solution were possible, it would still fail to produce the conditions most favourable for the United Nations in the war of the Pacific.

That Lord Wavell is fully aware of the futility of seeking a solution of the administrative problems while the political deadlock remains, is fully borne out by his latest speech in the Associated Chamber of Commerce in Calcutta, the text of which has just been published after this article has been already in print. Speculations regarding short circuiting the political leaders and parties should, therefore, be now laid to rest. All the same, Lord Wavell does not feel that he

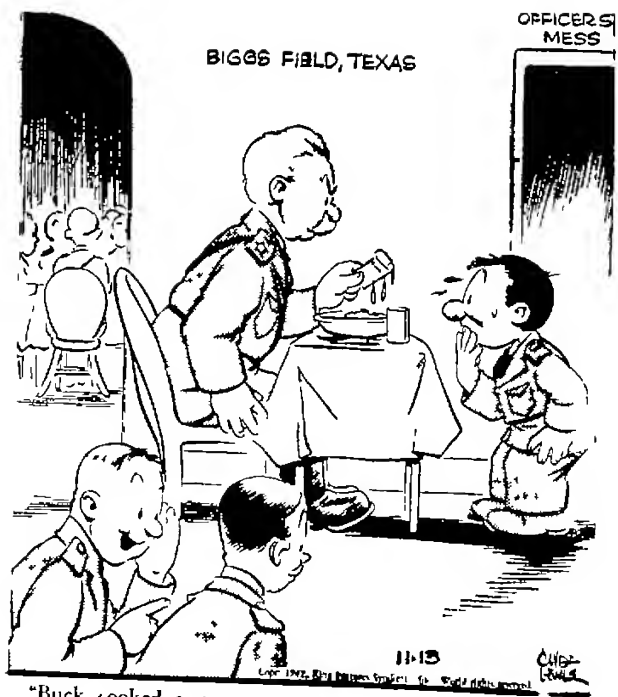
can make any statement at this stage which would help rather than retard a satisfactory solution. It does not follow, however, that he may not have something to say at a later stage. Indeed the general tenor of his speech is quite different. There is a distinct hint that he does not intend to remain standstill, repeating as nauseum what has already been repeated many times before.

The puny little man who rules India's destiny and speaks with the voice of the Great Moghul belongs to a different school of thought. Mr Leopold Amery swears by other gods. He believes that Britain is already getting all the help she needs from India,—soldiers, money, war materials. What more do you need in a war? His conception of the war is essentially that of the sergeant major, the organised will of the people, morale, things that great Generals and war leaders value above all things—East of Suez, these have no meaning for him. But since Mr Amery is not in the British War Cabinet, nor in the Councils of the United Nations, it need not

be supposed that his views are necessarily accepted as final by those who are ultimately responsible for the conduct of the war. On the specific issue of a political solution for India, Mr Amery has left it to others to find a solution, reserving the right to say 'no' in the highly improbable eventuality of an agreed solution being presented to him. For an answer to the query why a solution which would be acceptable to Britain and be agreed to by all the parties cannot be obtained one has to unravel the tangled skein of Indian Politics. This is not the place for it. Agreement naturally would remain a physical impossibility so long the leaders of the major party, the Congress, are kept behind prison bars and hardly worthwhile so long as the Congress is suspected of pro-Axis sympathies. It is in these two latter respects that there are welcome signs of a change. This shadow of suspicion is lifting, if the barriers to political contacts now go, then alone the stage would be set for really important developments. Things seem to be moving in that direction.

Diner Out (to waiter) Is that your handkerchief you are using to wipe my plate?

Waiter (in a confidential tone) It won't hurt, sir, it's not a clean one.



11-13
COPY 1942, BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT
"Buck cooked a pigeon carrying an important military dispatch."

What About the Orient?

With the exception of China, no satisfactory declaration has been made about the Orient by the three great Powers—America, Britain, and Russia—which seem fated to decide the destinies of practically all the nations of the world. But the Orient is awake, and there can be no possibility of a lasting peace, if their claim for a just and equal place in the post-war scheme is ignored.

U G RAO

WITH victory no longer in doubt and the end of the war drawing steadily nearer, the Allied Nations are turning their thoughts more and more to the future. What is to happen to the world after the war? How is peace to be established and maintained? What are to be the relations between the different nations and their relative importance?

While the common men everywhere are hoping for a juster order, for better relations among nations and the end of all domination, political, economic or social, the most powerful among the Allied Nations have been holding conferences and arriving at decisions which, though superficially attractive, are not yet fully satisfactory. The recent Teheran talks, in which the Big Three, Britain, America and Russia, participated, did hold out promise of better life for the common people of the

world, but the proposals made were so general and so sweetly vague that they could not be sufficiently convincing.

And then the suggestions of undisclosed understandings and unannounced plans to divide the world among themselves, which have since been made in the Press, have had a further depreciatory effect on the proposals. It may be that the reported plans to divide the world might lead to nothing more than the distribution of spheres of influence and control among the victorious. But a sphere of influence might easily degenerate into a sphere of political domination.

ROOM FOR DOUBT

As far as Western countries are concerned, there is no great cause for anxiety. The Big Three seem to be fairly settled that these countries should have a just deal and that there should be no repetition of the

vindictive peace of Versailles, though all precautions would naturally be taken to prevent fresh aggression. It is with regard to the attitude of the Big Three to the Orient that there is room for doubt. No doubt, one of the Oriental nations, China, was invited by Britain and America to a joint conference at Cairo, and was promised effective help against her chief enemy, Japan, and assured of a fair deal at the end of the war. No doubt, by the very fact of her being invited to the conference, she was also assured of an equal status with the other important Allied Nations in the matter of planning the peace of the world.

Though a belated gesture, the Orient appreciates and welcomes the spirit behind it and hopes that it will outlive the grim necessities of war. China fighting single-handed against a heavily-armed and ruthless foe and suffering under the economic depredations of other nations, has long deserved that gesture. And even now the gesture does not go far enough. While Formosa and Manchuria are to be returned to China when Japan has been finally defeated and driven out of the territories she has occupied, the fate of Hong-Kong, which is as much Chinese as the other parts, is still left undecided. Probably, western control is still to continue over

that port. Even then, the evidence of a desire on the part of the two leading Western countries to treat China honestly, is unmistakable.

NO SATISFACTORY ANSWER

But China does not constitute the whole of the Orient. What about the south-eastern islands which Japan has captured and which she will be driven out of? What about Indo-China, Siam, Malaya, Burma and then India? Are these also going to be treated fairly or are they to continue as before under western domination? There is no satisfactory answer to this question yet. Apart from India, in whose case a slightly more explicit statement has been made, all that the rest are promised is the chance of a progressive evolution towards freedom in course of time. And yet it must be remembered that this question affects the lives of millions of human beings who are quite capable of governing themselves and who have been promised by diplomatic Japan of an almost immediate grant of freedom. It is true that the value of a Japanese promise is nothing much to speak of, but the psychological effect of a declaration of independence, however hollow, however transitory, cannot be ignored. The suggestion here is not that the Allied Nations should copy the crafty methods of imperial

Japan and make false declaration to the people of south-eastern Asia, but that they should make a more specific and more inspiring declaration than they have yet made. The promise of an opportunity to crawl and toddle towards freedom might have had an inspiring ring in it in the nineteenth century, but today it sounds farcical.

These countries are still unhappily under the Japanese. The aggressors have to be driven out, and that is admittedly not a very easy task. It could be made very much easier by telling the local people that they would be having something worthwhile to look forward to at the end of it all. Altruistic motives apart, the practical value of such a step in making the subject people take an enthusiastic part in the allied drive against Japan and thus shorten the war, must be enough to commend itself to the statesmen of the United Nations.

THE ORIENT IS AWAKE

Then there is India. India is happily not yet overrun by Japan. And her people have been promised a clearer offer than other subject people in the Orient. All the same, the growing tendency on

the part of the Powers that be to ignore India in inter-Allied discussions and to act as though her problem does not exist, cannot but be disquieting to the people of this country, as also the systematic attempt to exclude her from the benefits of the Atlantic Charter and yet maintain that she is quite happy without them. If it is a fact that India has been enjoying the benefits of the Atlantic Charter even before it was formally thought of, why fight shy of declaring that it applies to her as much as to the European countries? At the worst, it would be a redundancy and a redundancy which would make assurance doubly sure. That certainly is no loss to the Allied Nations.

But India would not like to jump to hasty conclusions, and suspect the motives of the leaders of the Allied Nations. She would wait patiently and see. But she must be excused if, in the meanwhile, she cannot help warning them that there can be no permanent peace on this earth without pacifying the Orient, and that the Orient includes much more than China. The Orient is awake. There is no ignoring it any longer.

An alien's boots, photographed by X-rays, revealed a hidden hoard of gold coins. "Hope to goodness they won't start X-raying my stockings," says Careful Clara.

An American Looks At Americans In India

DOROTHY LANE

THE repercussions of India upon the young Americans who are here are interesting. The very difference in customs, dress and manner of life in India from what they have been used to at home challenge their interest.

You will have seen many Americans about the streets in Indian cities and towns talking with shop-keepers, chatting with whoever comes along, having their fortunes told, racing in tongas, and in general behaving with normal American informality and friendliness. Having been set down to their astonishment in a country which few of them ever expected to be able to visit, most of these Americans are interested in what people of this country are thinking and doing. They want to know "how they get that way," as our slang phrase has it. As a result a good many Indians and British now know from personal experience why Americans are noted for their talkativeness and curiosity. Not all of us go to the extremes of the New York and Washington taxi-drivers who will pick your

"—Americans may look different, they may talk different, they may act different, they may hold many opposing opinions, yet there is a common fundamental attitude and point of view which spells unity among them."

DOROTHY LANE

brains on your business affairs and your politics as well as letting you know their own views on the state of the country, international affairs and the latest headlines, all in the trip from the railroad station to your destination. Nevertheless it is apparent that this interest in others is one of our national traits.

The responsiveness with which the overtures of these young men are met and the hospitality which so many of them have experienced from both Indian and British people help to make them feel at home in this, to us, exotic land. Many of these Americans have never been away from their homeland before and all appreciate tremendously the hospitality shown

them Personally, I have been happy to see this interest and this response because I feel that as eventually we must all learn to get along together in this newly linked-up, telescope world, the sooner we begin to understand each other, the better

It has been gratifying to learn that a large part of the hospitality shown to Americans in India has in part been due to the desire to reciprocate the hospitality received by the donors from Americans in the United States This mutual international cordiality is heart-warming to observe and to experience We all need more of it, and many of the friendship now being established by and with our men in India, either as a first or second link in such a chain, will yield increasing dividends in understanding later on

I have often felt that sympathy between people depends not so much on nationality, race or identity of background as upon mutual interests and points of view—that human categories are more true when arrived at on the basis of profession, attitude of mind and common enthusiasm than by any other criteria I daresay that an artist, unless he be a really rabid chauvinist, feels more at home with an artist of almost any other nationality

than with a mathematician or bricklayer of his own country

As an example of what I mean, I might cite one of many similar experience in India which came to us when we were visiting the famous temples of Buvaneshwar, having driven over from Puri to see them As we had only about two words of any Indian language at the time and as the taxi-driver did not speak English we felt completely at a loss as to how to start our sightseeing when we stopped in a side street and a crowd of people came flying from all directions and surrounded us As they were all friendly and interested faces it seemed the natural thing to ask if anyone there spoke English

A thin, ascetic-looking Indian in a handsome crimson shawl stepped forward and in excellent English asked what he could do for us We explained our predicament and that we wanted to study the monuments towering around us He replied that he would be glad to take us about himself and show us We said that we did not wish to intrude on his time but that it would be extremely kind if he would indicate which of the temples could be seen and which were the most important ones The upshot of it was that he and a friend personally conducted us about all of those fascinating and impressive

temples We could have had no more perfect guides as they proved to be archæologists and knew all of the buildings intimately

As we left they presented us with an exquisite, ancient bronze Ganesh which is on my desk as I write, a cherished souvenir of an illuminating and most pleasant day We have frequently wished to be able to return the kindness of these genial acquaintances but unfortunately the card bearing their names blew out of the car on the way back and was lost Although we had not met before, and differed in race, religion and nationality, we found a common meeting ground in our mutual interest in some of India's great monuments of the past Many Americans have told me that it has been their fortunate experience to encounter similar kindness from individuals of many of the varied communities which make up the population of India today

You no doubt have heard many Americans grouching about the heat in India, even former residents of Washington and New York and the fine cities of the South and South-west Many times in Calcutta the heat reminded me of days at home when the pavements melted to show the incised designs of all the automobile tire treads that had passed over them and one

wanted to do nothing so much as to stretch out under a fan and pray for rain However, I am quite willing to admit that almost no place in America can provide climatic conditions equal for unrelieved, long-drawn-out ferocity with those characteristic of some spots in India

In America we are not nearly so well-equipped to endure what heat we have as we are here in India Almost all of our dwellings at home have low ceilings and only a few fans—and table fans at that Most of us cannot clap the hands for a lime-squash whenever we want one but must go to the frig ourselves for it, having squeezed the lemons and placed it there early in the morning ourselves Those of us who work in large cities have to travel long distances in the heat by subway, train or motor-car to get to work and are faced with the same interminable journey at the end of the hot day And in America the tempo of work does not slacken because of the heat but continues in high-speed just as though one felt one's customary accomplishful self instead of like a wet rag

And now, in war-time America, there is especially the eternal problem of keeping fresh and clean Americans in India are plaintive enough about the depredations of the Indian dhobies and what they

do to buttons and colours and embroidery but if we were in America at the present time we would all probably be spending our Sundays doing the family washing, for the usual excellent laundry service has unfortunately become a most inconvenient war casualty.

One of the forceful things which has struck me in seeing the parade of so many of my countrymen far away from home against a strange background is their curious identity in fundamental type and attitude. One sees it far more clearly here, abroad. Those kindly Indians and Britishers who have taken the trouble to know some of the Americans who are now guests in this country will have realized how many melting-pot variations in temperament, speech, interests and opinions exist among the Americans they have met. Many of you may now be able to differentiate between a Texan and a new Englander, a Georgian and a Californian or an Iowan. You may now be able

to detect even from his accent whether an American comes from the East or the West, the North or the South, though you may possibly still be confused when you hear a Bostonian speech that sounds out of Oxford America, like India, is a vast place with distinctive variations in local people. But, many of you may have discerned that wherever they may come from and whatever their religion or their racial background or their education there is a certain quality that stamps them as Americans. Whether or not you make a favourable comment on this fact, I believe that few will not have observed it. Americans may look different, they may talk different, they may act different, they may hold many opposing opinions, yet there is a common fundamental attitude and point of view which spells unity among them. Perhaps this is the vital factor in the strength of the nation.

Amruta Bazar Patrika

AT a dog show a short time ago two young lads were noticed standing at a certain stall which contained a fine specimen of a Skye terrier. It possessed such an abundance of hair as to give it more the appearance of a small doormat than that of a member of the canine race. The two young dog-fanciers seemed deeply interested over the dog, but at the same time their countenances betokened that they were puzzled about something. Having made a critical examination of the Skye terrier, one of them was heard to say:

"Bill, which be its head and which be its tail?"

"I'm blest if I know!" responded the other. "It's a regular puzzler. But I'll soon find out," he continued, as a sudden idea seemed to strike him. "Let's prick the animal with a pin and see which end he barks!"

In Despair To Pakistan

R. A. ZAKARIA

PAKISTAN is not a religious slogan, hence to associate it with pan-Islamism is absurd. It is a legitimate challenge by a people, who feel their individuality threatened to extinction by a community, which due to its numbers, holds a most dominant position in the affairs of the country. To break off the shackles of exploitation, the Indian Muslims demand a place where they can rise to their full stature, unhampered by either an hostile majority or an outside agency. Experience has taught them that artificial unity leads more often to chaos, sometimes even to bloodshed, than to harmony. No one can deny the part that British Imperialism has played in this controversy, but if there was a genuine desire—an urge from the heart to unite, the two streams, in spite of all the pulling from beneath, would not have flown, for decades, in the opposite directions. Our doctors always diagnosed the disease wrongly, consequently the prescription never produced the desired effect.

The critics of Pakistan forget that Hinduism and Islam

in India are not merely religions, they are social forces, interfering, right from birth, in every walk of their followers' lives. Based on a mutually contradictory concept of Society, the two systems, notwithstanding all the intermingling, go into divergent channels and create different environments for their adherents to grow up. Then there is the past, which annoys the Hindu, for he is made conscious from the beginning that for a thousand years the Mussalman had tyrannised over him. The future frightens the Mussalman, for he cannot tolerate the idea of being ruled by a people, who were his slaves only two hundred years ago. In this conflict of the past and the future, the present lies buried. It is no use ignoring these psychological factors, however ridiculous they may sound. They have penetrated so deeply into us that even education has done little to create a better and healthier atmosphere, where such symptoms could be eradicated.

Indian Nationalism has always looked down upon the Muslims as suspects, for it contains a large element of, what Mr. M. R. A. Baig has aptly

called, "the hidden Hinduism". During the anti-Partition days in Bengal, when organised agitation against the authorities took shape for the first time, the Hindu leaders evoked the aid of Kali, the goddess of destruction, not only to get rid of the British but also to avenge the Muslims. In that period of Hindu-Muslim relationship "Vande Matram" was born. The song is taken from a novel by Bankim Chandra Chatterjee, which breathes anti-Islamic spirit all through its pages. It is in Sanskrit, a language sacred to the Hindus but hardly understood even by them. To insist on it as a national anthem betrays a mentality, which has made Pakistan an imperative necessity for those, who want to live a life of their own, with a culture of their own.

The Congress is said to symbolise the spirit of Indian Nationalism. It claims to make no distinction of caste or creed. One has, however, only to attend its annual sessions to see the dominance of the Hindu character, in all its nakedness, everywhere. Everything is modelled there in exactly Hindu fashion. You have to live there as a Hindu, move as a Hindu, and perforce feel as a Hindu. The Congress volunteers present the guard of honour to their President in the "ancient" manner, they greet the visitors with "namaste"

Non vegetarianism is discouraged, officially only vegetarian food is allowed. Its gates are decorated in the Hindu style, they are named after the Hindu heroes. The Faizpur Congress *pandal* was called "Shivaji Nagar". Shivaji was undoubtedly the greatest Hindu warrior, but while dealing with the India of the Hindus and the Muslims, it should not be forgotten that he was an enemy of Aungmye, a man revered by the Muslims as a saint, and one of the causes of the downfall of the Mogul Empire.

Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, whose right place is in the Hindu Mahasabha, controls the entire Congress organisation. He is its sledge hammer, who moulds the things as he likes. At Haripura he laid the foundation of "Vithal Nagar" on a Dassera day, with full Vedic rites and the press prominently displayed the ceremonial photographs and applauded his act. When he opened the Mafatlal Gaganbhai Hindu Swimming Bath, some cry against it, was raised, but was it not drowned in the wilderness?

At Tripuri, when Mr. Subhas Chandra Bose, as the President-elect, was taken in a chariot, pulled by 52 bullocks, Mr. Shanker Rao Deo, the Maharashtrian member of the Congress High Command,

who is known to have drunk to the full the elixir of Gandhism, remarked to a representative of the *Associated Press*, "How grand! It reminds me of the Vedic days" Though said in an unguarded moment, he did reveal his mind. Then why blame the Mussalmans if they dream of reviving the *Crescent in India*

Mr Bal Gangadhar Tilak is respected among the Hindus as *Lokmannya*—the choice of the people. He was indeed a brave man, a rebellious soul, who died struggling to free his country. But what did he think of the Muslims? He not only despised them but expected that they should kneel down before the all-mighty Brahminism. In all his writings, in all his speeches, in all his actions, this sentiment was predominant. Every year India's mighty national organisation honours his memory on the first of August with an enthusiasm not to be witnessed in the case of any other leader. Does this not give a peep into the Congress character?

Of all the Congress stalwarts who have departed, no one was more non-communal than the late Mr C. R. Das. When the All-Parties Conference in 1928 broke down on the issue of the Separate Electorates, this great Bengali, with his usual depth of vision,

remarked, "It was *childish* on the part of the Muslims to have asked for safe-guards, but it was *foolish* on the part of the Hindus to have refused them." In that one sentence he summed up the solution to the communal problem. His life is the finest example of a Hindu who could rise to be an Indian. But is he remembered half as much as Mr Tilak? Neither when he was alive, nor when he is dead, his spirit is allowed to permeate the national body politic.

About fifteen years ago in Calcutta the National Convention, for arriving at an *entente cordiale*, was held, when both the Hindu and the Muslim leaders discussed for days together the various constitutional issues, but they dispersed without coming to an agreed settlement. "The main contention," say a commentator, who was present on the spot, "was the question of the Muslim representation at the centre. Whether they would have 33 seats or 30. After Mr Jinnah had made his statement, Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya advised the Muslims not to press for it as the leaders of the Hindu Mahasabha had repeatedly expressed their views that the existing proportion of the Muslims in the legislatures of the country was the maximum that could be permitted. The Muslim case was bitterly opposed

by Mr Jai Ramdas Daulatram

Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru supported the Muslim demand fully

Mr Gandhi, while saying that he was inclined to concede the Muslim demand, stated that it was difficult to do so in view of the Sikh objections

For hours the question of 'three more seats' was discussed and debated. Evening shaded into night and night into midnight, but the Muslims could not get the three seats surrendered in their favour. Eventually the political future of India was buried in a coffin marked

THREE SEATS Practically all the efforts at unity in the past fizzled out in some such way. A peculiar characteristic of the Hindu leadership is its *bania*-like attitude in politics, which is rightly resented by the minorities. Being in an overwhelming majority, the Hindus should not only be fair and just, but they can well afford to be generous, to the non-Hindus. The remarkable way Zaglul Pasha tackled the problem of the Copts in Egypt ought to have formed an eye-opener to the leaders of the Indian National Congress. But where precept is lacking, example can be of no avail.

Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru says, "Urdu is the joint and sacred inheritance which both the Hindus and the Muslims have received from their fore-

fathers." But the Congress ministries, when in power, systematically prevented its becoming a *lingua franca* of India, perhaps because it contains some Arabic and Persian words and is not usually written in the Devanagiri script. Under their patronage the Hindi Sahitya Samelan was formed to propagate the use of Sanskritised Hindi. Mr Gandhi, while blessing it, openly said, "Urdu is the language of the Mussalmans. If they want it they may preserve it." The Mahatma also did not like the word "Hindustani" for a common language, and invented a new term "Hindi-Hindustani" so that its Sanskritised appeal may not be lost.

Many such instances can be quoted *ad infinitum*. When viewed in the larger national interests, they pale into insignificance. But these little things give an idea of how the Congress mind works. It is easy to speak nationalism and shout Hindu-Muslim unity, it is difficult, very difficult indeed, to practise it. In an age of democracy if a majority of 75 per cent behaves in such a manner the fears of the minorities are not only genuine but must be appreciated. Having failed, in spite of his life-long struggle to bring the Hindus and the Muslims together, the Quaed-e-Azam now demands separation for

his co-religionists "The very fact that I, 'the best ambassador,' said Mr Jinnah once, "could not succeed, proves that Hindu-Muslim unity is impossible" His scheme is, therefore, in no danger of being torpedoed, unless the existing structure—political, social and economic, undergoes violent and revolutionary changes. As things stand, however, there is very little hope. When Pandit Nehru, in spite of his

socialistic outlook, acquiesces in the rightist hotch-potch, when Sardar Patel manages to be the presiding deity of the Congress, when Birla's and Dalania's, not to mention hundreds of other Hindu concerns, do not give the job of even a clerk to a Muslim, Pakistan provides the only solution to a people, oppressed and depressed, yearning to live a free and civilised existence.



Willkie and The 4th Term

Genial Wendell has been building up a following but not with politicians. Has he the strength to beat them and to challenge President Roosevelt in 1944? The following article on Willkie's chances of winning a campaign for the presidency in the next election is based upon interviews with well informed persons in Washington and New York

THERE is a story making the rounds in New York to the general effect that while interviewing a foreign politician, Wendell Willkie was asked to use his influence to obtain lend-lease for his host's country.

"With 20,000 tons of wheat I could win the elections, Mr Willkie, and I want to be President," the politician is reported to have said.

"That, my friend, is an ambition which I can well appreciate," Mr Willkie is supposed to have replied.

There are a number of other such stories, none of which would be in the least significant if it were not for the fact that the originator of these stories is Mr Willkie.

For whatever the word, or lack of it, from the White House, a great many people assume that President Roosevelt will be the Democratic candidate for office in the next election. If he runs, it seems unlikely that he would be defeated barring national and international trends of such radical magnitude as not to eat speculation here.



Willkie

Under existing circumstances who is there to oppose him? The gurgles concerning the possibility of a Democratic vote-splitting third-party movement seem at best only gurgles. The Republicans are embarrassingly short of manpower of a calibre to put up a decent show against the President. What-

ever their qualifications, Bricker and Stassen, could not co-ordinate nation-wide support sufficient to make a dent in the expected Democratic majority. Dewey might well carry heavily populated sectors in the East as well as a healthy Republican old-line Democrat vote, but he would be unable to reach the popular vote. However, he appears, at least at present, to realize this for he has repeatedly stated that he will not run against Roosevelt for the pure and simple reason that he does not want to be beaten. His position seems to be briefly "Sure I want to be President, but I'm willing to wait."

There can be little doubt that Willkie wants the nomination and unlike Dewey he can't afford to wait. If he is to get the Republican nomination at all, it must be now. Obviously the bulk of the Republican party does not care overly for Mr. Willkie, although there is a powerful faction that finds itself on its side (Thomas Lamont, the *Herald Tribune*, etc.), as well as a faithful minority who feel that, despite Willkie's recent trend, his earlier record could be depended upon in the long run. On the whole, it seems likely that if Mr. Willkie is to obtain the favours of the Republican party it must be now, in a period of party crisis.

It may well be, of course, that the Republicans would refuse to nominate Willkie under any circumstances. It may be that they are willing to forfeit a fight for the presidency (until after the war) and will instead concentrate on packing the Senate and the House. But if they would accept him, the next question is what elements could he depend upon for support?

Practically it would seem that Willkie would run only under circumstances which make it seem to him that he has a fair chance of winning. To win a fight against Roosevelt, Willkie would have to have, in addition to the administration-hating Democrats who would be glad to see Mickey Mouse in the White House rather than Roosevelt, the solid Republican vote and—here's the catch—the vote of organized labour.

Certainly there are large segments of the labour vote which he could unquestionably collar. John Lewis's United Mine Workers might well deliver for him in the next election the vote they promised but did not deliver in the last campaign. There are other elements within the labour movement which might also find Willkie an attractive candidate. The Walter Reuther leadership of the United Automobile Workers might attempt a political swing,

but while the case of the auto-workers is in no sense comparable to the situation among the mine workers, in neither case can the tendencies of the leadership be assumed to be identical with those of the membership

Willkie cannot depend on anti-administration sentiment alone to build his following. He well knows that to win labour's vote he must offer something more attractive than a "clean broom." Thus it is significant that it is to the "progressive" wing that Mr Willkie has been staging his show.

His every action since his last campaign has been aggressively "constructive" an un-Republican. His record (for the past few years) has been for more consistently progressive over a broader range of issues than any member of the administration. He has been one step ahead of the New Dealers almost all of the way. In some ways his speeches and deeds have been Flying Fortresses amid public opinion for progressive administration moves. His book which has sold over a million copies so far is something of a twentieth-century world *magna charta*.

He has won labour's respect and admiration, but winning their vote is not quite the same thing. Labor values national

unity as vital to the war effort and to the peace. It is possible that if Willkie elects to run against Roosevelt, labour will view his candidacy as a disruptive move. Most certainly the type of campaign which Willkie would have to wage to stand a chance would not be inducive to home-front morale. True, labour has a number of grievances with things as they are. The War Labour Board and lack of genuine price control, for example, have aroused a great deal of resentment. Our state department's rather peculiar interpretation of the four freedoms has not imbued labour with the kind of spirit it needs to fight the war fully both in the armed forces and on the production lines.

But on the whole labour will depend on popular pressure rather than a switch of administration to effect the changes which it feels essential. Although the regard for Willkie is high in labour and progressive circles, there can be little doubt that a defeat for Roosevelt at this time would be interpreted as a slap at the war effort at home and—what is equally important—by our allies abroad.

In view of these facts it appears unlikely that Willkie would be able to get the support of the forces essential for his election even if he could get the nomination. He would

probably be smart to pass up this "opportunity" for the presidency. Victory is not in itself the end of the war. There is a great peace to come and there will be ample room in the making of this peace for the

type of far-seeing intelligent leadership Mr. Willkie has shown he possess. In the great "One World" to come all roads will not necessarily lead to the White House.

Pic



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"I don't care if he's tall, dark, fair, fat, old or young,
I simply insist on his having the finer things of life—
MONEY!"

Germany Must Be Salvaged



DOROTHY THOMPSON

WAR is waged in an atmosphere charged with passion. There have been very few leaders who were great in war and great in peace. Peace is not victory. Peace is the reconstruction that victory allows. What is needed for that reconstruction is not passion, but intelligence, not the vision of 1943, but the vision of 1963 at least.

Plans now reputedly crystallizing in Allied foreign offices for dealing with defeated Germany are not based upon an accurate reading of history or of folk psychology. These plans seem to me to offer no hope of permanent peace.

"Our Government's Plan for Post-war Germany" was set forth by Kingsbury Smith in the April *American Mercury*. There is not yet an immutable official policy, but Mr. Smith's summary does, I think, repre-

sent views widely held in official quarters.

Under this plan, Allied forces are to establish a military government "to preserve law and order." Later "a supreme Allied military and civil government will take over." These American *Gauleiters* even now are receiving four months' training in "the laws, customs, economy and psychology of the German people."

The German nation will be disarmed, and war criminals will be swiftly punished. All Nazi officials will be removed from office. Gradually freedom of speech and press will be restored, but for a while "all mediums of expression will be strictly controlled. An International Education Commission will draft a programme of world history for German schools to "prevent

German children from being given a distorted version of world events "

Industries left intact will be operated under strict United Nations control And Germany must be drastically decentralized, breaking the country into separate states or regions, in order "to find a solution for the militarism of Germany "

II

What this plan propose is to reverse the Nazi programme, with Allied armies in the position, in Germany, of the Nazi armies in the occupied countries We are to destroy the German nation by disintegrating it partially, demobilize the German industries or take control of them, disarm the country entirely introduce our ideology into the schools, throw out the present officials and put in our own and, finally, when the Germans are all docile, allow them freedom again

This is not a peace plan at all, but a plan for the continuation of the war against Germany after she has unconditionally surrendered If Dr Goebbels is looking for new propaganda material, to steel the German people for the most ferocious war effort, he will have found it here

Were this plan attempted it would fail, for the same reasons that the Nazi occupation

of Europe has failed It would mobilize every vital element in Germany against us, it would start a new German nationalism of extreme virulence

The bolshevization of Germany might easily grow out of the chaos created by such a plan, for the destruction of any central authority offers opportunities to small but solid minority groups Our troops would either have to retreat in abject ignominy, or we would be engaged in a new war

Furthermore, the carrying out of this plan would make us the enemies not only of Germany, but of *all* Europe It would rock the European economic structure, render all Europe defenceless, and cut into the very heart of the continent, Balkanizing it disastrously Eventually it would lead to a drastic all-European revolution

III

This plan is based upon a misreading of folk psychology Did Germany revert, after the last war, to a new militarism because she was left with a strong army—or because she was unilaterally disarmed in a Europe of armed nations ?

The German army was reduced to a police force of 100,000 men. The leading political party, the Social Democrats,

were so pacifist that they discouraged enlistment from their own ranks. Hence the new army of the Republic was forced to draw upon the nationalist and anti-democratic elements. This was exactly what the General Staff wanted, and out of this nucleus they created the most modern aggressive force of the century.

Militarism and extreme nationalism grew out of repeated German democratic failures to obtain for Germany an equal place in European councils. She was barred from the League of Nations until 1925. She was disarmed but Europe was not. Eventually even Poland had a larger army than Germany. In a chaotic economic period, Hitler's plan for rearmament met the popular response it did largely because of this condition of affairs.

When this war ends, all the rest of Europe will have been disarmed by Germany. The disarmament of Germany will complete the disarmament of Europe. On what, then, is Europe as a whole to base her security? On simple faith that Russia, Britain and the United States have nothing at heart but European interests? On confidence that none of them, ever, will become aggressors?

There is nothing in history to justify the hope that we can

create this faith in the German people and eventually in all the European peoples. The psychological result of leaving Germany or any part of Europe defenceless except for Allied troops, would be, I am sure, to start another virulent underground nationalism.

An army is nothing but an instrument, for one policy or another. The problem is to turn the German army from being an instrument for enforcing German domination upon Europe, into an instrument for protecting a free Europe with liberty and justice for all.

Mr Churchill has proposed the formation of a Council of Europe, to be associated eventually with Britain, Russia, China, and the Americas, as a regional part of a gradually emerging world organization. No such Council will fulfil its function without Germany. Germany, as of 1933, constituted about a fifth of the population of Europe exclusive of Russia, and represented almost half of that Europe where technology, commerce, industry, education and popular culture had reached a high degree of development.

No new generation in any nation will take upon itself the guilt of its father. The German child of today is not going to feel that an inferior political

status is justly imposed upon him because his father killed hostages throughout Europe. A Germany outside the Council of Europe would be a constant potential menace. Her sense of inferiority would lead, in a generation, to another Hitler. The Council would inevitably tend to become an alliance permanently directed at keeping down this menace, with some discontented or ambitious members eventually encouraging its revival and rearmament.

The object of our statesmanship should be to help create a new Germany which will take its place in the Council and be charged with participation in the defence and reconstruction of the new Europe. The present German army must be disbanded, but a new force should be called into being as an instrument for collaboration in the protection of the new Europe. The danger that this force might be the nucleus of a new nationalist aggression can be removed. The Council of Europe should establish its own army for its own defence, and the European High Command should never allow any single nation to have preponderant power.

Obedience to authority is an historic German characteristic, conspicuous in the German armed forces. German soldiers drawn from the people can be

used to defend the New Europe, their existence would be a living example that Hitlerism is really defeated, and defeated for the creation of new life. Germany would lose her nationalist militarism to gain a new and prideful role.

But this will be possible only if a genuine people's government is created in Germany, excluding and punishing the Nazi and reactionary forces. That government can only be created by the German people themselves and *will* only create *itself* if it has a vital prospect of equality.

IV

The concept that an Allied occupying force can control the internal administration of Germany, direct the decentralization of its industries and readjustment of its economic life, try its war criminals, head off revolution, restore—while controlling—freedom of speech, dismember of German state, and re-educate the German people, all through *Gauleiters* trained for a few months, is absurd.

Presumably this occupying force will be composed of Russian, British and American troops under some form of joint command. Will there be no differences between them regarding what German administrators should be left in

power, or what personalities should replace them?

Actually, the only thing such a joint force could agree upon would be the maintenance of law and order—seeing that the trains ran on time, that people were fed, that looting and local *coups de main* were suppressed, and that the economy was not allowed to disintegrate into starving and workless mobs

This last will be the crux of the European economic situation. Today the German economy is the integrating force of the entire European economy. The decentralization of industry has already taken place to a large degree. Germany has moved many of her industries into occupied countries and into former agricultural eastern areas of the Reich. She has seized the majority shares of practically the whole European heavy industry. Obviously, the ownership of this vast European plant must be retransferred to the states in which the industries are situated, leaving it to them to determine where the equity shall eventually be placed.

We are determined, according to Mr Smith's report, that there shall be no revolution in Germany. The German masses, such as the demobilized soldiers, are not going to be

allowed to rise against Hitler and his gang. We are to attend to the gentlemen ourselves, and suppress both the Nazis and those who might rise in fury against them.

This could easily be the means of creating for future German generations the legend of a German Joan of Arc, the patriot who was done to death by the foreigner. Or, if accompanied by suppression of a people's rising, our forces might enter the German folklore as those who "liquidated" a people's revolution only to take over Hitler's role.

The fate of the Nazi criminals in occupied countries should be left to the governments and courts of those countries. Their people have been victims, not we. The fate of the Nazis in Germany should be left to the Germans, with or without revolution. There should be the least possible interference in the political affairs of Germany, for otherwise every failure there will be laid at our door, and the German people will wash their hands of responsibility. We should hold out hopes for full participation in a new European and world order of freedom to any German state based on a representative system and an impartial law, which having itself thoroughly liquidated Nazism,

is prepared to enter such an order with adequate guarantees

The idea of de-industrializing Germany confronts us with the problem of what to do with the German industrial workers. They will be the backbone of anti-Hitlerism in Germany. But they will not be for any democratic order that starts by starving them. Three quarters of the German population are directly tied up with industry. Shall we throw 20,000,000 out of work? Shall they emigrate? Where? To us?

German industry must be put immediately into the service of European and Russian reconstruction, to rebuild what has been destroyed. It must be made to serve the peoples of Germany and Europe. If it is not, Hitler's rule will live in German memory as a golden age, our occupation as the rule of the vandals, and all Europe will suffer.

It is proposed that we destroy the German state by dismembering it into numerous political authorities—to put the clock back to the pre-Bismarck days, when Germany was a *Bund* of independent principalities. But the establishment of Germany as a national state developed out of every popular trend in German life since 1800. The trend of

modern history and life is toward larger unities. In the old *Bund*, dynastic interests kept the Germans separated. Are we going to restore the old royal houses, who alone would have an interest in such a plan? Who is to undertake this job of dismembering Germany? Obviously the new states would have to have governments, would have to rest on some popular foundations. Do such foundations exist?

Certainly one could find some leaders who might grasp for power with the aid of American bayonets, but we would have to keep the bayonets on hand. They would be reactionaries or possibly communists, and would be regarded by the masses of the people as Quislings and traitors. They would be knifed and shot in dark alleys. And then we would have to find ways of maintaining our hated puppets and our unpopular authority.

The first use that would be made of free speech in Germany would be to cry for German re-unification. The opposition to dismemberment would be from liberal, progressive elements. They would seek to get power in the various states for the purpose of re-uniting them. We might, of course, end up with a Union of Socialist and Soviet German Republics, under a central party

authority Our hatemongers seem hell-bent on bringing something of this kind to pass

V

As for the re-education of the German people—just what constitutes the education of a nation?

A nation is educated by its history and experience. If defeat ruins Germany, the German people will not blame the Nazi war, but our victory.

The only situation that will maintain a re-orientation of the German mind is one of social and political security. The only thing that will make the Germans "good" is their integration into a new "good" European society. If they are dismembered, de-industrialized, subjected to foreign rule and foreign "education," they will not become "better," they will become worse. If, on the other hand every democratic and orderly tendency is encouraged, if they feel welcome awaiting them into a community which is going places—rebuilding, reconstructing, and evolving around the general welfare of Europe and the world, if their energies are turned toward cultural development, if such a programme offers them the greatest opportunities for happiness and security, they will go with us in that direction.

In all nations there are good and bad people. A plan such

as the one reported by Mr Smith will attract only another lot of bad Germans—very bad ones, who would connive at the destruction of their nation for reasons of personal ambition.

You cannot punish a nation as though it were a person. A nation is a *continuity in time and space*, the nation punished today causes suffering to a generation yet unborn, the nation wounded plagues all others, the nation treated unequally breeds spreading inequalities.

We need a few philosophers of history in our peace discussions, men who have derived, from knowledge, compassion for the endless martyrdom of Man, and wisdom to avert some of the follies and stupidities which throughout the ages have contributed to that martyrdom.

Victory is not peace. Peace is the construction of an order of society which satisfies human needs, provides constructive outlets for human energies, uses the instruments of man for his welfare and security, protects him, through political institutions, from those who would use him for the aggrandizement of their own ambitions, and gives to him the breath of life and freedom.

Peace is organic harmony. Its makers have been called the Children of God.

The American Mercury

Our Number One Enemy Is Japan

HALLETT ABEND

IF the decisions of global strategy are to be based on attaining unconditional victory with the least expenditure of lives and treasure, then clearly America's major effort should immediately be put forth in the Far Pacific

All the leading American and British strategists agree that Hitler has passed the peak of his strength in man-power and in productive capacity. On the contrary, Japan grows formidably stronger month after month, and as yet no real blows have been struck to deplete its man-power or curtail its war production.

JAPAN HAS MEN—AND THEY FIGHT

Experts agree that the war against Japan will not be won by air and naval power alone. Land armies must play a big part. Japan has 5,500,000 men in uniform. Millions more are available.

Approximately 40,000 Japanese reach military age every month. This means that in 18 months after Pearl Harbour, up to June 7 of this year,

720,000 Japanese had reached draft age. By June of 1944, 1,200,000 young Japanese will have become subject to military service.

In addition to this increasing reserve of man power, Japan is drafting men from conquered areas. From Manchuria she has already drawn more than 300,000 and from Occupied China another 350,000. Others are being trained in Indo-China, Thailand, Malaya, Burma and the Netherlands Indies. All these troops will release Japanese for front-line duty.

The capture of Guadalcanal alone required more than six months. It took 117 days to annihilate 15,000 Japanese in the Buna-Gona area of New Guinea. A handful of not more than 3,600 Japanese put up a 20-day fight on the island of Attu.

These are grim reminders of the power of resistance of an enemy who is being permitted to grow stronger everyday.

JAPAN'S SEA, AIR AND INDUSTRIAL POWER

Though we have taken heavy toll of Japan's sea power, we

have not struck at its source. Confidential reports say Japan is engaged in naval and merchant ship-building on a gigantic scale, not only in Japan but at Fusan in Korea, Dairen in Manchuria, Chinwangtao and Hongkong in China, at Manila in the Philippines, at Surabaya in Java, at Saigon in Indo-China and at Bangkok in Thailand.

The only one of these ship-yards we have bombed to any effect is at Bangkok.

Japan also is growing stronger in the air. At the start of the war Japan was producing more than 600 planes a month, 7,200 a year. At the end of the first year of war we claimed "destroyed, possibly destroyed, and damaged, a total of slightly fewer than 3,400 Japanese planes."

This means that on December 7 of last year, not counting planes worn out or destroyed in accidents, Japan was about 3,800 planes stronger than at the start.

Since December, Japan's plane production has been increased to more than 700 a month—4,200 additional planes by June 1. We destroyed fewer than 200 in the same period. Seven hundred planes a month for another year will mean 8,400 new planes for Japan by June of 1944.

When the war began, Americans complacently believed that Japan was so short of iron ore that the cutting off of scrap metal from this country would seriously cripple her war industries.

This bland assumption entirely ignored the largest known deposit of iron ore in East Asia, north-west of Peiping. These huge deposits have been brought to vast production. Other important iron deposits on the Yangtze River and in the Philippines are being worked by Japan.

Japan has, as well, tin, rubber, oil—everything a great nation needs to wage war. In addition, she rules and taxes and loots 405,000,000 human beings.

HOW JAPAN HOPES TO WIN

The heart of Hitler's productive empire is now being subjected to destructive bombings by day and night. Under these continuous raids, it cannot grow stronger. The heart of Japan's productive empire becomes stronger everyday.

The menace to Hitler from rebellious subject peoples is growing rapidly. We are aiding the revolt. For the hundreds of millions of people under Japan's tyranny we are doing almost nothing.

Europe's conquered millions read our leaflets, hear our broadcasts. The conquered millions of East Asia hear almost nothing but Japanese propaganda and become more hopeless month by month.

Tokyo believes that, when the war in Europe is finally ended, the peoples of the

United Nations will be so war-weary they will make a compromise peace leaving Japan more than half her gains.

This would be a victory for Japan. And it would mean another Japanese bid for world supremacy 10 or 12 years hence.

Look



"I think the Admiral's found that Jap carrier that was missing!"

Our Number One Enemy Is Germany

MAJ GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

WE have two major enemies, Germany and Japan. We are fighting those enemies, not alone, but as part of an alliance pledged to make war and peace together and not separately.

It will take our best efforts and those of all our allies to defeat these two enemies. They are, fortunately for us, on opposite sides of the world and cannot support each other. Since we cannot crush both at once we must choose which shall be attacked first.

We have chosen Germany as the first to be destroyed. That is the correct choice—indeed the only conceivable one. Remember, we Americans are not in this alone. Of our four major allies, three—the British, Russians and French—are primarily concerned with Germany, and only one—China—with Japan. None of our allies has any choice as to where to fight, all must fight where they are.

Only we Americans have complete freedom of action. We must decide whether to give our primary support to



Adolf Hitler

Britain, Russia and France or to China.

TWO QUESTIONS TO ANSWER

Question 1 If we give primary support to China, and defeat Japan, can we and China then bring to Europe enough strength to assure speedy defeat of Germany? Our ability to do this is doubtful.

Question 2 If we give primary support to Britain, Russia and France, and defeat Germany, can we then together bring to the Far East such force as shall assure Japan's speedy defeat, even though meanwhile Japan may have inflicted very severe defeats on China.

The answer is We certainly can

RECIPE FOR VICTORY—MEN, PLANES, TIME

The decisive element in war is land power By far the largest land force on our side is the Red Army Fixed in Europe, it cannot be moved until Germany is beaten But it is doubtful if it can win by itself

The American and British armies have cleaned up Africa They can come to the assistance of the Red Army And they can do so—are doing so—at once

Experience in this war has shown that land power cannot win if it is not closely co-ordinated with adequate air power

By far the largest air force on our side is based in Great Britain and Africa—the R A F and the United States Air Forces assigned to those theatres

The air power now in Europe and Africa could be moved to the Pacific, in part, but again, this could not be done for months, during which the Germans would be quite free to attack Russia

We have, therefore, both land power and air power ready to use against Germany—now And our Russian allies are

fighting Germany at full strength—now

Remember this time factor Any month lost is a present to both our enemies

Germany is obviously weakening under the blows she is receiving Are we to allow the Germans to recover, while we go to the Pacific and start fighting Japan in the full knowledge that we shall not be able to get at the Japanese to any serious purpose until next year?

The logic of the facts, the logic of time and distance, the logic of geography, dictates the course we must follow

Obviously we should concentrate every effort to destroy the enemy which is already surrounded, being directly attacked and within reach of our immediate efforts, while holding our more distant enemy until Britain, Russia and France can aid us in crushing Japan

There are risks in concentrating on Germany first, yes War is full of risks

WE'LL NOT BE LEFT IN THE LURCH

But of one thing we may be sure Despite irresponsible outcries to the contrary, there is no risk that, when Germany is beaten, Britain and Russia will leave us to face Japan alone

What would Canada, Australia and New Zealand have to say if Britain pulled out on us? And what of India? You can criticize the British on a good many counts, but they don't rat in a fight

As for Russia—well, take just the cold-blooded view. As long as the Japanese militarists remain in power, just so long will Russia's Far East be in danger. There can be only one answer to that

Our course lies plainly before us. We have the Germans on the run. We and our allies are closing in on them. We can destroy them if we keep on raining blows on them from every quarter. But, if we cease to do so, they will recover.

For my part, I don't think it is a good idea to give Germany a chance to catch her breath. Do you?

Loot



The Private Life of Madame Chiang Kai-shek

"A J E"

MADAME Chiang Kai-shek is one of the greatest personalities of our time. Not only as the wife of China's Generalissimo Chiang, the leader of 400,000,000 people, but in her own life also she fulfils the conditions of real greatness. Charming, vivacious and candid, she is the living symbol of the spirit of New China.

She is the youngest and the most versatile of all the Soong family. It was a happy thought that her parents named her Mei-ling which means 'beautiful age'. Madame Chiang is an extraordinarily pretty woman. She has a slim figure and lovely little hands. Her eyes, big and black, are of shining velvety softness.

COLLEGE DAYS AND AFTER

From her tenth year to her nineteenth, the most formative period of her life, Mei-ling Soong lived in America. She studied at Wellesley from where she graduated in 1917. While at college she was sometimes vivacious, sometimes sombre, but always neat and kept up an awful lot of thinking



Madame Chiang Kai-shek

about everything. She returned to her motherland, found a teacher and learnt to speak, read and write Chinese. Gradually she took on Chinese dress also.

A year or so later she met Chiang. She found herself being courted and liking it, and before long the soldier had followed Mei-ling's mother to Kobi in Japan to make her agree to a difficult match (he had been divorced and was not a Christian). He brought Mama Soong back to Shanghai and on

December 1, 1927, he celebrated his marriage. "We two are determined to exert our utmost in the cause of the Chinese Revolution" was their wedding-day vow that dedicated their lives to the service of their country—a country which was preparing for long years of trial and tribulation, of sustenance and survival.

What followed changed her considerably. She left gay, comfortable, clean Shanghai and went to her husband's headquarters in grim, shoddy Nanking. Chiang was engaged in unifying China. Madame accompanied him on his campaigns. The Generalissimo, too, was in for a change. She took him for morning walks and told him stories from the Bible, until he accepted Christianity.

CHINA AT WAR

The advent of war initiated the most critical period in the life of this young nation. Madame Chiang took her place by her husband to help him and her country to cross over this crisis. As a soldier's wife she has lived in bivouacked camps and dugouts among falling bombs. She has accompanied him on his hazardous journeys and inspection tours. She has reorganized the Chinese air force. She has built the New Life Movement into a vehicle for women's war work

and has attended most of the Generalissimo's conferences. Much of her time is spent in attending to the sick and succoring the wounded. She has no children, yet she is one of the world's best mothers. She has personally adopted over 40,000 "warphans," and the number of orphanages started by her are looking after thousands of homeless children.

VISIT TO INDIA AND AMERICA

In the midst of these vital responsibilities she has found enough time to give voice to her thoughts. In her speeches and articles she has tried to educate the outside world of what war has meant to China and her gallant people. Madame Chiang has fought this war with both words and deeds. Her field of activity has extended beyond China's borders. Early in 1942 she left Chungking to accompany the Generalissimo on his historic two-week visit to India. A year later she was in America to give a first hand account of her country's great struggle. The gallantry of her long wartime journey, her wisdom, dignity and loveliness all won admiration and she was greeted with unexampled enthusiasm throughout the country. Her address to the United States Congress was acclaimed as one of the best speeches ever made by the representative of a foreign power. She spoke of

the heroism, suffering and work of the people of China, and expressed her belief in the creation of an international organization for the maintenance and enforcement of peace

Never through the dark years of death and destruction which aggressors have forced upon her country has Madame Chiang lost faith or courage. She knows the brutality and cruelty of war as few of us do, and yet her faith in a better and more enduring peace burns brightly. She has inspired her own people to work and toil for the creation of a new and happy future not only for China

but for all mankind. She herself believes that the peace must not be 'provincial, nationalistic or even continental in concept, but universal in scope and humanitarian in action.'

This gracious and charming woman has been most fittingly described as the "heir of an ancient culture, co creator of a New China, blender of the thoughts of East and West the cheerful and courageous counsellor of a people in their sorrows and successes." True, she is the First Lady of China, but she is much more—she is one of the First Ladies of our time.

TO instil into the mind of his son sound wisdom and business precepts was Cohen, Senior's, earnest endeavour. He taught his offspring much, including the advantages of bankruptcy, failures, and fires—two bankruptcies equal one failure, two failures equal one fire, etc. Then Cohen, Junior, looked up brightly.

"Fadder," he asked, 'is marriage a failure?'

"Vell, my poy," was the parent's reply, "if you marry a really wealthy woman, marriage is almost as good as a failure."

THE varsity applicant was at his first interview for a job. I suppose he said, 'you'll give me what I'm worth?'

'More than that,' said the staff manager 'we'll give you a small salary.'

NOTICE posted in city office: 'All requests for leave of absence on account of toothache, severe colds, and minor physical ailments, and on account of funerals, picnics, church socials and the like, must be handed to the head of the department before 10 a.m. on the morning of the match.'

Stalin's Programme

Stalin is no mystery-man, according to war correspondent Walter Duranty who sees in the Russian leader the most forthright figure in the international scene

WALTER DURANTY

TO most of the world, Stalin, now Marshal Stalin, war lord of Russia, is a figure of mystery and menace. Throughout the period of double-talk diplomacy preceding the war Hitler, Mussolini, Franco and Hirohito developed to a fine art the practice of saying one thing and doing another. Spokesmen of some of the democratic countries took an active part in this game, too, but it was Mr Stalin who got the credit for being "inscrutable," "mysterious" and a "master of intrigue."

There are probably many reasons for the legend of Stalin's inscrutability and caginess. There were doubtlessly a number of forces at work who preferred to have Russia's leader thought of as an underhanded enigma. It may also be that a great many people found Stalin's undiplomatic diplomacy impossible to understand. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that there are few figures on the modern stage who are more direct than he.



Joseph Stalin

This "dreaded Lord of the Kremlin" is a small, thickest, kindly man with a warm hand-clasp and a friendly smile. His eyes can gleam savagely in anger when he speaks of the hated Nazis, and his body grows tense, and you know that his nick-name, "man of steel"—for that is what Stalin means—was not given him in vain. And

unlike any statesman I know he says what he means and means it

Believers in the mysterious Stalin myth will immediately ask, "But what about the German-Russian Pact? What about the attack on poor little Finland?"

Stalin had said time and again that he wanted peace for the Soviet Union. He had urged, with little co operation, a policy of collective security. But there was no peace in Europe, and Stalin knew that Russia must look after Russia. He needed time. Time for Russia to prepare against the Nazi invasion which Stalin had long foreseen. The Soviet-German Pact was nothing more than a means to gain time—at the moment more precious than rubies.

The Soviet war against Finland, horrid as it seemed to us at the time, was actually very simple and quite in keeping with the aims expressed by Stalin. How would Americans like to think of the middle of Long Island, within cannon shot of their proudest city, in the hands of a small, weak power which might easily, even willingly come under the domination of a big, strong, hostile power?

In both instances, therefore, there was nothing puzzling or mysterious in Stalin's policy.

Although these two instances are the most famous examples of Stalin's diplomatic techniques, there are many less dramatic occasions when Stalin's words had the same stamp of clearness and truth.

I remember on Christmas Day in 1933, Stalin told me that there were many imperfections in the League of Nations, in his opinion, but that in so far as it represented an obstacle to war he stressed these words deliberately—it might have certain advantages. In the following year Russia joined the League and when it did so this statement of Stalin's about the League was prominently featured in all the Soviet Press. Again he said what he meant. And again he was right.

Finally, on March 10, 1939, Stalin said that the USSR would oppose all "inciters to war" no matter who they were and would not willingly be the cat's paw for any of them. This, too, was hailed as a cryptic statement, but it meant just what it said, that Stalin wanted peace and would do his best to keep out of the war, which he saw was inevitable as long as possible.

Everywhere men and women are asking questions about Russia's intentions in the post-war world. Will she fight the war to the finish? Has she

imperialistic ambitions, will she attempt to communize the world?

There are no better sources for the answers to these questions than in the words of Stalin himself

On November 6, 1942, Stalin said "We do not pursue the end of destroying Germany, for it is impossible to destroy Germany just as it is impossible to destroy Russia, but we can and must destroy Hitler state we do not pursue the aim of destroying the entire organized military force in Germany, for that also is impossible and perhaps inadvisable, but we can and must destroy Hitler's army." Finally in his May Day speech this year, Stalin made it clear that only the "unconditional surrender" of the Hitlerites could bring Europe to peace

On November 6, 1942, Stalin also outlined the "programme of action of the Anglo-Soviet-American coalition." He mentioned abolition of racial

exclusiveness, liberation of enslaved nations and restoration of their sovereign rights, equality of nations and integrity of their territory, and right to manage their affairs in their own way, economic aid to nations that have suffered and assistance in establishing their material welfare, restoration of democratic liberties, destruction of Hitler's regime

For in the final analysis, Stalin is the most unmythical of the world's leaders. The Soviet Union, of which he is the head, is greater in size, natural resources and population than the United States, Canada and Mexico put together. It is indeed an unknown land, but Stalin, its master and servant, he would prefer the latter word, is far more simple than most people are ready to believe. Actually his job is the welfare of the Russian people. If you apply the test of what advances that welfare to Russian policy it can never be mysterious

PIC

AT a public dinner Cardinal Manning and the Chief Rabbi Dr Adler, sat side by side. The latter, it being one of the Jewish feasts, ate hardly anything at all.

Said Manning, let us hope unwittingly "Must you never eat ham, Dr Adler?"

"I will break my rule," said the Chief Rabbi, "at your Eminence's wedding."

When The Nazi Chiefs Were In Court

Sebastian Haffner was a lawyer practicing in Germany when Hitler and his party were struggling for power, and were repeatedly brought to the courts of the Weimar Republic for atrocities perpetrated on their political opponents. Had the German courts accomplished their task faithfully the world might have been spared the horrors of one of the ugliest wars in history.

SEBASTIAN HAFFNER

WHEN, after the war, the murderers of whole nations are brought to justice, many of them will not face their judges for the first time. There are quite a number of precedents for the trials of Hitler, Himmler, Goebbels, and their accomplices. Indeed, it is a strange thought that the international courts of justice after the war will only take up the work which the German courts of the Weimar Republic left unfinished. Dozens of times these courts had to deal with Nazi terror in the days when it was still an internal German phenomenon. Had they dealt with it more thoroughly and more faithfully they might have nipped the evil in the bud, and the world might have been spared one of the most tragic chapters of its history.

As it was, the terror which they left unchecked engulfed the whole of Germany, overflowed the whole of Europe, and took on proportions unknown in the history of crime. But the crime, though magnified a thousandfold, remains essentially the same as the one with which the German courts had to deal and the principal criminals remain the same persons. Even the lesser criminals—the aides and abettors, the tools, accomplices and executors—remain, if not always the same persons, the same type of person.

It is valuable, therefore, to recall those half-forgotten trials in the Germany of the 'twenties and early 'thirties. They set a pattern for the bigger trials which have still to come. They show us—in the behaviour of

the judges, the weaknesses and mistakes we shall have to avoid after the war. And they show us, among the defendants and the witnesses for the defence, the kind of behaviour and tactics we shall have to expect from the Nazis

Germany in the years from 1930 to 1933 was in a state of what amounted to civil guerrilla war. On the surface, life was normal. But, almost every night, blood flowed on the pavements of the German cities. Officially, the Nazi party was a party like any other, pledged to "legality," and only differing from other parties by the violence and unrestrained demagoguery of its campaigning. But at the same time, that private army of thugs attached to it—the storm-troopers—carried on a campaign of terror. Political opponents were stabbed or shot in the dark of night, bombs were placed in offices, and from time to time large-scale assaults were staged which led to regular street-battles. The Republican organisations were, almost throughout, passive victims. Only the Communists answered by similar tactics. When these affrays led to the courts, justice was not untainted by political prejudice. In General, the penalties against the Communists were heavy, those against the Nazis were light. Many murders and assaults were

never cleared up. In fact, the fabric of justice was slowly dissolving.

This was the background of the numerous German Nazi trials of those years. The Chief culprits were seldom in the dock, their usual role was that of witness for the defence. The defendants—accused of murder, manslaughter, grievous assault—were usually some anonymous nonentities, storm-troopers or S S men who had brutally manhandled or killed a political opponent or a Jew. *None of them has any personal interest whatever.* But as a type they are not unimportant. For they were the first specimens of those thousands or tens of thousands who later on became the typical Gestapo killer gangs or guards in concentration camps, who did the actual flogging, shooting and hanging in Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia and Russia, who, together with their like from other countries, are employed in the extermination camps for Jews. After the war we shall see their dull and brutish faces reappear in their thousands—in the courts for war-criminals.

The striking thing was that none of these people ever took a manly, responsible attitude in court. None was the grim fanatic, who stood by his deeds. I have seen many of them in my time, when I still was a

lawyer in Germany. Through-out, they seemed to shrink in court, to fall back on utter unoffending insignificance. They usually denied everything as long as they could, and when they could do so no longer, pleaded provocation, self-defence, accident, or higher orders. Their defence was often evasive, seldom intelligent and never heroic. It was often difficult to imagine that these dull little men should really have lain in wait with the intent to kill a man, or trampled with their boots on their helpless opponent's face.

In all this they were strikingly like the ordinary criminal with no political motives whatever. Criminals have very seldom the thrilling qualities which fiction so often ascribes to them, in reality they are mostly poor, rather under-developed specimens of humanity. And in this connection it is as well to remember that the most active sections of both the early storm-troopers and the later S S were, and are, largely composed not so much of political fanatic, but of the kind of man who would anyhow in normal times be liable to appear in court sooner or later for murder, manslaughter, or grievous assault. Hitler made a definite appeal to men of that type, they collected especially in sections of the S S.

But if the minor Nazi criminals, the anonymous tool, made a rather miserable figure in court, the same can't be said of the big shots themselves. Hitler and Goebbels, especially, had—and probably still have—a technique for turning the witness-box, and even the dock, into a platform for them selves and securing a political triumph out of a lawful punishment. They more than once succeeded in making a parody of legal procedure.

Hitler ran his greatest risk when he was arrested and accused of high treason after the "beerhouse putsch" in 1923. The penalty for his offence was possibly death, almost certainly a long term of imprisonment. Moreover, he was still an alien in Germany. The least he had to expect was expulsion—which meant the end of his political career. During the earlier weeks of his custody, according to the testimonial of several of his fellow Nazis, he was deeply despondent, and thought of suicide.

But then some assurance must have reached him that nothing serious would happen to him. The Bavarian Minister of Justice at that time, Guertner—under whose ægis the trial was to be held, and who instructed the prosecution—was a secret Nazi sympathiser, and later became Hitler's own first Minister of Justice. Guertner made sure

that the whole trial became a parody of justice. Hitler was allowed to get away with the absurd thesis that he had not really tried to overthrow the State, but, on the contrary, had tried to prevent a *coup d'etat* of the Bavarian government against the Reich. Once he was sure that the bench would accept this fancy defence, he began to dominate the whole proceedings from the dock. He bullied and insulted witnesses, who received no protection from the court; he used the platform which the trial gave him to make one political speech after another, and then, after the prosecutor and the counsels for the defence had spoken, he—the accused—got the last word—and kept it for four hours! It was the longest oration he had ever made.

In this speech, he expounded all his political tenets, he thundered against the Versailles treaty, the democrats, the Jews, the Freemasons, and he ended with a flaming peroration about his own martyrdom and Nazism's future. Most of the speech—which was not once interrupted by the president of the court—was faithfully printed next day in the whole German press, and while Hitler went off into his short term of honourable custody in a fortress, a nationalist paper wrote: "If this man is a traitor, we must in any case say: He is a

noble traitor!" Such was the way this criminal and his friends exploited crime.

In his later appearances in court as witness, Hitler still further developed this technique of using the court as a platform, and terrorising and bullying both judges and witnesses into a numbed silence. Even the Supreme Court of the Reich took no offence when, in 1930, he swore that the Nazi party was a strictly legal parliamentary party, and in the same breath explained that, once the Nazis had obtained power, "the heads of its opponents would roll." But once in his long court experience Hitler found himself cornered. It was not a judge who put him in his place, but a young lawyer—Hans Litten.

In 1931 Litten was counsel for the prosecution in one of those frequent cases where some storm-troopers were accused of murdering their left-wing opponents. Their personal guilt was fairly established but Litten aimed at something more. He wanted to prove—what everybody knew—that their deed was part of a systematic, preconceived campaign of terror by the Nazi party. Hitler was called in as a witness to state on oath, once again, the perfect legality of Nazi methods. But Litten had his material well prepared. In a

two-hours' cross-examination, he confronted Hitler with quotations from his own and Goebel's speeches, and finally drove the chief witness so far into a corner that Hitler—flying into a rage and screaming—appealed to the court to protect him against "such unfair questioning."

For the first time Hitler left a court defeated, pale, and raging with fury.

Hitler had his revenge later. Litten was arrested immediately

after the Reichstag fire, taken to a concentration camp, tortured for a year, and finally killed. But he had done the first piece of preparatory lawyers' work for the great court which will one day sit in judgment over Hitler's crimes.

When that court assembles, Litten will be in the front row of the many thousands of silent witnesses for the prosecution against the Nazi criminals.

Picture Post



Strange true tales of the 20,000 men and women
a year who lose all recollection of who they are

Amnesia—Civilian Shell Shock



T E MURPHY

"OFFICER, please help me. I can't remember my name, or where I live." Every day, somewhere in the United States, a policeman hears this anxious, frightened plea.

The Greeks had a word for it—*amnesia*, a forgetting, a blotting out of memory for names, identity, friends and home. Each year more than 20,000 persons stumble into this fog of oblivion.

Few cases go unsolved—that is, few involving those who realize their condition and ask for help. But how many of the men and women listed by the police as missing are amnesiacs who do not realize their condition is anybody's guess. Although most cases clear up in a few days, some victims "come to" only after years of

blank memory. When the amnesiac does remember his true identity, he forgets everything that happened during his seizure.

A number of techniques are used to pull the lost bits of memory out of the deeps of the amnesiac's subconscious. All one young woman could remember was that she had been walking for a long time before she approached a policeman. At the station house, after routine questions, the inspector asked, "Can you type?" The girl thought she could. So the inspector dictated a brief note. The girl typed it expertly, and automatically put her initials in the lower left corner. By these she was traced.

Another technique is to ask the amnesiac to write down

whatever pops into his head—particularly names of persons Or ask him to tell every thought that comes into his mind Often this train of thought gives clues

Physicians say the forgetfulness of amnesia is a protective mechanism by which certain minds avoid unpleasant memories or situations Usually it is not faked It is as hard to pretend amnesia as it is to simulate a heart attack, according to Dr Nolan Lewis of the New York Psychiatric Institute A well-informed physician can spot either effort without much trouble "The very real anxiety and sense of loss that a true amnesiac displays can't be feigned," Dr Lewis says

The amnesiac keeps his ordinary faculties He looks normal He walks through traffic, travels long distances, talks sanely Only one special compartment in his mind is shut off

There are different types of amnesia An operation on the brain of a patient in Seattle recently restored his memory he had been listed as missing from Kearny, N J, for eight years had lived a normal life in the meantime but had completely forgotten his past His amnesia must have been traumatic caused by a blow on the head, otherwise an operation would have had no effect

Many persons don't remember next morning what happened during an evening of jovial imbibing—that's toxic amnesia But usually amnesia is hysterical, the terminal result of a period of strain a middle-aged woman sets off to buy meagre groceries for her large family, after months of struggling against the wolf at the door, and hours later is found wandering blankly along the streets of a nearby city

Amnesia is no respecter of persons—men and women get it with equal frequency, only small children seem exempt, and it sometimes affects the great and near-great

Raymond Robins was an intimate friend of Herbert Hoover, and a noted executive in the field of social work One night he had dinner with friends in New York He had an appointment for the following morning with Mr Hoover, and his mind was active in going over plans for their discussion

Next day, Colonel Robins didn't show up at Mr Hoover's office, nor the next day—nor the day after His picture appeared on front pages from coast to coast Finally the belief grew that he was dead

Months later an alert youngster in North Carolina happened to notice one Reynoles Rogers, a gold pros-

pector who had just come in from the hills. There was something familiar about the face, in spite of the rough beard and untidy clothing. Authorities were notified of his suspicions and sure enough, it was Colonel Robins.

Not for days afterward did he finally come around to a recognition of his own identity. Here in a little backwoods community he had begun to carve out a new life—all unwitting of his previous career. What caused his amnesia never was publicly explained.

Physicians call amnesia the "shell shock of civil life." Dr. Foster Kennedy, noted neurologist, has found that shell shock has nothing to do with the concussion of bursting shells. Rather, it is the result of a conflict within the mind of a soldier—his subconscious tells him to run away to save his hide while his conscious mind tells him to stick to his duty. After a while something gives way in this psychic tug of war. Result: shell shock.

Most famous of World War cases was that of Monsieur X, in France, which might well be dubbed *The Case of the Unknown Soldier*. He was picked up at a railroad station, a blank look on his face as he repeated, "I don't know who I am."

Three persons later claimed him, possibly because of pension rights. They were the Widow Mozet, who saw in him a son, a young woman who saw a resemblance to her missing husband, a peasant couple, Montjoin, from the town of Ste. Maure, who were sure he was their son. In due course Monsieur X was taken to Ste. Maure and turned loose. With unerring step he strode down a side street, in through a tidy gate, and up the front steps of the home of the peasant couple, whose son had come home from the wars at long last.

In the preliminary stages of an investigation of a case of amnesia, the physician studies the physique, carriage, mode of speech and demeanor of the patient, trying to place him. Into what general social and geographical niche does he fit? Are his hands work-hardened or soft? Is his vocabulary tough or refined? Sometimes the piecing together of such observations can make a fairly comprehensive picture, whatever the patient professes.

Sometimes the sound of a name or a song may be enough to jar the associative memories.

In a hospital ward recently, somebody was playing Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata* when a man jumped to his feet.

"That's it—that's it!" he shouted. Then he rushed to the piano, and started to play furiously, first one piece, then another, shouting excitedly, "It's coming back—it's coming back!"

After an hour he dropped over the keys exhausted by the emotional storm, but perfectly lucid.

He was a piano teacher whose wife had died shortly before and between them there were memories associated with the *Moonlight Sonata*.

On another occasion a telephone rang and a girl amnesiac jumped to her feet. "The telephone—that's what I've been waiting for. It may be Harry." Later, in tears, she told the story. "I've been waiting for a call from him. We had a quarrel and he said he'd never call me again. I was hoping he would. I waited days, weeks—then I guess I forgot everything." Sometimes it's as simple as that.

Other cases, such as that of the Modern Rip Van Winkle, are not cleared up for years. A man of 60, in perfect physical health, he had been hauled off a freight train, and went to the town lockup after a severe bump on the head incurred during his struggle with the railroad cops.

When Rip awakened next morning he started talking

about the thugs who had attacked him the night before in Salt Lake City. The police scoffed, "Wake up, bum—you're not in Salt Lake City—you're in Oregon."

They showed Rip a morning paper and he scanned it unbelievably. "This news looks funny. I don't understand it." Then he pointed to the date line. "That's a mistake, it says 1937 and it should be 1917."

They gave him a mirror to shave himself and he screamed when he saw his image. "It's my face—but I'm an old man—what's happened to me?"

Investigation corroborated his story. Twenty years before he had been attacked by thugs and hadn't been seen since by his family. Meanwhile he probably travelled the country over, not aware of his identity, until a bump on the head restored consciousness of who he was.

Edgar Allen recently walked into the Louisville, Ky., police station and said, "Now I remember who I am."

It was rather belated recognition, however, in view of the fact that since he had left New Jersey 20 years before as Edgar Allen, he had been living in Madisonville, Tenn., as Ted Morris, a good automobile mechanic.

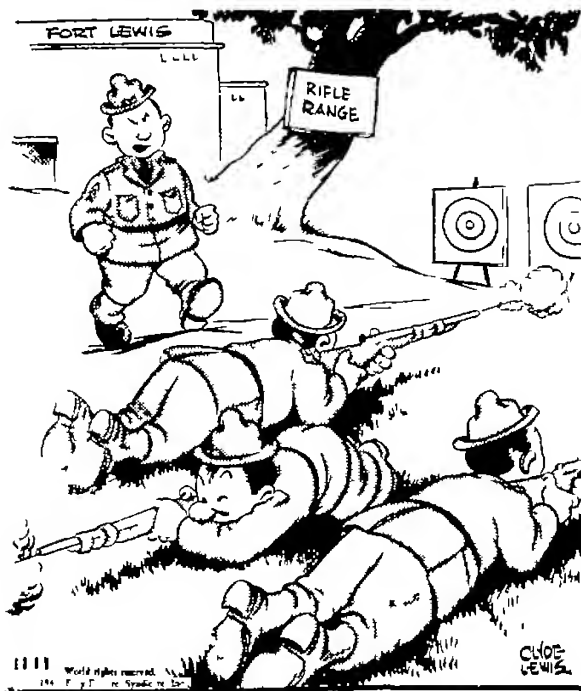
Adult children from New Jersey and a wife and 14-year-old girl from Tennessee were trying to get together at last report to straighten out his double life

What causes amnesia? Perhaps the best tip-off is the fact that amnesia in women is usually preceded by unhappy love or marriage and in men

by business or financial worries

Says Dr. Lewis, 'Amnesia is like the shutting off of a light in one room in the house of memory while the rest of the mind is bright, that which has to do with name, address and friends is in total darkness

Liberty



For the last time Buck, concentrate on the target. Never mind the rabbits!



REVIEW of the WORLD PRESS



A BOXING BOUT

MR LEOPOLD AMERY, physically the smallest man in His Majesty's present Government, was plucky enough, as the story goes, to "duck" in Winston Churchill, then his school mate at Harrow and now his boss, by pushing the latter off a swimming pool into deep waters. During these fifty years and more Mr Amery seems to have lost none of his pluck and his native flair for risky adventures. It is no longer the swimming pool at Harrow, it is the boisterous sea of Imperial trusteeship. It is no longer Winston Churchill, Lord Randolph, Churchill's impassioned young child but the Prime Minister of Great Britain and the whole edifice of democratic government that Mr Amery is pushing by his amazing callousness and his clumsy manoeuvre into deep and unfathomable waters. The scene has changed. But the hero of the plot continues to play his mischievously audacious role. Throughout these three or four years of bitter strife Mr Amery in full co-operation with Lord Linlithgow

mismanaged the whole Indian business. Their tenure politically has been a dismal failure. Economically it has proved a heavy liability. The little that the world has heard of the tragedy of the Indian famine and the widespread distress and misery that have followed in its wake has upset the Secretary of State who in season and out of season continues to harp on Britain's moral responsibilities to the Indian people.

Amrita Bazar Patrika

* * *

A VOTELESS COMMUNITY

MR CLARKSON, Minister for the Interior in the South African Government, in an address to the Natal Municipal Executive, spoke wisely when he stated that franchise for the Indian community could not be indefinitely delayed. "In my personal opinion," he said, "the question of Indian representation must be faced first in town councils, then in the provincial councils, and finally in the Union Parliament." In

the provinces of the Union, Indians have the right to vote only in the municipal and provincial council of the Cape, they have never had the franchise in the Transvaal, in Natal they were deprived of the provincial franchise in 1897, of the borough franchise in 1924 and of the townships franchise in 1925 with the exception of those whose names were already on the rolls. But since the overwhelming majority of Indians in South Africa live in Natal Province (where they are nevertheless outnumbered by the Europeans) it is there that their need of political expression is most pressing. It is the absence of the vote that keeps them at the mercy of changing Governments, some of whom win cheap popularity by making scapegoats of the Indians and finding in them the source of all the racial difficulties that arise in the Union. Mr Clarkson pointed out at Pietermaritzburg that the Indian community could not be treated as aliens or outsiders. All repatriation schemes were dead. Coming from a responsible South African this opinion stands in refreshing contrast to the absurd suggestion of a retired Indian Civil Servant, a Mr Bean, who recently tried to squeeze a little applause from a Durban audience by urging that the quarter million Indians in the Union should be shipped back to India. This view, which

is shared by certain reactionary Boer nationalists, is both obsolete and unreasonable and we are glad to notice that the Government of India have made haste to indicate that Mr Bean is no longer in their service.

The Hindu

* * *

JUDICIARY AND MILITARY

FROM Honolulu comes the news of a Homeric clash between the judiciary and the military. A judge of the Hawaiian Federal Court issued a writ of *Habeas Corpus* calling upon the Military Governor to produce before the Court two German-American internees. This the Governor refused to do, contending that the court had no jurisdiction as Hawaii was a theatre of war in which the decision of the military commander as to what was necessary for military purposes and for the safety of the State was conclusive. The judge promptly fined the contumacious commander 5,000 dollars for contempt of court, and the matter is stated to have gone before a higher tribunal. We are familiar in India with conflicts of authority between the judiciary and the executive. This very healthy constitutional exercise commenced with the establishment of the Supreme Court in Bengal, and Warren Hastings had many an exhilarating duel with Elijah Impey,

the first Chief Justice Apart from the natural hostility between these two potent limbs of a civilised constitution, in the picturesque days of "John Company" the antagonism was aggravated by the fact that, while the Government was the government of the Company the judges were the judges of His Britannic Majesty However, the military has rarely taken a hand in this lively game either in this country or in Great Britain, for the simple reason that so long as the civil government functions the military cannot interfere with the law of the land

The Times of India

* * *

WHY PICK ON US?

IT is strange, when you come to think of it, that speculation as to the future of the British Empire, and discussion of its merits, should just now be so frequent and so widespread

Nobody discusses the future of the Dutch Empire As to France, official spokesmen tumble over each other to assure that distracted country that her Empire at least shall be restored to her intact No animadversions are to be heard as to the decadence of French rule in Syria or Indo-China For paradoxically enough the very fact that Holland and France have succumbed to the

enemy, that France opened the gates of Indo-China to Japan, appears to have assured to those countries not only immunity from criticism but something like a guarantee of the future integrity of their possessions

With the British Empire it is curiously different The British Empire is the only belligerent which has fought from the beginning of the war, and which took up arms without being itself attacked From the summer of 1940 to 1941 it stood alone in defence of the future of all mankind Nor should we have saved civilisation then had we been no more than a small island off the north-west of Europe

The British Empire saved the world because it was itself a world society In spite—or perhaps because—of which it is the British Empire whose future a certain type of critic both at home and on the other side of the Atlantic is apt to treat as one vast interrogation mark, it is the British Empire whose methods and traditions are apt to be canvassed with such governess-like severity

The record of the French in Syria or Indo-China cannot stand comparison with our own in Palestine or Malaya, but as to Syria and Indo-China the critics are silent

An American group, the 'Committee on Africa, the War

and Peace Aims', has even reached the remarkable conclusion that after the war there ought to be some measure of international control over British Africa, but none, apparently, over Liberia or Ethiopia

Lord Elton in Empire Review

* * *

KNOCK OUT GERMANY OR JAPAN FIRST?

THE present basic strategy of the United Nations appears to have two chief goals. It aims to contain Japan—that is, to hold her in check so that she cannot overwhelm the Chinese or launch an offensive against Russia, India or Australia, meanwhile preventing her from recouping her dwindling economic strength by drawing on the resources of territories she has occupied. And it aims, while doing this with the minimum force required, to concentrate all remaining forces for the destruction of the armed power of Germany.

This strategy is dictated by the fact that by far the largest single force on the side of the United Nations, the Red Army, is committed to the struggle against Germany and cannot be shifted elsewhere. That being so, sound military judgment demands that all additional strength be concentrated to bring the fight with Germany to a conclusion, leaving Japan to

be dealt with later, or an opportunity may offer.

In our operations against Japan, the submarine is a most important weapon if indeed it is not the most important one in our armoury. In our fight to bring the war with Germany to an immediate decision, it is probably the strongest and most dangerous weapon at the disposal of the enemy.

I think it may fairly be said that Hitler and his High Command now have little if any hope of being able to achieve victory in this war—victory, that is, in the sense of conquering any one of their principal foes, the British Commonwealth of Nations, the Soviet Union or the United States.

They now centre their hopes on a very different objective. They hope to drag out the war until we all sicken of the strain and the slaughter, and then make peace with us on terms which will allow them to retain some modicum of power, some modicum of prestige and standing with the German people.

Foreign Affairs (U.S.)

* * *

WHY IS SOUTH AFRICA AT WAR?

WHEN the historian comes to make an objective study of the attitude taken up by the Nationalists of South Africa since 1939, he will doubtless find it is rooted in the belief

that the Union is at war for no other reason than that Great Britain is at war. That has been their stock assertion from the beginning. They have denied that any South African interest is involved, directly or indirectly, and they have repeated *ad nauseam* that if South Africa were not a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, no question of her participation would have arisen. From this point it is a short and natural step to the claim that so long as the Commonwealth link is maintained, the Union's political independence is a sham. Therefore, away with it. No Nationalist could quarrel with this brief statement of their case. It is a verbatim transcription of what the Opposition leaders have been saying for three and a half years and what—with Hitler like faith in the power of reiteration—they are saying today. But the facts of the situation stand. First of all, Great Britain had nothing to do with the Union's decision. That is acknowledged. No Nationalist of standing has suggested anything to the contrary. Be sure we should long ago have heard all about it if, directly or indirectly, the British Government had sought to influence South Africa's attitude. Not only has no Nationalist leader attempted to make such a suggestion, but we have had the unsolicited

testimony of Mr Oswald Pirow, who certainly cannot be counted a friendly witness, that throughout the crisis the attitude of the British Government in relation to the Union was '100 per cent correct'. It may be taken as common ground, therefore, that whoever else is to blame in the eyes of the Nationalists, Great Britain is innocent. But if the Union was not dragged into the war at the heels of Great Britain, what happens to the Nationalist claim that South Africa had not a free choice?

South Africa

* * *

AID TO CHINA

LEND-LEASE Aid to China up to the end of December 1942 was less than 2 per cent of the total given by the United States to its Allies. Britain, with the Commonwealth, and the Empire, plus Egypt, got more than 75 per cent. Russia got just under 20 per cent.

The aid actually received by China was far less even than 2 per cent, because a great part of the supplies sent were lost when Burma fell to Japan, or are still piled up in India.

At the end of January, 40 transport planes were flying between India and China. It is estimated that, besides gasoline for return trips and supplies for the American air force, the

lend-lease supplies for China being flown in these planes cannot exceed 1,000 tons per month

The capacity of the Burma Road was at least 15,000 tons per month

Asia

* * *

GREAT ELEPHANTS

WHEN General Sir Maitland Wilson, as Commander-in-Chief Middle East, visited a South African base camp to bestow medals on several non-

European troops, the men wrote asking him to accept one of their cap badges as a memento. The Commander-in-Chief agreed, and the badge was forwarded. It is an elephant, and with it was a letter stating that to them the elephant is a sign of strength and remembrance, and they had the honour to send their badge 'from small elephants to a great elephant', in memory of an occasion they would never forget. General Wilson's nickname happens to be 'Jumbo'!

Manchester Guardian

THE following little tale carries the written guarantee of its truth of the 9th Field Ambulance, A I F, "Somewhere in Song and Dance" —

A Tommy meandered into a dressing station and reported sick, said he thought it was constipation. Medical Officer put the usual first question in such cases

"Did you pass anything this morning, my lad?"

The Woodbine pondered, scratched his head, and then meekly replied

"Yes, sir! Three motor-lorries and a gun team."

A barber got converted one Sunday, so he thought it his duty to speak to all who came into his shop in future about religion. Now the barber was a very fluent speaker on most topics but when it came to religion he hardly knew how to begin. One morning a Mr Jones came to be shaved. The barber began to shave him. All at once he said

"Mr Jones"

Mr Jones looked up and was so startled that he got the brush in his mouth.

"Mr Jones," repeated the barber, but still he could get no further with his speech. The barber then walked up to the strap which was hung on the wall, and began to rub the razor backwards and forward on it.

"Mr Jones," said he "Mr Jones, are you prepared to die?"

It is said that Mr Jones jumped out of the windows.



DAYLIGHT ON SATURDAY by J. E. Priestley (Heinemann 9s 6d)

CHESTERTON'S dictum that "Democracy consists not in thinking all men equal but in thinking all men interesting" has proved a challenge to most, who while prepared to accept, from an academic angle, the Brotherhood of Man feel appalled at the prospect of having to spend a couple of hours over tea with some possibly grimy and tongue-tied member of what the Victorians, in a spirit of grim and somewhat startling realism called "the lower orders." While genuinely concerned about sanitation and medical relief for all classes of the community and willing to concede votes to the man in the street few of us seem able to approximate to the Chestertonian attitude when faced with representative

sections of democracy in everyday life.

In *'Daylight on Saturday'* which is a novel about an aircraft factory, Mr Priestley has been able to interpret successfully the humanness of the working classes and to demonstrate their right to be thought of as human beings (and not as the tendency seems to be to regard them in some quarters) as material for discussion at committee meetings of social welfare centres. He has a flair which is almost Dickensian for picturing a type of humanity which is common to foremen and admirals alike but whereas that great Victorian conjured up a vast gallery of lovable and amusing cranks—Mr Micawber, Peggotty, the elder Mr Weller Mr F's aunt,

Mr Stiggins and the tall game-keeper—rendered human by reason of their droll absurdities, the humanity of Mr Priestley's characters is vocalised by their suffering and their own attempt to establish their right to a place in the sun

The Elmdown Aircraft Factory is run by three men each of them different from the other in character and background (Cheviot, capable sympathetic, courageous, Elrick rebellious, undisciplined and frustrated but passionately interested in getting on with the job and Blandford, a supercilious member of the upper classes also efficient but with a tendency to disregard the human factor in labour Gwen Ockley who goes about in a grimy overall and a perpetual snudge on her face her femininity mellowed out by her work but asserting itself in a secret passion for Elrick, Sister Filey, the hard boiled medical assistant at the dressing-station, with an undisguised admiration for masculine males Freda Pimmel, a superior young person who falls for Angleby, a brilliant young engineer with a doubtful accent Ogmore, a Communist with a passionate enthusiasm for the Soviet, and foremen, factory hands, typists and mechanics are each drawn with that sureness of touch

which lifts them from the unreality which surrounds people in unfamiliar walks of life

As an account of an important section of war-time production, the inefficiency, the delays, the muddle and mess, the conflict between those who believe in traditional methods and others who believe in employing the latest ones, of the problems facing those in charge skilled labour replaced by farm hands, butchers assistants, shop girls, mannequins and music-hall stars as more and more men are detailed for the fighting services of the dreariness boredom and desolation of monotonous, mechanical work done under the general strain of war-time conditions this book is notable As a documentary, too of the lives of a cross section of the human race at probably the most desolating period in its history "*Daylight on Saturday*" is well worth reading The sentiment is now and again irritatingly maudlin, the patriotic utterances overdone the writing too journalistic but, to the growing tide of literature, dedicated and acceptable to democracy, this is a notable contribution

CHILDREN IN SOVIET RUSSIA By Deanna Leavin (Faber & Faber 6sh)

FOR over two decades Intellectuals of a certain type all over the world has looked to Russia for salvation and in a manner unforeseen by her friends and enemies alike Russia has come forward gallantly to the rescue of the civilised world. Cynics who foretold degeneration for a people whose lives were so narrowly and rigidly controlled by the State have been proved false and the idealism which has lain behind the Russian experiment has justified itself and continues to do so in a variety of ways.

In this fascinating book "*Children in Soviet Russia*" Deanna Leavin who is a keen educationist and has travelled in America, France, Belgium, Germany and Switzerland to study educational methods at first hand gives an account of the educational system obtaining in Soviet Russia. Unlike more conservative countries, the child in Soviet Russia is not considered as material which has to be moulded to resemble its parents, or to an image beloved of its immediate relatives. It is regarded, neither as a toy nor as an investment, but as a citizen of the future, a thinking, intelligent cog in the vast machinery of the State which exists for its protection and under which he can neither

exploit nor be exploited in the slightest degree. Teachers and parents are therefore carefully trained and accept their responsibilities for the most part in a spirit of earnestness. Examinations exist but there is no unholy desire on the part of the examiners to pluck the child who, in his turn has no desire to dodge his studies. Extra-curricular activities include botany, dramatic and other arts, dancing, music, designing of stage sets and broadcasting about which Miss Leavin observes "The children," beside broadcasting themselves, "are told the lives and exploits of the heroes of the Soviet Union such as Papanin and his three companions (not forgetting the dog!), flyers, border guards, textile worker, Vinogradova, Stakhanov, and countless others of every walk of life. Their biographies are told in a simple and interesting way calculated to inspire the listener with a desire to do similar things. The Pioneer news gives all the latest achievements of Soviet science and technique and the latest conquest of nature. In this way Soviet children are kept in touch with the whole growth and development of their mighty fatherland and are taught to love it and to realise that its development

and defence are the duty of every citizen. They are also given plays and programmes which foster in them the spirit of international brotherhood with all the children of the world."

Extracts from Soviet textbooks on various school subjects are appended to the present volume and serve to enhance the value especially to teachers and educationists of an excellent book

WIND OF FREEDOM *By Compton Mackenzie* (Chatto & Windus 15 s.)

MR Compton Mackenzie who is the most Continental and therefore in some respect, the most acceptable of present-day English writers give in the present volume a very facile and readable account of the invasion of Greece by the Axis powers early in the present war. He gives a detailed account of the various campaigns, the Italian thrust, the Greek counter-attacks, and the mighty onslaught of the German army which ended with the fall of Crete. Local problems and the political situation which existed before the war are extensively dealt with. Mr Mackenzie has documented the evidence placed at his disposal by the Greek govern-

ment carefully and with conspicuous success. This book which will be found very acceptable by the student of military history will be welcomed by the general reader for the vividness of the writing and the author's passionate admiration of the gallant Greeks, about whom he says "When this immense war shall have become a memory, nay, when it shall have become a mere tale of old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago it will be Greece who for ever in the pages of history will be accorded the honour of having been the first State to shatter the legend of Axis invincibility."

He: There's at least one man who makes King George take off his hat
 She: And whoever can that be?
 He: Why, his hair cutter, of course

Mr Stuffy: It's one of the first things a man should learn—his station in life

Mr Humer: So I think. There's nothing more exasperating than being carried on to the one beyond

Indian Film Section

EDITED BY D C SHAH

NEW YEAR HOPES AND FEARS

IN the light of 1944 as one begins to take stock of things, events and occurrences with a somewhat renewed interest as is only natural at the beginning of the New Year, one really wonders if it will be possible to estimate the future that is ahead of us in terms of betterment and prosperity by looking behind at the year that has just gone.

A New Year is supposed to raise new hopes and expectations and promise better conditions even amidst the darkest circumstances and as such perhaps it might look rather improper—if not actually ominous—to start lamenting over the errors, mishaps and stupidities of our hasty activities on such an auspicious occasion. On the contrary, such a tendency has always turned out to be ultimately helpful to all concerned. And our film industry is perhaps the most remarkable of those subjects which come in for adverse and objective criticism at all times. New Year or no New Year! So why worry about it?

Far from being eventful, the year 1943, as far as the Indian film industry is concerned, has comparatively little significance to be reckoned with in the positive sense. As for the other side of the shield, surely it is not wanting in elements, mostly disruptive and uninspiring, which indicates an absence of those features which alone pave the way—as they have done before—for total advancement. By far the only exception to



Leela Chitnis in *Kisse Na Kahaa* the latest Royal release at the Taj Talkies.



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Pravinchandra V Gandhi
Mg Director

this blank picture has been the box-office, which, however instrumental in keeping the wagons of the industry moving, will never enhance the status and prestige of the industry at large, or justify its immense value and potentiality, at least in the eyes of the teeming millions of this country if not in the eyes of the world, or help forward, the cause of the nation

A YEAR OF BARREN HITS

Hits, more hits and still more hits! Hits with songs and dances Hits with gags and punches and laughter Hits with mass appeal and sex appeal and what not Hits that grossed record income and ran for jubilees—Silver, Golden, even Diamond! No one—at least not I—can make bold to say that these hits have led the industry a step further towards progress With meagre exceptions, quality can almost be said to have been forgotten That angle—other-wise the most important angle—was practically ignored—firstly by the producers and secondly by the majority of picture-goers also who owing to their ignorance, are not capable of that thinking which goes to bringing the former to their senses The one section that did not forget that angle was a handful of sincere critics whose voice went into the

Shortly to be _____
Released in _____
BOMBAY— _____



IT'S THE
 VOICE
 OF
REVOLT
 DYNAMICALLY
 DRAMATISED
 IN

KARDAR PRODUCTIONS!
 SOULFUL HIT!

KANOON

Producer Director

KARDAR

Music NAUSHAD

Starring:

MEHTAB, ULLHAS, NIRMALA
 SHAHU MODAK, Pr BADRI
 PRASAD and JAGIRDAR

Camera: D DIVECHA

Sound M KATRAK

Shortly Coming!

Calcutta Film Exchange
 BOMBAY MADRAS CALCUTTA

wilderness without even being echoed. Where are those gallant men who gave us "Admi" and "Adhikar", "Zindagi" and "Dnyaneshwar" (not to go as far back as "Devdas")? Yes, we have sadly missed them during 1943. So much so that it makes us feel we might even lose them, which Heaven forbid! And even while fearing—as things appear to be shaping—that they might continue to rot in that ugly slumber of virtual oblivion, I hope we shall find them out at their best in 1944!

A RED SIGNAL

Then there are a spate of other experiences, some of which should rightly serve as a red signal to our film men. From tales of disunion to the tragedies that followed it, from false notions about mass appeal to murder of "Glory that was Ind," from the vainglorious and worn-out granies and grandmas to the menace of fat salaries, from the absolute indispensibility of team-work and team spirit to the inevitable disasters resulting from unimaginativeness, incompetence and mere security of finance,—all these and a hundred other things point a moral that will take its legitimate toll if we do not care to take heed in time.

While entering 1944, therefore, one sees around him more self-complacence than confidence, more disillusionment

BEST and GREATEST

Performances of the One
and
only Artiste—Saint Vishnupant
PAGNIS

Performance of
HER LIFE
Of the one and only
DURGA KHOTE

Story from
World's Greatest Epic
The 'MUHABHARAT'
by
MAHARSHI VYAS

Direction by
Regisseur
PARSHVANATH
ALTEKAR

Screenplay
by
MOHANLAL DAVE
The Greatest
Screen Playwright

Art Direction by
the one and only
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Music by
D. KOREGAONKER
The most popular
High-Class Musician

Produced by CIRCO

Critics and Fans Press and Public
Acclaim 'MAHATMA VIDUR'
As The Best and Greatest'

The FIRST
and
GREATEST
MYTHOLOGICAL

HERNLEY

'ROYAL' Jewel No 18
IN HINDI & MARATHI

Picture Combining
REALISM As much
Modern as Ancient

The Huge Cast Includes
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* NAYAMPALLY
* VASANT PEHELVAN
* SANDOW WAGLE
* YESHODHARA KATJU

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than courage and firmness, more ambition of the 'get rich-quick variety than a will for solid enterprise, a greater tendency towards pursuing the stereo-typed formula than to stake after experimentation, more desire for a 'status quo than progressive spirit. Instead of finding something really worthy to be proud of, what one finds is a grave warning where it ought to have been a challenge. While puzzled to know which pan will weigh more when balanced, the one consisting of hopes or the one with fears, one can only pray, 'Let not history repeat itself'.

—FILMAN

"WAPAS"

IT would be no exaggeration to say that "Wapas", director Hemchunder's latest picture for New Theatres, now working wonders at the Krishna has taken the local fans by storm. The entertainment values of the film are such that one may easily describe "Wapas" as the biggest box-office hit of NT in recent times.

It is remarkable that such a fine achievement is neither the result of any cheap formula-method to cater to the masses taste, nor by any coincidence is it a fluke success. Behind the making of the film could be traced considerable labour,



Bharati Devi in New Theatres' "Wapas" drawing crowds at the Krishna

imagination and a capacity to do the right things in the right manner and at the right time'.

The first and the foremost factor about "Wapas" is that it is profoundly delightful—immensely entertaining. As it is in its thematic content, it may not be very much novel but it does maintain a certain amount of progressive trend. It may not be fully original or, for that matter radical, but it is at the same time healthy and interesting in its story, it may not be thought provoking—being somewhat stereotyped—but that certainly does not debar it from scoring in its ultimate appeal and impression on the audiences' mind as they leave the theatre—refreshed, contented and happy'.

There seemed to be some petty controversy over whether the fact that "Wapas" is at best a boy-meets-girl story, should be attributed to the

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'WAPAS'

Direction HEMCHANDER

Music R C BORAL

Photography
SUDHIN MAZUMDAR

Sound
SHYAMSUNDER GHOSH

Starring

5 **BHARATI DEVI—ASHIT
BARAN—NAWAB**
TH with
HOUSEFULL WEEK AT **DHIRAJ DEOBALA**
WEEK AT *

KRISHNA

CALCUTTA FILM EXCHANGE
Bombay Madras Calcutta

vogue specialized by the B T or to N T itself who first introduced that phenomenon on the Indian screen! That was pure hair-splitting but, apart from that, it cannot be denied that a spade is a spade whether it has this origin or that! In "Wapas" N T have definitely tried to follow a formula which was not found in most of their previous offerings, with the result that the picture has hit the bull's eye at the box-office where most of its predecessors had to suffer

Lively, almost inspiring and perfect performances by Bharati and Ashit Baran, grand acting by Nawab, the familiar technical polish typified by N T brilliant lyrics exquisite music by Boral and, above all, the efficient handling of the subject by Hemchunder have made "Wapas" exceptionally enjoyable—a hit with a capital H!

"VIDUR"

GAINING in its popularity week after week, Cinema Mahatma Vidur continues to attract both the classes as well as the masses the orthodox as well as the high-brow intellectuals at the local Majestic where it enters its second month of successful run

Reflecting, as it does, the spirit of true christianity, true civilization and the real values and importance of human life



Nayampalli in Mahatma Vidur at the Majestic

the film is rightly described to be more than a mere mythological. The sublime characterization of Vidur as conceived and developed on the screen has immense significance and appeal to be an everlasting human document. That is where the picture lives in memory. That is where the unforgettable impression it creates is miles superior to ordinary entertainers of the day.

Able enacted by the late Mr Pagnis, Durga Khote, Nayampalli and a number of others, "Mahatma Vidur" fully deserves the great acclamation it has received from the public as well as the press.

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KARDAR'S "KANOON"

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"Kanoon," which is scheduled to be released very shortly in Bombay, through Calcutta Film Exchange hits at the vital problems of present day society and its under-currents that bring about all sorts of disaster and social chaos by unequal marriages. The note of revolt against all such things rises into a stirring drama unfolding on the screen.

In "Kanoon," Producer-director Kardar presents a grand array of stars, headed by Methab, Ullhas, Nirmala, Shahu Modak, A. Shah, Badri Prasad and above all that famous artiste Jagirdar.

On the production schedule of Kardar is a gorgeous historical "Shah Jehan" is the great subject of this ambitious venture depicting the life glory of the great Mogul Emperor, whose Taj Mahal, built in memory of his beloved Mumtaz Begum, has never ceased to be the piece-de-resistance in the realm of architecture.

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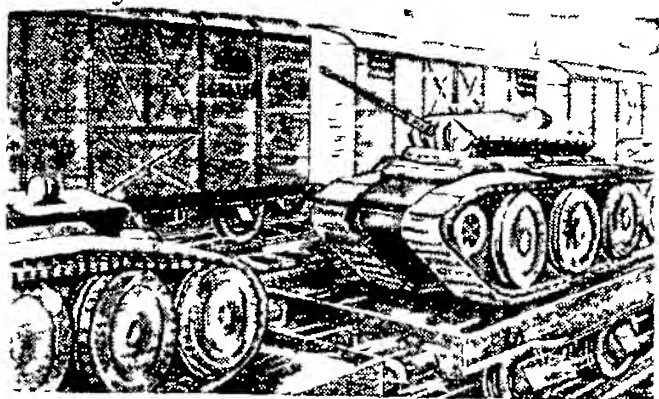
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MON	*	6	13	20	27	3	10	17	24	
TUE	*	7	14	21	28	4	11	18	25	
WED	1	8	15	22	29	5	12	19	26	
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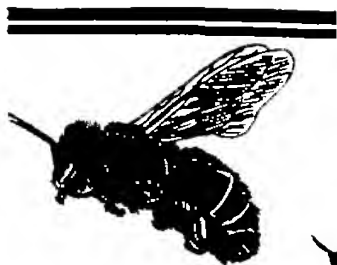
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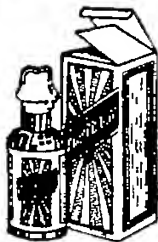


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ASIATIC DIGEST

FEBRUARY 1944

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TIMES HAVE CHANGED !

TIME-KEEPERS IN

B.C.1400



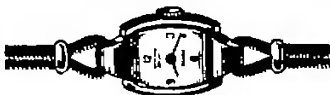
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Today On The Burma Front

STUART EMENY

WITH a party of War Correspondents I have just returned from a tour of the Burma front and have been asked to tell you something about our trip and about the troops we met there. These troops, British, Indian and Gurkha, are the men who stand between you and the Japanese—they are the men who are guarding the frontiers and the gateways of India. They are doing a highly important job but it is a very boring and monotonous job just now and has been for many months. Until recently they read little about themselves in the newspapers. They envy the Eighth Army which gets all the big headlines and they sometimes call themselves "The Forgotten Army."

It is not that they mind being buried away in the jungle where until this war few Europeans, apart from professional explorers, had set foot. They do not mind very much the hardships of the life, hot days panting up mountainsides and cold nights shivering under single blankets, leeches and jungle sores, mosquitoes and snakes monotonous diet, lack of newspapers. They are tough,



Lord Louis Mountbatten

these troops from the Home Countries, from Merseyside, East Anglia, and Scotland, many of whom have been battle-inoculated in France, Dunkirk, the Western Desert, Crete and Abyssinia. They, like the Indian troops and Gurkhas, are tough and can take the rough, but they are sometimes depressed by the feeling that people in Britain and those of you who sit safely

in India do not know where they are or what they are doing. They are certainly not forgotten by Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, and every one of his generals I met on the front said "Do tell the world what a grand job my men are doing."

During the past fortnight I have travelled more than a thousand miles by air, lorry, and jeep around the borders of Burma and I have met a lot of the so-called forgotten men. Now let me try to give you a picture of the front and of the lives the men lead on it.

The Burma front is divided into three sections. First is the northern area where Chinese troops, who have been trained and equipped by Americans in India, are now over the Burma border and have pushed down towards the upper reaches of the Chindwin river, which has been reached at some points. Immediately south British and Indian troops and Chin levies are guarding the Chin and Lushai hills. The word hills is a misnomer. These so-called hills consist of range of jungle-clad mountains running north and south and divided by valleys into which you could drop an inverted Snowdon and still have a three-thousand-foot valley left.

To get to this front our "Forgotten Men" travel by train

for several days across Bengal and Assam, are transhipped across ferries, and finally after leaving the metre gauge rail-head in Assam they are transferred to lorries. The lorries then start their journey along the road which has been built into the heart of the hills. This road has been hewn out of mountainsides and runs on a edge overlooking dizzy precipices like the track of some enormous giant racer. I personally die a thousand deaths every time I am driven along the road, but that is probably because I was driven over the edge of the precipice on a previous trip to the front. The car we were in turned three somersaults on its way down. We inside were flung round and round with our luggage like so many peas in a rattle until by a stroke of luck the car hit a tree and flung us out. The driver escaped with a broken rib, my friend with some bruises, which turned a lovely technicolour the next day, and I surprisingly, was completely unhurt, except that my nerve on that road has gone for ever.

Thousands of Chin and Naga tribesmen as well as coolies from India are employed continuously on the maintenance of the road, which is said to cost more to keep in repair than the Kingston Bypass ever cost to build.

The Chins have their own primitive counterpart of the modern road clearing bulldozer. Instead of the caterpillar tracks and the huge metal shield which scoops away earth by the ton, the Chins have a wooden board with which they drag loose earth off the road. To give the board sufficient weight and perches on the ground a Chin tribesman perches himself by his toes on the edge of the board. His wife and children drag the board and the pile of earth to the edge of the precipice and there are chortles of laughter as the family try to tip father with the earth over the precipice.

Part of this road has been built by our "forgotten men." A whole division was put on the job of road building. From Brigadiers to Privates they peeled off their shirts and dug and hewed. It was a first-class morale booster. Officers and men thoroughly enjoyed the work because it gave them the feeling that they were really driving their way towards Tokyo.

As I crawled round the lip of the precipice in a fifteen-hundred-weight truck the other day I had a vivid illustration of the difficulties of keeping this slender supply line open. A hundred yards ahead of us we suddenly saw a few stones come slithering down the mountain-side. A second later a cascade

of boulders came bounding down, mounded on the road and went hurtling down a three-thousand-foot precipice on the off side of the road. Then with a rumble fifty yards of mountain started to move and thousands of tons of earth and rock roared down in a landslide completely blocking the road. Truck loads of food, ammunition, and dust-covered British troops in rakish Gurkha hats and new green drill battle-dress designed to match the jungle, were held up while giant bulldozers got to work to clear the road. After two days of such travel we came to the frontline area.

Here some seven thousand feet up the mountain in what might have been an English wood we met the "White Gurkhas" as they call themselves. They are units of a north county regiment who operate with the stocky little Gurkha warriors from Nepal. British and Gurkha troops get on famously together, both having the highest regard for each other's national characteristics and qualities. Out of their own sense of fun and genuine regard for the Gurkhas many British troops have shaved their head Gurkha fashion, leaving only the characteristic little Gurkha quiff on the crown.

RATHER LIKE LOFOTENS

From an observation post we looked across a valley to the Jap

positions on another height where the enemy were digging strong-points. The air is crisp and cold at this altitude, and the party we watched preparing to raid the enemy looked, in their woollen caps and sweaters more like an expedition to the Lofotens rather than a patrol attack in the tropics.

Below us in the valleys floated a sunny carpet of white clouds through a break in which we could see the Myittha Plain, which is one of the gateways into Burma. A couple of Hurricanes circled the Jap positions. The following day we heard that the raid had been successful. Men from the north county and their Gurkha comrades had got in among the Japs and killed at least thirty of them and wounded a number more. Here the "forgotten men" either sleep under the stars or build themselves little huts roofed with tarpaulins and walled with branches and leaves. As on all parts of the front, rations of bully, sausages, cheese, tea, milk, biscuits and bread are plentiful, but there is a dearth of green vegetables and eggs.

There is a vegetable growing scheme for the army, and seeds are provided to local inhabitants to grow and sell produce back to the troops, but so far it has not been very successful. I feel much more could be

done in this respect. Eggs are in short supply because after two years the troops have eaten most of the chickens which laid eggs.

ARAKAN FRONT

From the Chin Hills we flew south to the Arakan front. Arakan differs greatly from the Chin Hills and so does the life of our troops there. Here the country consists of a flat coastal plain beside the Bay of Bengal which narrows from a breadth of some thirty miles down to a few hundred yards as it approaches Foul Point at the tip of the Mayu Peninsula. Behind the plain and running parallel to the coast is the Arakan range of hills and behind the hills another plain stretching across to the Mayu river and again narrowing down to the tip of the Peninsula. Plains are interlaced with little streams dotted with small billlocks and paddy fields. The dividing range of hills is dense with jungle, trees, bamboo, and tall purple-plumed elephant grass. British and Indian troops occupy hilltops looking across the invisible Jap positions on other hilltops. Our patrols are continuously out probing into Jap lines to kill Japs when they can and to pinpoint his positions.

RESPECT FOR THE SUN

It is only a few years since British troops in India were protected by topees and spine

pads from the sun, and it was often an offence to walk across the parade ground during the heat of the day. Today our respect for the sun has diminished. In Arakan from generals downwards British troops go all day stripped to the waist proudly exhibiting mahogany tanned torsos to the sun without any ill-effect. There are two reasons for this sun-bathing. One is that it saves the washing and wear and tear of shirts. Secondly it prevents prickly heat and other skin troubles caused by the friction of perspiration-soaked clothes. The only snag is that it is difficult to tell an officer's torso from that of a private and while the General refuses to have his insignia tattooed on his shoulder he must expect to be ignored.

MALARIA DRILL

In this section of the front the "forgotten men" live in holes dug in the ground as a protection against Jap mortar fire. A bed made of bamboo slats made by local villagers costs them eighteen pence. At

dusk one evening I walked through a tunnel of elephant grass to the camp of a British unit. The men were undergoing their nightly malaria drill which consist of smearing on anti-malaria cream, pulling down sleeves, and adjusting mosquito nets. Afterwards as the men filed past the cook for their evening meal every man was given one anti-malaria tablet and one vitamin C tablet by an officer who saw that they were swallowed. The whole jungle army is now thoroughly malaria conscious and in one division incidence of malaria has been reduced from 9.3 last September to 1.7 this September. For every thousand cases of sickness last year there are only a hundred and sixty this year.

The "Forgotten Men" are not only fit but generally they are happy and all they want is for you at home in Britain and in India to realize that if they are not yet in the headlines they are at least doing a tough job in a tough spot—

"Broadcast from Calcutta"

THE other day two dandy-looking fellows were scanning the pictures in a shop window. Prominently displayed was a print of a well-known musician with the usual flow of long hair.

"I say," drawled one of the knuts "doesn't long hair make a chap look intelligent?"

"Not always," replied the other "My wife found some long hair on my coat the other night and it made me look an absolute fool."

India Is Drifting Away

U G RAO

THE feeling of frustration that is evident everywhere in this country is having more injurious effects on national life than most people imagine. They usually think that it is a temporary phase due entirely to the political deadlock and that all will be well the moment there is a settlement.

The first part of this diagnosis is largely true, though there are certain other factors, too mostly minor, which have contributed to the prevalent frustration, but the second is only partly so. It is true that when the deadlock is solved to the satisfaction of a large majority of the people, the feeling of frustration will naturally disappear, but then what about the legacy of distrust, isolation and bitterness that it will have left behind on the mass mind? If a political solution is found quickly enough, it may be different, but if the deadlock and with it the feeling of frustration are left free to work havoc with the national temperament for a long time, the results may be nothing less than disastrous.

GREAT PAST

It is easy to laugh at frustration, scorn it and say, "Do Indian youths feel so helpless that they cannot be cheerful?" It is easy even to be blind to it and say that it does not exist. But is that the most satisfactory way of dealing with it? Is it something so trivial and superficial as to be laughed or talked away?

Let us remember here that we are treating of 400 million people, one-fifth of the entire human race, with one of the oldest civilisations in the world and with traditions of culture, martial valour, intellectual achievement and national endeavour going back into centuries, if not millenniums. Let us also remember that often in the past they have played a dominant role on the world stage of those early days and been respected, revered and envied by other nations.

DIVINE URGE

The spirit of true greatness is in the blood of our people, though they may appear to be quite commonplace and medio-

cre today National pride and self-respect are writ large on every Indian face, though the body that carries it may be bent and the legs, bowed. Our people may appear listless and supine, but the divine urge of age-long endeavour is striving and struggling for untrammelled expression.

It will not do to trifle with a people like this. Any nation that tries it will do so only at its peril. Imagine such a people being told, ever and anon, that they are not fit to govern themselves, that they belong to an inferior breed, that they are quarrelsome and weak, that they must take slow and gradual lessons in self-rule before they can claim an honoured place among the nations of the world *and that in the meantime they must be carefully tended, nursed, watched and perambulated by another nation*.

NATURAL REACTION

Yet, that is just what is being done at present and what has contributed to a good deal of national irritation. Rebuffed by the outside world, dubbed as an inferior nation, scoffed at, humiliated and insulted by others either because her skin is not fair enough or her manners not sufficiently sophisticated or because her people are too many, too poor and too ill-clad and illiterate, India, in her despair and agony, has

started drawing herself back into the shell from which she had but just peeped out. Arguing, most naturally, that if the world would not respect her, she should for that reason, respect herself more than others, that if others did not want her company, she should exclude them all from her own circle, that if other nations thought her people to be worthless, backward and incapable of achievement, she should, for that very reason, look upon those nations with contempt, and consider herself and her chosen group, the very salt of the earth—arguing thus, India is becoming, wilfully, more and more isolated from the cultural, political and social currents of the rest of the world. This may be perverse, but then life, whether that of an individual or of a nation, is not all logic, reason and a continuous exercise of the cerebrum. Emotions do play a very important part in our affairs, whether we like it or not. And Indians are emotional.

DANGER SIGNAL

The danger of India drifting away from world currents and seeking anchorage in some remote, secluded region, was fully foreseen by some of our progressive leaders, who did their best to keep her to the right track, despite an overwhelming number of adverse circumstances. Pandit

Nehru was the foremost in seeing the danger-signal and warning the country. Alas, he is in jail today and there is none capable of taking the wheel and giving the correct direction.

An intense and intolerant nationalism, a fanatic faith in the future destiny of the coloured people, a growing desire to dominate the world as the white-men have done so long—these are some of the undesirable effects that the feeling of frustration is having on the national mind. India is deliberately trying to draw herself into a shell, so that she might prepare herself in peace, contemplate her old glory in splendid iso-

lation, derive unhindered inspiration from the past and strengthen her confidence and will, so that she might emerge some day a mighty nation—strong and unchallengeable!

NOT CLEAR YET

The process of isolation may not be very clear now, but it is bound to be, with the passage of time and the growth of frustration. If the West does not change its attitude towards India in time and if the political situation does not improve at an early date, the feeling of frustration may do irreparable harm to the Indian outlook. India may be lost to the world!

THE School Master tired of the answers that recounted the story of King Alfred and the cakes, took the trouble, before the examination, to explain to his pupils that the incident, while picturesque, was probably quite legendary. They should keep a sense of proportion. What was much more important was that Alfred was a great king, a fine administrator, and a potent force in the progress of education.

One boy took his remarks very literally. He said that King Alfred was a great king and a fine administrator, he also helped education. 'And,' he added, 'it is rumoured that he went to stay with a widow, but perhaps the less said about that the better.'

A MERICAN, to eastern visitor. And what 'nese' are you? Javanese, Japanese or Chinese?"

Visitor, blandly. 'I'm Chinese, and what "kee" are you? Monkey, donkey, or Yankee?"

A N Irish Woman was consulted by a friend in a case where loyalty to her husband and to her son conflicted.

'Think of your son first,' said the Irish friend. 'surely your own flesh and blood are more to you than a strange man.'

From 'Fortress Europe' to 'Citadel Germany'

With Germany reeling under terrific blows and reverses, Hitler is preparing his last stand—or it is being prepared for him. Dr EDGAR STERN-RUBARTH explains here the reactions of the bewildered German people, and outlines the possible plans of the military Junkers who now see plainly enough what stands at the end of Hitler's road

FOR exactly 130 years the Germans have never seen war within their own frontiers—until the R A F carried it there. Gifted with imagination as they undoubtedly are, this lack of experience, posturing some sort of superstition as to the safety of their own homes, has contributed not a little to their acceptance of risk and odium of Hitler's predatory campaigns. The realization of what it now means to them, to their families and homesteads, is more bewildering, exasperating, and demoralizing by far than the same experience for Frenchmen, Russians, Italians, Balkan peoples and any other of the nations whose soil, within living memory, was swept by war.

Gestapo and concentration camps, for a while, were able to deal with the consequences of that sudden realization, as long as the Nazi leaders could ex-

plain away his predicament to the German man-in-the-street as a transitory hardship to be borne for the sake of ultimate victory. After all, there was something "heroic," some patriotic duty in suffering the loss of the house and home, limbs and life if it contributed to the alluringly painted glorious future of the fatherland and the creation of a German-dominated world cleansed of Bolsheviks, Jews, Plutocrats, and whatever other bogies Goebbels's inventive brain had created for the Nazi dupes.

BUT this stage of the war is past, the enormous credit given to Hitler and his gang by a people that wanted to be convinced of their being right, and the rest of the world wrong, is exhausted. Under the blows of the R A F and U S A A F of the utter failure in Russia, the loss of all Africa, the successful invasion of Sicily,

the dwindling U-boat campaign, that huge, obedient but greedy Gulliver, the German people, is beginning to turn and twist in the fetters applied by the Nazi dwarfs, Mussolini's sudden downfall, and the defection from the Axis cause of all Hitler's puppets afraid of retaliation from their own and the oppressed peoples, are completing the drastic cure

Significant posters have turned up in Berlin and elsewhere in Germany "Hitler hat Achsenbruch gehabt—entzieht ihm den Fuehrer-schein" In German "Axis" and "axle" are identical, while "Fuehrer" (leader) means "driver" in the official designation of a driver's licence thus this slogan, rapidly spreading all over Germany, implies that Hitler has incurred a break of his axle (Axis), so withdraw his driver's (Fuehrer's) licence! A few months ago the repetition of such blasphemy, or any other public criticism of the Nazi leaders and their policy, would have meant the execution of scores of careless talkers, and the concentration camp for many more

This, too, is at an end, the Gestapo and the SS, wherever demonstrations have arisen, of late have been ordered to stay put, to let popular wrath exhaust itself, whether in the case of the looting by desperate masses in devastated Wuppertal, or of joint Italian-German

demonstrations in armament plants when Mussolini's elimination was celebrated with bonfires into which both the dictators' pictures went indiscriminately Hitler, Goering, and of late even glib-tongued Goebbels keep astonishingly quiet and invisible—and not merely from prudent considerations, or in order to devise some new devilry, but in consequence of pressure exercised by powers stronger now than their own

In fact, the generals have won their fight which, with interruptions, was going on between them and what they contemptuously call "Hitler's circus" ever since the first of their own bosses, Field-Marshal von Brauchitsch, C-in-C of the Forces, to begin with, was dismissed early in Hitler's disastrous winter campaign of 1941. They fight now, clearly, for their own narrow caste and professional interests—not for Hitler's ambitions, which they shared only as long as victory seemed possible

They know, these military Junkers, that no victory, total or partial, but utter ruin and destruction stands at the end of Hitler's road, and they see a slender chance for themselves—the preservation of a smallish German army, with themselves as the leaders of the nation, if only they can make the war last another year or two so as to weary the Allied nations and

exploit what dissensions might ensue. Their plan has been for some time a wholesale German withdrawal from the widespread and indefensible lines of Hitler's fantastic "Fortress Europe" into the "Citadel of Germany."

Long before our invasion of Sicily their main strategists had written off their Italian ally as "more of a liability than an asset", and after a fierce 48 hours row (July 24 and 25), they had enforce upon Hitler the ultimate and ridiculous offer of sacrificing eight divisions only for supporting the defence of Italy to the last.

They now envisage, with the cool mathematics of professionals, yet with disastrous disregard for the political consequences, the taking back of their lines in Russia so as to shorten them by at least one third, the giving up of the Balkans, indefensible without the 29 to 34 Italian divisions and the wholly unreliable 23 Bulgarian—they want to keep, at least for the time being and in view of their value for Doenitz's fading U-boat campaign, the shores of France and Norway, but to provide also for their evacuation in an emergency.

For their lines of defence are clearly mapped out already, they embrace Germany proper with a glacis surrounding her rugged and ill-defensible frontiers from the tip of Jutland to

the Straits of Dover, along the Maginot Line, the Swiss and Austro-Italo-Yugoslav mountain-border to the eastern tip of Slovakia in the Carpathian mountains, from there straight north across Poland to the eastern border of East Prussia—thus including some 60 to 70 million foreign people, instead of the 250 million they at present hold down.

There is a rather fantastic element of political speculation in that scheme, too: the hope of coming to terms with Russia by evacuating her devastated and looted soil! While this concentration to within a stringently reduce territory would facilitate some of their, at present, most difficult task: transportation, exchange and reinforcement of fighting units, food-distribution, etc., and make heavily depleted fighting forces do for a longer period, the plan seems bound to miscarry because (a) it affords the same advantage of shortend lines to the United Nations, plus the active support of liberated nations thirsting for revenge, and (b) it would expose at one fell swoop the whole of that "Citadel" to our bombs, from Vienna to Koenigsberg, from Krupp's to Skoda's from Upper Silesia to the Ruhr, and turn Germany proper into an ant-hill of desperate men, women, and children trying to escape destruction.

Yet, better strategists than Hitler as Brauchitsch, Bock, Rundstedt, Manstein—all of them, characteristically, belonging to the old Prussian nobility—undoubtedly are, they are clumsy politicians. What they are now preparing for the ultimate emergency is therefore hardly better than a parallel to the Italian transitional Savoy-Badoglio regime—a non-Nazi, then to be stamped “anti-Nazi,” government of the one-time Papen-Schleicher brand, with a blend of less compromised high officials screening their own military regime.

They have systematically weakened Hitler’s Pretorians, the real SS, now largely

replaced by unreliable bullies recruited all over occupied countries, by pushing their units into the most sanguinary spots of the Russian front, the military governors all over Europe have interfered with all political measures decreed by the Nazi authorities.

They would not hesitate to enforce the fate of Mussolini upon Hitler and his henchmen, when they decided that they have served their purpose in taking the blame for present disasters. There may be a last, bitter fight between desperate gangsters and cold-blooded military chess-players, before that.

The War Illustrated

A SMART young thing got into the bus and stood as the seats were all occupied. Immediately a gentleman arose and—but before he could utter a syllable she said:

“Thank you very much, but I would far rather stand.”

The gentleman politely raised his hat and said: “I——”

Before he could proceed any further, the young lady reiterated the remark about her preference for standing.

“I——” began the gentleman again.

No, she would stand.

“I,” shouted the gentleman, this time with dogged persistence—“I am trying to get out.”

Father (reading “The Times”) As far as I can see the Empire is going to the dogs. It is really

Empty-headed Son That’s quite right. I’ve noticed it myself for a long time. They give a much better show at the Alhambra or the Coliseum nowadays.

What About Franco?

The fate of Franco hangs in the balance. He has shrewdly kept Spain out of the war. But can he avoid the onslaughts of peace? The Caudillo will be one of the major problems that the Allies will have to face when hostilities cease. Hence his personality is more potent than meets the eye. As Prof. Laski has said he may provide the crucial test of the order to come.

R A ZAKARIA

THE destruction of Fascism in Italy is rightly considered as a prelude to the imminent fall of Nazism. The sawdust Caesar by his ignoble exit has paved the way for the final defeat of his German proto-type. With such devastatingly gloomy prospects looming large before his eyes what would General Franco do? The future seems to be pregnant with interesting possibilities. History has begun to take the proper course, and none dares stop it now. In the process, however, the part of the Spanish dictator cannot be small. If coming events cast their shadows before something big is definitely

in store for the land, where, according to many the seeds of the present conflagration were first sown.

Till the year 1931 this state of Europe, which is about 195,000 sq miles and has a population of over 24,000,000, was governed as a kingdom, the last one to rule being King Alfonso XIII. The tyrannical administration of the King's First Minister, General Primo de Rivera, made the overthrow of the Monarchy inevitable. With the establishment of the Republic, rivalries grew and clashes became frequent. Many factors such as the traditional Spanish regional-



General Franco

ism and the natural tendency of the Spaniards towards anarchism contributed to the rift

Among the parties the most prominent were those of Zomora and Azana. The former led the Conservatives and the latter was the head of the Radicals. The general elections in 1936 resulted in a sweeping victory for Azana's party, known as the Popular Front. Azana formed, what was called, the Republican Government with a preponderatingly communistic touch about it. All the vested interests combined and made up the opposition. The Conservatives, under the ægis of the big land-owners, started a sort of crusade against the Government. They played on the religious sentiment of the people by characterizing the victory of the Popular Front as a forerunner of Bolshevism.

General Franco, always wanting to be great and possessing an insatiable greed for personal power, exploited the opportunity by intensifying the disgruntled elements. He handled the situation with consummate tact and by systematic manœuvring succeeded in winning over the army and a part of the navy on his side. Franco employed the most ruthless methods to serve the goal of his ambition. The German Fuehrer and the Italian Duce found in him an

easy prey to their game of world-domination, and the Spanish general exhibited no qualms about selling his country to these blood-thirsty monsters.

The revolt, engineered by Franco and aided by Italy and Germany, developed into one of the bloodiest civil wars that the world had ever witnessed. The peace-loving nations of Europe were aghast at the development. India was touched to the core by this horrible spectacle of suffering humanity—more than 500,000 were killed on both sides. Her sympathies were naturally with the Republicans and she conveyed them through Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru who visited Spain in the thick of the battle and personally cheered up its heroic people, while they were resisting with all their might the onward march of Fascism on their soil.

The result of the conflict was a foregone conclusion. The Republicans could not withstand the might of General Franco who had invited many forces on his side. That his triumph was delayed so long is a tribute to the valour and patriotism of those who stood by their country to the last. On the 4th April, 1939 Madrid surrendered. Intoxicated with the wine of victory the General spoke "I send to the loyal garrisons and my country

the most enthusiastic greetings Spain has been saved. You may pride yourselves on being Spaniards.

Hardly had three months elapsed since his ascendancy to power when General Franco found himself on the horns of a dilemma. The Russo-German Non-Aggression Pact came as a shock to him. He did not like his arch-patron joining hands with a power, whom he had openly abused. Hence when the war broke out Spain declared its neutrality. But the constant dinnings into his ears of the Machiavellian *mantras* by Falangists resulted in Franco's making open professions of love to Germany. The shattering collapse of France and the dramatic entry of Italy into the field crystalized that attitude and made the change in his foreign policy complete. From a neutral country the world saw Spain becoming "non-belligerent" with Axis leanings.

That is where the position so far stands. Since then Franco has observed an almost studied silence on the international situation. Political commentators, however, feel that he is still under the thumb of the Nazi Fuehrer, who perhaps now caresses him more than bullies him.

A dictator by temperament the smashing victories of the Allies must be upsetting him a good deal. The rapid weakening of the hold of the Swastika is bound to pain the man, who has always looked at that emblem of oppression for his inspiration. But Franco is an opportunist 'par excellence' who knows how to accommodate himself to the changed circumstances. He loves none more than *himself*, and for preserving *himself* he would not hesitate to pay the highest price. One of the most unscrupulous personalities of all times, he is capable of any *volta face*, provided his position in Spain is guaranteed.

Time, however, seems to run against him. The Allied leaders have realized that if Nazism is to be totally wiped out, its satellites cannot be tolerated. All those who have contributed towards that inhuman experiment will have to bear its disastrous consequences. Franco has no place in the New Order. He has made Spain the playground of Fascism in its most brutal form, a domain of reactionarism which strives to suppress the legitimate desire for liberty in its people. Hence how does he expect to go unpunished in a campaign designed for the complete annihilation of totalitarianism from every nook and corner of the world?

The Record of a Fantastic Raid on Burma



CHARLES J ROLO

LED by 39-year-old Brigadier Orde Charles Wingate eight British columns secretly crossed from India through the Japanese lines into Burma recently and for three months spread confusion and panic. The Japanese buzzed about like bees out of an overturned hive, but never caught up with the raiders. Wingate's expedition wiped out Jap outposts, exploded ammunition dumps, wrecked airfields, put highways out of commission, blew up bridges and dynamited the railway.

The raiders—Wingate named them the Chindits, after the dragons which guard Burmese temples—penetrated 300 miles into Japanese-held territory, then made a heroic march back to India. Casualties were fewer than anyone had dared predict. It is one of the great romantic tales of this war.

The expedition accomplished important aims. It relieved pressure on the Chinese; it gathered information which enabled the RAF to make devastating raids. Above all, it set a pattern of training and tactics for the reconquest of Burma. Gurkhas, Burmese and a regiment of city bred Englishmen showed the Jap he no longer was master of the jungle.

Wingate's British Chindits were second-line troops—nearly all of them married men from the North of England, aged 28 to 35. Wingate told them "We have to imitate Tarzan." For six sweltering months in the Indian jungles he trained them in river crossing, infiltration tactics and long forced marches with heavy packs, until they were the toughest of shock troops. On returning from the raid one

private remarked "The whole job was a piece of cake compared to the training"

Officers, too, were put through an interminable course of tactical exercises, not on the conventional sand table but outdoors In Burma, later on, these officers found that they had rehearsed every situation they met

Field Marshal Wavell inspected the Chindits when they were about to leave India, and as a gesture of respect saluted them before they could salute him He knew—and every man knew—that anyone who was wounded or sick would probably be left to the Japanese

The half-mile-wide Chindwin River, boundry between British--and Jap held territory, was the first critical lap in the advance Reconnaissance parties reported no enemy patrols for some miles Heavy equipment was ferried over in sampans, rubber boats and canoes, officers and men stripped and swam the swift current The crossing continued all night, through the next day, and far into that night Wingate tossed his helmet into the last Canoe, peeled of his clothes and plunged into the swirling water

The Chindits pushed through dense jungle, over razor-back mountains, along narrow paths

flanked by precipices, then down into valleys where the elephant grass grows taller than a man Skeletons marked the tracks over which the Allies had retreated the summer before

Wingate mostly kept clear of beaten trails, hacking his own path through the jungle He sent out "deception groups" to lay false trails but mainly relied on speed of movement Jap patrols were often so close that scouts would bump into each other in the jungle Skirmishing was almost continuous, and the Chindits killed more than 1,000 Japs But the enemy never caught up with them in force

Frequently the Chindits covered 30 miles a day in a temperature of 105 in the shade Wingate saw to it that not a moment was wasted He forbade shaving because it would mean ten minutes less sleep He had a theory that sickness could be kept down by constant marching—and it is a fact that there was hardly a case of malaria

At the head of each column trotted scouting dogs, trained to recognize the scent of the Japanese The eight prongs of the expedition kept in constant touch with one another by radio, messenger dogs, carrier pigeons and strange birdcalls Elephants, ridden by little

Burmese mahouts, plodded ahead with the mortars, Bren guns, folding boats and wireless sets. Next came the horses and men, then the mules. In the rear were oxen and bullocks drawing carts loaded with machine-guns, tommy-guns, grenades, rifles and ammunition. Each column was a mile long. "Looks like Noah's Ark," said one Tommy as the weird assortment of animals clambered up the banks of a river. Strangely enough, the columns could not be heard 200 yards away, for the jungle deadens sound.

The Chindits had rubber-soled hockey shoes, Australian-type slouch hats, anti-mosquito veils and machetes. Each man entered Burma with six days' paratroop rations on his back and thereafter was supplied from the air. All told, the expedition received 500 000 pounds of air-borne supplies.

An RAF flying officer marched with each column to select sites for dropping the supplies—rice fields, dried-up river beds, tracts of flattened elephant grass. Code messages notified the air base in Assam of the exact time and place for the next delivery. Smoke fires guided the aircraft in daytime, flares at night. The big planes would swoop as low as 150 feet to release their loads of arms,

ammunition, dynamite, and ration cans containing bully beef, biscuits, dates, raisins, tea, sugar, salt and Vitamin-C tablets. The only breakage was one bottle of rum.

The RAF made a valiant attempt to give the columns any special items they requested—a life of Bernard Shaw, a bottle of Irish whiskey for St. Patrick's Day, monocles, false teeth and a kilt were odd items asked for and sent. Two volunteer wireless operators came by air to replace sick comrades. One officer, his column surrounded by Japs, had the RAF drop a will for him to sign. Calcutta's leading restaurant worked all night to make 400 pounds of chocolate the troops asked for, next morning it was flown 700 miles into Burma.

The base officer in charge of supplies was a Captain Lord. One day Wingate radioed "Oh, Lord, send us bread!" and got the prompt reply "The Lord hath heard thy prayer." A few hours later 60 loaves—manna from heaven—were dropped.

A Chindit raiding party came upon the headquarters of a Jap unit, deserted except for servants busily preparing dinner. The Burmese obligingly waited on Wingate's men, who polished off every scrap of food in the camp.

The expedition penetrated within 120 miles of the Burma Road, then was ordered to return. When the columns got back to the Irrawaddy—it was a bitterly cold night with a brilliant moon—the Japs opened up with mortars and machine-guns. Wingate could have forced a crossing, but it would have meant heavy losses. Standing on a sandbank in the Irrawaddy, looking like some minor prophet with his huge beard and a blanket wrapped around his shoulders, he made a split-second decision. He ordered the Chindits to break up into groups of 40 and play hide-and-seek in the jungle until they had given the Japs the slip. Within 48 hours every party had managed to cross the river safely. Then they buried their wireless sets, smashed their heavy equipment and set off on the 300 mile trek to India.

Without radios, no more airborne supplies were possible. The Chindits first ate their bullocks and mules, and after that lived on rice, snakes, vultures, banana palms, jungle roots and grass soup. Hunted every yard of the way, they were forced to avoid the main drinking places and sometimes went for days with only a few mouthfuls of water drained out of hollow bamboos. Knowing that their security lay in speed, Wingate drove his men without mercy.

When it was all over the expedition became affectionately known as "Wingate's Circus," "Wingate's Follies," or "Wingate's Mob." The officers were a queer bunch—tough commando types "Mad Mike" Calvert—"Dynamite Mike"—is a booby-trap expert and a wrecker, an artist whose eyes take on a holy look as he talks of dynamiting. Still in his 20s, "Mad Mike" has served behind the enemy lines in almost every theatre of war.

Monocled Major Bernard Ferguson of the Black Watch threw up a comfortable staff job for this chance to singe the Mikado's beard. "All my life I've wanted to blow up bridges," he exclaimed as he watched fragments of the Bonchaung Gorge bridge hurtle skyward. For jungle reading, Ferguson took along one of Trollope's novels. "We smoked all 600 pages," he confessed. "You see, we had plenty of tobacco but ran out of cigarette paper."

Lieutenant Geoffrey Lockett, a former Liverpool wine Merchant, was known as the "toothless, kilted wonder." He had lost all his teeth, grew a waist-length beard to frighten the Japs, and insisted on fighting the whole campaign in a kilt.

One American—Flight Lieutenant James Gibson, known as "Carolina"—volunteered for the expedition. "I'm sick of

shooting down Jap planes,' he explained "I want to see the little bastards' faces when they get it "

"Wingate's Follies ' included a Burmese prince a former Oxford historian, Lieutenant William Edge, a good hand at preparing a dish of raw buffalo steak and a commando sergeant, Robert Blain of Loch Lomond, who when the situation looked black would quip 'As my old grandmother says, these things are sent to try us "

Back in India, Wingate was greeted as "Lawrence of Burma ' His fabulous guerilla exploits had already won him the titles "Lawrence of Judea' and "Lawrence of Ethiopia " In England today people simply call him "The New Lawrence ' He actually is a blood relative of Lawrence of Arabia

The British army seems to produce one such eccentric soldier-genius in every generation—Clive of India, "Chinese Gordon, Lawrence of Arabia Wingate is a "sword and Bible" general, a profound believer in prayer, a mystic given to Yoga, and a hard-bitten professional soldier who loves fighting for its own sake He starts the day with prayer, uses Scripture passages for code The sword, the bible and the flair for strange races are all a part of Wingate's heritage

His father served 32 years in the Indian army, and after retiring founded a mission for the Pathans His deeply religious mother gave him a Puritan upbringing

Wingate has the lean face of an intellectual, deep-set, piercing blue eyes, a thin bony nose, severe mouth and lantern jaws His blond hair is bleaching into gray In Burma he wore a tattered bush shirt, russet corduroy trousers and an old-fashioned scuttle-shaped sun helmet

He has a pet theory that human beings can store up energy as a camel storer up water In the field he can keep going for weeks on end with only a few hours of sleep but when the job is done will spend days sleeping or in dreamy contemplation He is a fanatic about physical fitness, a non-smoker, and believes firmly in the health-giving properties of raw onions, which he munches on the march He massages his back with a rubber hairbrush every night

For a man whose profession is war, Wingate's range of interests is bewildering In the early morning he can be heard singing to himself in Arabic He is passionately fond of music, and for hours will lie on the floor listening to symphonic records His literary tastes extend from Shakespeare to the British comic-strip heroine

‘Jane,’ but he prefers serious reading

He first met his beautiful wife on board a Mediterranean liner, she was 15 he was 30 “She marched up to me,” he recalls, “and said ‘You’re the man I’m going to marry’ It was a kind of joint commando arrangement We both felt the same way ”

Wingate talks like an encyclopedia In the officers mess he will hold forth on Yoga, the social habits of the hyena the behavior of flies when you put them under a tumbler 15th-century painting, and how to win the war In Ethiopia he once amazed a group of junior officers with a discourse on the technique of hyena hunting by pistol in the moonlight

Wingate is no respecter of rank or title his indiscretion is prodigious He lectures superiors on their mistakes of policy and is probably the only British officer in modern times who has used the ancient prerogative of complaining in writing to the King about one of his superiors But after provoking the wrath of a group of brass hats with his unorthodox ideas, Wingate once soberly remarked to a friend “You know, I’m not half as crazy as people think ”

In Palestine in 1938 he was awarded the D S O—to which he has since added two bars—

for leading the night patrols that cleared the country of Axis-subsidized Arab terrorists In Ethiopia he won the admiration and support of the tribesmen by a series of swashbuckling commando forays against vastly superior Italian forces

Wingate is one of the few white men in this war who have succeeded in swaying the primitive native mind He always carries with him a duplicating machine, a loudspeaker and a unit of specially trained native propagandists At every village in Burma and Ethiopia he paused long enough to hand out leaflets and to broadcast a manifesto framed in simple, picturesque language “The mysterious men who have come among you,” he told the Burmese, “can summon from afar great and mysterious powers of the air, and will rid you of the fierce scowling Japanese ” The Burmese reverently named him “Lord Protector of the Pagodas ” They kept mum about the moments of the Chindits and guided them over secret jungle trails Without this co operation the expedition would probably have been tracked down and annihilated

The Ethiopian campaign was a typical Wingate show all the way—full of dash, surprise and successful bluff With only 1,800 Sudanese and Ethiopian Askaris, he stormed Italian strongholds in a series of rapierlike thrusts,

Groups of fuzzy-haired Ethiopian irregulars—Wingate insisted they be called "Patriots"—rallied to his side. Altogether this half-pint army accounted for 40,000 Italians, killed or captured. In May, 1941 he entered Addis Ababa on white charger by the side of Haile Selassie.

Field Marshal Wavell was so impressed that he summoned Wingate to India in the autumn of 1942, raised him to the rank of Brigadier, and gave him a free hand to build up a super-

commando force that would be the vanguard of reconquest of Burma.

"The Jap," says Wingate, "is no superman. His operational schemes are the product of a third-rate brain. Jungle warfare demands resourcefulness and endurance. The Jap has tremendous endurance, but he cannot solve problems he has never faced before. We have proved we can beat the Jap on his own chosen ground."

The Atlantic Monthly

THE American gentleman a visitor to the salubrious and interesting shores was wandering through one of the stately homes of England examining the ancestral portraits. Presently he paused before the image of a portly gentleman in a wig and lace-ruffles.

"Say, who was he?"

"That," recited the custodian, "is the first Duke, founder of the illustrious line—"

"Oh, and what did he do?"

"He was the founder of the line, husband of the beautiful and witty Amelia, the first Duchess, Father of the celebrated Duke who was the victor of the Battle of Tretemurff—"

"But what did he do?"

"I'm telling you, sir," said the custodian, a little impatiently. "He was the husband of the beautiful Duchess, father of—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted the visitor, "but what did he do in the day time?"

These American visitors have no respect for the traditions of the past.

He Met you in Piccadilly last night I saw you twice Why didn't you acknowledge me?

She I never acknowledge people in that state

Too Much Wishful Thinking About China

HANSON W BALDWIN

"OH, we'll send lotsa planes
to China and bomb
hell outa Japan "

That seems to sum up the
average Americans airy
strategy for victory in the
Pacific

He believes, once Germany
is defeated, that China can
readily be transformed into an
enormous air base from which
Japan can be bombed into
submission. He looks upon
the Chinese army as an inte-
grated fighting force and be-
lieves that once we reconquer
Burma we can ship in enough
supplies to enable the Chinese
to win and hold the airfields
we shall need. He thinks the
Chinese have won great victories
against the Japanese, or even
that they are slowly winning
their war.

Unfortunately, the China of
such dreams is far from reality.
Missionaries, war relief drives,
able ambassadors and the
movies have oversold us.
China has become not merely
China but the royal road to
victory in the Pacific.

Hanson W Baldwin, brilliant military editor of the New York Times, won this year's Pulitzer Prize award for a series of articles on our Pacific strategy, written after an extensive tour of the actual fighting fronts.

China has needed no such
overselling. Her people are
plainly courageous, their
patient fortitude and philo-
sophic resignation are un-
matched. But an enumeration
of her virtues should not blind
us to her weaknesses, above all,
it should not lead us to a fall-
acious conception of Pacific
strategy.

China is not a nation in our
sense of the word but a geogra-
pher's expression. She has
not won, and is not winning,
the war with Japan, is not—in
our sense—winning battles, but
losing them. She is not now,
and can never become, a great
air base from which Tokyo can
be bombed into submission—
unless we can open great new
supply routes. Nor will it be
sufficient merely to supply

China She has as yet no real army as we understand the term, most of her troops are poorly led and incapable of effectively utilizing modern arms. They require intensive and protracted training, and capable leaders bound together by a common loyalty to a common cause. Today there are few such leaders, too many of them are still old war lords, in new clothing, for whom war is a means for personal aggrandizement and enrichment.

The truth about China—known to a few, but not to millions of Americans—is that the military situation there today is bad, has been bad for two years, and will probably continue to be bad for some years to come. Japan holds nearly all the worthwhile parts of the country, all that she wants to hold. The Japanese have not made the mistake the Germans made in Russia—an attempt to win an unlimited victory.

Japan has a virtual stranglehold on China's economic life, on all her principal ports and communications and—in the North—on some of her principal mineral deposits. For the past two years she has occupied vast areas without great difficulty and without major strain upon her manpower. The occupation has probably profited Japan economically, rather than

drained her, and in a military sense China has been weakening more rapidly than Japan.

The Japanese are not losing battles to the Chinese. They are maintaining an active defence and at the same time are using China as a training ground. Whenever it seems desirable, a Japanese garrison conducts a punitive foray into unoccupied China. Sometimes such an expedition gets mauled, but usually it captures its objective, disperses the Chinese forces, loses some men and perhaps some equipment, and then retires to its original position, having given troops invaluable training.

The Chinese communiques are almost worthless for obtaining a true picture. Had they suffered even half the casualties the Chinese have claimed, the Japanese would by now have given evidence of a man-power shortage. Sometimes the Chinese report battles where there are no battles, often they exalt skirmishes and guerrilla fighting to the status of campaigns. In the recent Tungting Lake-Ichang fighting, for example, the Japanese almost certainly never intended—as reports from China claimed—to try to take Chungking. Their objective patently was the rich Chinese rice-bowl region around Tungting Lake; they took some of it, sacked it and retired. Yet Chinese com-

muniques interpreted the Japanese retirement as a great victory

All this does not spell hopelessness. The Chinese spirit has not been broken. As long as the United States fights the Pacific war with vigour, there is little likelihood that Japan can force China entirely out of the war. Nor can the Japanese occupying force be greatly reduced so long as Chinese guerrilla activity continues and Chiang Kai-shek and the Chungking government retain any influence in occupied China. The simple fact—that some 15 to 22 Japanese divisions, perhaps one fourth of the Japanese land strength, are thus tied down—is China's great and continuing contribution to victory. It is a contribution which must never be underestimated if China were to be forced out of the war. Japan could concentrate her whole strength against our amphibious attacks.

But the Japanese will never be expelled from China by the present Chinese armies. Hundreds of thousands of these are guerrilla forces owing only slight allegiance to the Chungking government or are loosely organized followers of some provincial general, fighting chiefly for loot. When active they are a thorn in the flesh of the Japanese, but no more than that.

Two or three Chinese divisions in India, in part the remnants of the armies which tried to defend Burma, have been well-trained and equipped by American officers under Lieutenant-General Stilwell. There are some other fairly good Chinese troops in Yunnan province near the Burma border, and a few more around Chungking and along the Yangtze.

Yet even in these units (with the possible exception of the Indian divisions) there are grave deficiencies. Discipline is lax. Tactical principles are too often ignored. Weapons and equipment are scarce, there is little artillery, few tanks, very little automotive equipment. The supply of ammunition is always low. Nor can the Japanese be driven out—as so many Americans have assumed—by building up an air force in China. There is no warrant in history for the assumption that air power alone could push back an enemy over an area as large as that of occupied China. Imagine the German air forces without ground troops defeating the Russian army, or vice versa!

Our own experience has shown quite clearly that the Japanese cannot be beaten by half means. Driving the 20-odd Japanese divisions in China back to a point where we could utilize air bases within easy range of Tokyo would call for

the creation of a great army as well as a great air force in China. Such an army would have to be equipped and strengthened by American technicians and American combat troops, if air bases were to be held. The Japanese campaign of last year following the Doolittle Tokyo raid showed that Doolittle and his men were scheduled to land at airports prepared by the Chinese in unoccupied territory, for a time after the raid the Japanese apparently believed the bombers had come from those fields. The Japs organized one of their punitive expeditions, easily pushed into the Chinese territory, destroyed the airfields (by digging small canals through them) and then retired to their original positions. If the regular bombing of Tokyo were to start now, or if General Chennault's American air force should become a threat to Japanese supply lines, the enemy would promptly move to seize the air bases. There is little military power in China to stop them.

But the real, almost insuperable, problem is supply. China is virtually isolated from the rest of the world. The only practical supply route open today is over the Himalayas by air from India, and its difficulties can scarcely be imagined. Planes must carry enough gas for the round trip. Airfields

are inadequate. Flights must often be made at altitudes as high as 16,000 to 24,000 feet, thus reducing pay loads. Weather conditions, particularly in the monsoon season, are terrible, with masses of clouds, high winds, rain and low visibility. And Japanese planes based on airfields in Burma constantly threaten our transports.

Nevertheless, with herculean labours and great bravery, the Air Transport Command and the China National Aviation Corporation have established a "going" air line into China. Even if the air lines should eventually boost their capacity to three times that of the Burma Road, it would not be enough to support a ground army. One ground division in active combat will consume about 700 tons of ammunition per day.

Nor can the supply problem be solved by winning back the Burma Road, in itself a major problem. At best we could not expect much more than to double or triple the road's previous capacity. And another 600 tons per day would still be wholly inadequate to supply a campaign to drive the Japs out of China. Moreover, neither by air nor by the Burma Road could medium tanks, or medium or heavy artillery, be transported, the weights are too great.

Before China can become the base for a victorious drive on Japan, we must find other routes of entry. The east coast ports, like Canton, which used to admit about 1,000 to 2,000 tons of supplies per day, are all in Japanese hands. Short of a tremendous amphibious campaign there is no hope of recapturing them. A number of rail routes have long been planned, but before any of them could be started Burma and or the Malay Peninsula, Thailand and French Indo-China would have to be reconquered. And in those jungles and steamy vastnesses, the enemy might be able to hold out for years. There are many roads to Tokyo, but the one through China is perhaps the hardest—a road of many turnings.

The plain truth is that Japan is both a great continental power and a great sea power. She must be beaten on land and *at sea*. Only if Russia enters the Pacific war can continental

power easily be brought to bear against Japan's continental power. At sea the task is certainly ours, and on land we must provide major aid.

Japan's holdings are now almost encircled by United Nations positions. It is our job to tighten that ring. The Japanese citadel must be attacked from many directions—from Australia and the Solomons, from the Aleutians, eventually perhaps from Russia, from India and from China. But the main effort may well be westward from Hawaii and Midway—a direct thrust against the heart of Japan.

China will play its noble part in this strategy of encirclement. But it would be calamitous if the American people expected China to play a decisive part—the main part.

We must face the fact that the chief burden of victory in the Pacific rests upon ourselves alone.

PADDY was asked whether his twins did not make an awful noise at nights.

'Well,' he said, "not so bad—not so bad, you see one makes such a din that you can't hear the other."

COMRADESHIP with men, in the opinion of a writer, has helped to widen many a woman's outlook.

Yes, and even if it hasn't done that it has served to make things much easier for those who come after them.

Don't Blame the Bureaucrat!

One of the most distinguished members of Congress
pleads eloquently for an understanding of what is really
wrong with the American representative government

HATTON W SUMNERS

WE all believe in democracy —democracy operated through representative government. Why is it, then, that in a land where everybody proclaims his devotion to it, representative government is withering before our eyes?

The bureaucrat is blamed for this. But he is not the cause. He is the effect. The seat of the trouble lies far deeper.

Our whole political system is based on the principle of local self-government. But two forces have been destroying this principle. One is the demand of the people for the federal government to intervene in problems of every community and every class. The other is the ever-growing practice of passing all these problems on to the government in Washington. The last war gave this a big push. The post war dislocation hurried it. The Great depression raised it to avalanche proportions. The present war is completing the job. Every

town and state, every trade association and trade union, every class and group and desperate minority brings its problems to Washington. And Washington is gladly accepting that responsibility.

But Congress is made up solely of mere human beings. *And Nature has not endowed any group of human beings with the sweep and grasp of intelligence necessary to handle the multitude of federal and local problems dumped upon Washington.*

Not being able to handle the impossible burden itself, Congress of necessity creates bureaus and passes on the overload to the bureaucrats. By bureaucrats I do not mean those government employs once called "civil servants" because they were employed to "serve" the government and execute the laws of Congress. I refer to the bureau chief and his squadrons of counsellors and economists and specialists. I am not criti-

izing them but the system. They issue what are called "directives," which actually have the force of law. One bureaucrat in the Securities and Exchange Commission said recently "We *do* make the law. This order *supersedes any laws opposed to it*." Actually the bulk of what in effect are our general laws are now being made not by Congress but by bureaucracies.

This is not a new thing. It was under way 30 years ago when I entered Congress. I made a speech in the House warning of it in 1923 and again in 1932. I am not discussing the concentration of federal power which has been made in order to fight the war. The present picture is merely the natural development of our policies over several decades. It is a procedure as old as tyranny. *But it cannot exist in a democracy, because where it exists government inescapably ceases to be a democracy.*

The essence of democracy is that laws shall be enacted by representative of the people, and that all sides have a hearing. But laws enacted by bureaucrats are fashioned behind closed doors. The real author is not known to the people. He is appointed, not elected. Generally the first the public knows of his directives is when they are proclaimed. The law, once thus announced, is subject

to frequent and sometimes capricious amendment. The bureau enacts it, enforces it and sits as judge in interpreting it. Most of these imperial bureaus are provided with tribunals equipped as courts and recognize a multitudinous bar which practices before them.

It is not easy to get a law passed by Congress. But the bureaucrat can toss off a directive while you wait. The very facility with which he legislates encourages the multiplicity of laws. The fact that he does not have to face a constituency makes him irresponsible to the people in the performance of this, the highest function of sovereignty.

The promoters of centralization are more and more resorting to the exercise of another unlimited power against which no constitutional barrier will ever stand: the control of the purse strings. By making the units of state government financially dependent on the federal government, that government is acquiring the power to control the units of state government. When this is fully consummated, the sovereignty of the state governments will be liquidated.

This job will have been done with money sent by Washington in the form of loans and gifts to states, towns, school districts, individual citizens. This money

has served to attach all these interests directly to the central government and make them subject to its power

But we are approaching the day of reckoning. Up to now Washington has been borrowing money and scattering it among the states. I do not refer to war activities but to ordinary current government activities. The federal government, long before the preparation for this war, was mortgaging the taxpaying ability of future generations to pay current expenses. The taxes to service these vast federal operations and pay the interest on the debt must come out of the same pockets from which the states and cities must collect their funds. *The federal government has first call on these funds. We are therefore moving rapidly toward a condition where there will not be enough left to run the states.*

In weakening the states we weaken the whole fabric of free government. The inescapable price of free government is that we exercise it. The most destructive force in the world is non-use. If we do not use our powers of self-government in the states we will awake one day to find that self-government has passed irrevocably out of our hands.

Government is exercised best in the local community. There

the problems are perceived with greater clarity because they are close to the people and on a scale within their grasp. The self-reliance of the individual, town and state is being destroyed as they are being relieved of the necessity of governing themselves. When people stop thinking for themselves there is always someone willing to step forward and do their thinking for them.

What shall we do about it? Change bureaucrats? Consolidate bureaus? Abolish bureaus and turn the whole intolerable load back to Congress? None of these makeshifts touches the real problem. It is folly to talk about abolishing bureaus as long as we continue to pile on the central government the problem of every state and town and social group in the nation. The men who are trying to drive us toward government by bureaucracy understand this. The chief adviser of the National Resources Planning Board, recently abolished by Congress, prophesies crisply

Congress will surrender to the Administration the power to tax. Congress will appropriate huge sums of money, will surrender its power of directing when and how the money will be spent.

Other extraordinary powers, such as to effect

great social reforms, will be delegated to the Administration, which will retain most, if not all of its war-time powers

This is precisely the bureaucratic control we will have if we persist in making Washington the guide, philosopher, big brother, supervisor and master of every activity within our borders. The remedy—and the *only* remedy—is to send all these non-federal functions back where they belong to the states and the local communities, where they can be handled upon a scale within the comprehension of the limited mind of man.

Strangely, those in Washington who fight for this new bureaucratic central control call themselves progressives and those who oppose them are

branded as reactionaries. Such is the power of labels. We are grasping at ancient evils, and call them progress.

This disease has been most devastating in Germany. In Imperial Germany men already talked of the "tyranny of bureaucracy." The republican government which succeeded the Kaiser greatly expanded it. It reached its full flower under Hitler. Indeed, National Socialism may be described as government by bureaucracy. *If we think Hitler's system is better than ours we should have the honesty to say so instead of copying while we denounce it.*

The states must resume the status of responsible sovereign agencies of general government or *democracy cannot live in America*.

The Readers Digest

THE bore had outstayed his welcome and at the end of a fortnight his host thought of a sure way of getting rid of him.

"Don't you think your wife and family must be getting tired of being separated from you?" He asked of the unwanted visitor.

"It never occurred to me," replied the latter, "but now you put it so nicely, I will wire for them to come down and join us."

LORD Charles Beresford was in high favour with Royalty and enjoyed a good deal more licence than other people who moved in such an excellent circle. On one occasion, when at the eleventh hour he had been summoned to dine with the then Prince of Wales (Edward VII), he was said to have telegraphed back "Very sorry—can't come. Lie follows by post."

Arabia's Self-Made King

Noel F. Busch, one of the senior editors of *Life*, reports here upon a recent visit to Saudi Arabia as a guest of its King Ibn Saud. No non-Moslem journalist had ever before been officially permitted to visit the desert capital at Riad. Even accredited diplomats are expected to stay 600 miles away at Jedda on the Red Sea. The author, wearing Arab costume, spent five days in and around Riad housed in the palace of the Crown Prince.

NOEL F. BUSCH

LAST AUTUMN Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud, King of Saudi Arabia, was making his annual pilgrimage to Mecca when his Packard sedan blew out a tire. His Majesty sat down in the sand while the tire was being fixed. A shepherd on a camel rode up and asked whether the King had gone by. Ibn Saud, unrecognized, asked why the shepherd wished to know.

"I heard that he was on his way to Mecca," the shepherd explained, "and what to see if he will give me some money so I can make the pilgrimage too."

Opening the bag of gold pieces which he keeps about him for emergencies, the King fished out a handful. The shepherd stared at them, then looked at the King.

"Thanks, Abdul Aziz," he said. "I did not recognize your face but I know you by your generosity."

Such an encounter is typical not only of the King but also of his country. Since Arabia has no cinema or popular press, Ibn Saud's face is not familiar to his subjects. Yet in calling the King by his first name the shepherd was behaving conventionally.

Ibn Saud has no need for the elaborate facade of ceremony which in constitutional monarchies disguises the absence of real authority. He is an absolute monarch, the most important one now alive, combining the functions of president, chief justice, prime minister, secretary of the treasury, archbishop, generalissimo, petty magistrate and ward leader. Accessible to practically everyone, he receives large numbers of his subjects everyday in the throne room of his palace at Riad.

In appearance the throne room compares favourably with

that of old King Cole in the familiar paintings, except that on the table beside the King are a telephone and an electric buzzer. In an alcove to His Majesty's right where they can chat among themselves but still be within earshot in case he needs them, sit most of the important courtiers and some of the King's older sons. At 63 Ibn Saud walks a little slowly, partly because of old sword and bullet wounds, yet he gives the impression of being younger than his years. This is due in part to his deep voice, responsive manner and quick, expressive gestures. It is also perhaps due to the fact that he belongs to a younger world.

Rated on a scale of accomplishment—that of assembling the biggest Arabian kingdom since the time of Mohammed, 1,300 years ago—Ibn Saud ranks with the major figures of his time. Top personage in the Arab world, his possession of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina makes him not only No. 1 among the 30,000,000 Arabs of the Near East, but also No. 1 among the 220,000,000 Moslems scattered throughout the world.

For all practical purposes, Saudi Arabia is a closed country to the Christian world. Fewer than a hundred Europeans or Americans have visited its desert fortresses in modern

times. Yet Arabia's location, commanding two of the three available routes to the Near East, makes it an essential factor in United Nations plans for supplying Russia and India as well as the Near East. Furthermore, both the Persian Gulf island of Bahrein and the nearby Arabian mainland at Dhahran are major filling stations for oil for United Nations forces.

In World War II, as in World War I, which preceded his possession of the Holy Cities, Ibn Saud has preserved a benevolent neutrality. This was fortunate for the British. If before the war Ibn Saud had fallen in with the Axis, which spared no effort to persuade him to do so, it might have proved difficult, if not impossible, to eject the Italians from Ethiopia and Eritrea. If Ibn Saud had wavered a year ago, the pro-Axis revolt in Iraq, which later turned out to be the preface to Iraq's entry into the war on the United Nations side, might have had very different consequences.

Ibn Saud's faith in and support of the United Nations took courage as well as perspicacity when Rommel was in the suburbs of Alexandria nearly a year ago. It has turned out well for all concerned. Currently he is enjoying not only the gratitude of the U. S. and England, tangibly expressed in shipment

of gold, grain and lend-lease vehicles, but also of his own subjects who, in return for the power accorded him, expect their King to show almost infallible judgment, and to enjoy the fruits of it

Arabia under Ibn Saud has not yet approximated the prosperity or cultural development of other nations. His subjects are not impressed with material blessings, the airplane, for example. Not long ago a flier, spying one of the few gas pumps in the desert, came down to refuel. The Bedouin who filled his tank merely reported later that one of the cars that had stopped that day had driven off through the air instead of along the ground.

Recognizing Ibn Saud's increased eminence, our State Department accredited Alexander Kirk, Minister to Egypt as Minister also to Saudi Arabia and last year Kirk made his first official visit, by plane from Cairo. An engineer from California Arabian Standard Oil marked out landing lanes on the desert, not far from Riad, and sat down beside a field radio to guide the pilot in

A crowd of Bedouins gathered, one of whom asked what the little box was saying. That in about an hour and a half a large bird would descend from the sky, carrying men, was the reply. When the plane appeared, the

engineer expected the Bedouin to regard radio and airplane as a sort of double miracle. Instead the Bedouin remarked critically that the bird was ten minutes early.

Ibn Saud is a self-made man on a heroic scale. In 1880, when he was born, Arabia was nominally part of the Turkish Empire. Actually the great square desert was walled away from the whole world like a parchment page sealed in a continental cornerstone. On the bright, windy plains of Arabia and in the dark alleys of its walled towns, warriors fought their secret wars, using swords or lances and shouting battle cries which Europe had not heard since the Crusades.

In one of these wars, Ibn Saud's great-great-great grandfather conquered most of the peninsula. By 1880 the first Saud's holdings had been whittled down to nothing, chiefly by a family named Rashid. Before he was ten Ibn Saud saw his whole clan driven into impoverished exile. Ibn Saud was reared with the idea that it was his destiny to reconquer all the territory once held by his forefathers.

He took the first step when he was 21—carrying out an incredibly bold ten-man seizure of Riad, which for the next 15 years he held against all attempts by the Rashids to eject

him During World War I, in which the Rashids sided with the Turks, their rule was finally ended and in 1921 Ibn Saud took the remnants of the family captive. An extravagant believer in the Arab principle of generosity toward a defeated rival, he moved them into his own capital, where they are still living. Rashid princes go to the same school as Ibn Saud's own sons and race their horses against young Saudis. However, while Saudis may marry Rashid girls, Rashids may not marry Saud girls.

Arabia has three main areas. Ibn Saud's conquest of Rashid had given him control of the central one, called Nejd, as far back as 1901. He still had to take the remaining two. Hasa on the east coast (from the Turks, in 1914) and Hejaz on the west coast (from the King of the Hejaz, in 1926). His conquest of Hejaz, the Holy Land of the Moslems along the central Red Sea coast, completed his restoration of the old Saud kingdom. Proclaimed King of Saudi Arabia, Ibn Saud made his entry into the Holy City of Mecca in appropriately humble style, wearing pilgrim dress which consists of a pair of towels

First of the Western innovations introduced by Ibn Saud was the automobile. While the rest of the population of Arabia, which has never been

counted but may be more than four million, still do not own more than a few hundred cars, the King now has a thousand or more. When setting off for Mecca with his sizable family, as the King devoutly does each year, he employs a convoy of perhaps 500 vehicles, including trucks and station wagons containing servants, guards, cooks, tent pitchers, mechanics, spare parts and the flocks of sheep and chickens which will be consumed *en route*.

Entertaining as many as 250,000 Moslem pilgrims to Mecca each year is one of the kingdom's chief functions and sources of revenue. In the old days, when they were regarded as fair game for robbers, these visitors could not even make the last 50 mile lap from Jedda to Mecca without an armed escort. According to custom, an Arab who needed something badly was entitled to take it away from someone else who, owing to God's mercy, had a lot. The King restored the pilgrimage to its original prestige by eradicating raids, and as a further incentive to good behaviour revived the old Koranic penalties for theft and murder—amputation and beheading.

Of the King's total revenue, the pilgrimage, the British government and the California Arabian Standard Oil Company

each supplies about a third. Since the pilgrimage has been seriously diminished during the war, the deficit, if any, is made up by the other two. In handling his funds, the King gets along without a budget or even a Federal Reserve system. Since the national food of Arabia is rice and the national drink coffee, both of which have to be imported, the chief problem at present is to increase the nation's agricultural resources. Last winter a U S Department of State mission, headed by K S Twitchell, a native of St Albans, Vt, who is one of the ablest U S experts on Arabia, made a 10,000-mile tour of the country to explore possibilities. Meanwhile, the King's finance minister is carrying out large-scale investigations on a reclamation project not far from Riad, where natural wells make it possible to irrigate 2,500 acres or so of highly fertile soil which produces wheat and garden vegetables.

Improved communications inside his realm have enabled Ibn Saud to spread his reforms and make them effective. By radio and wireless telephone systems, he informs himself, through his sheiks, about goings on inside his country to a degree inconceivable to citizens of nations where the government is less personalized. While Bedouins with their flocks may

roam at will, other travellers require the King's express consent. Their progress is then reported to him from place to place.

Running a country like Arabia as though it were a fruit stand makes considerable demands on the King's time. After reading the Koran for an hour before dawn and attending morning prayers at daybreak, the King takes a bath, sprinkles himself liberally with essence of roses, of which, like most noble Arabians, he is inordinately fond, and has his morning tea and coffee. After breakfast he goes to court and summons his ministers, one by one, to find out what has happened since the day before. These matters may concern anything from the report of an insurrection among the northern tribes to that of a car stuck in the mud on the way to Riad.

Attached to the court now are three interpreters who tune in on foreign news broadcasts and translate them to the King at regular intervals during the day. Himself a military expert of wide firsthand experience, the King probably knows more about the progress of the war than most officials in Washington. He rather expects it to end next year in an Allied victory.

Arabs reckon time from sunrise instead of midnight. By three o'clock, or four hours

after waking up, the King is usually through with his most pressing administrative functions and ready for another drop of tea and coffee. Arab coffee, highly spiced and unsweetened, is poured, a teaspoonful at a time, into cup-shaped like finger bowls and the size of sherry glasses. The tea, sweetened beforehand, is drunk from longer glasses as a chaser. By the time the King has poured his last drop of coffee on the rug to show that he is finished, the visitors' court is ready.

At noon prayers, which he attends in public, the King often preaches a short sermon on a text from the Koran. One of his most effective sermons concerned a somewhat obscure passage in which the Prophet observes that some men may go to purgatory for their good deeds while others may reach Heaven for their bad ones. "What the Prophet means," the King explained, "is that while good men may be tempted to the sin of pride, bad ones are at least exposed to the virtue of repentance."

Like most visitors to any capital, his guests are in search of favours, and each one has prepared a memorandum indicating what the favours are. Tabulated by the sheiks in the order of their importance, these memoranda are presented to the King after lunch and he

decides upon each case. Toward the end of the afternoon, His Majesty's visitors wait to thank him for his largesse or to ask for more.

The King sees that no visitor leaves Riad without an appropriate present. For celebrated foreigners or important sheiks he has watches, cloaks and gold pieces. For poorer visitors he runs a kind of gigantic soup kitchen, where any Bedouin can get a meal by asking for it.

While obeying the Koran's restrictions as to marriage, the King has also obeyed its more generous provisions for divorce. Thus, while he has never had more than four wives at any given time, the King has had between 100 to 200 wives in the course of his adult lifetime. Many of his divorced wives still live in the women's quarters adjoining the King's courtroom. Wives, divorcees and concubines get along well together.

Current estimates which place the number of living princes born in wedlock at 31 are probably wildly conservative. Saud, the Crown Prince, is Governor of Riad and one of his father's most trusted younger executives. Faisal, the King's second son, acts as Minister for Foreign Affairs and spends some of his time in Jedda, the Red Sea port which is the only town in Arabia

where Europeans are permitted to reside

Always a staunch supporter of the British, Ibn Saud is at least equally partial to Americans, who are his partners in the only two foreign companies operating in Arabia. One of these is the Saudi Arabian Mining Syndicate engaged in gold production in diggings that have been worked since the time of Christ.

Far surpassing any other major business concern in Arabia is, of course, the California Arabian Standard Oil Company whose activities would be quite impressive even in a community like California, let alone in Arabia where liquid wealth is customarily represented by a few cups of camel's milk. Its presence in Arabia is welcome for many reasons in addition to financial ones. Its machine shops at Dhahran make handy repair bases for the King's automobiles. Its engineers also help out with the reclamation project at El Kharj and in many other ways. Shallow

water wells have been Arabia's chief problem since the dawn of history. Wells are of course child's play for the oil drillers for whom sinking them has now become a routine chore, charged off to good relations with the landlord.

In its dealings with His Majesty, California Arabian has like the mining syndicate, done the U. S. Government a valuable good turn. Indeed, the cordiality that exists between the King and the United Nations is, to some degree, merely a projection of the friendliness between the King and their representatives.

Ibn Saud's most engaging quality is a kingly belief in eventual rightness. It did not surprise him greatly when Allah, who sent Arabia its ancient rains, provided also its new oil. Nor will it surprise him greatly if God presently provides also not merely victory but even the bright and honest world that should go with it.

Life

AN editor who does not mind a joke at his own expense says he went into a chemist's shop recently and asked for some morphine. The assistant objected to giving it without a prescription.

"Why," asked the editor, "do I look like a man who would kill himself?"

"I don't know," said the assistant, "if I looked like you I should be tempted."

Japan's Propaganda War

SELDEN C MENEFFEE

IN Malaya and Burma Japanese propaganda unquestionably contributed to the quick defeat of the Allied forces. The danger is more acute now that Japan controls not only the radio but all forms of communication and social organization throughout southeastern Asia.

Once an area is conquered, the Japanese take control of all means of communication. Short-wave receivers are confiscated or sealed to the wave length of the nearest Japanese-controlled station. In Malaya and Java all short-wave sets were seized and loudspeakers were installed in the streets of thickly populated sections. Everywhere in conquered Asia, as in Europe, death penalties are assessed for listening to Allied broadcasts and 'spreading rumours'.

Newspapers have been swiftly and efficiently 'reorganized,' and a monopoly over the press of all Southeast Asia has been given to the *Domei* official news agency.

The Japanese army produces its own movies for subject peoples. A fourteen-reel documentary film called "The

Selden C. Menefee, lecturer in sociology at the National University, Washington D C has specialized in the field of radio propaganda. Mr Menefee is now on a special assignment for the Office of Public Opinion Research.

Philippines Campaign' has recently been completed, and will be shown throughout the Islands. A similar film of the Malayan campaign was widely exhibited in Southeast Asia.

A basic element in Japan's psychological campaign is fomenting among the people of Asia a hatred of 'whites,' "Anglo-Americans" and "imperialists." This is Japan's substitute for anti-Semitism.

Last summer the Tokyo radio spent a full week commemorating the hundredth anniversary of the Opium War in its broadcasts to China. India is constantly reminded of the Amritsar massacre of 1919. The senseless rigidity of the British colour line is graphically described in broadcasts to both India and Burma. The Philippines are instructed

daily on the subjects of American exploitation in the Islands

The British were charged with killing Burmese monks, with forcing Malays to cover the British retreat on the Malay Peninsula, and with destroying whole villages in India and slaughtering their inhabitants. Americans were accused of tying Filipino soldiers to stakes so that they could not retreat during the Battle of Bataan, killing Japanese and Spanish residents of Davao and other southern cities, releasing lepers to contaminate the Japanese and Filipinos alike, poisoning wells and burning whole cities.

Tokyo states that "the Burmese have been living like slaves under the British." The Rangoon radio points out that the British and Americans call both Japanese and Burmese "villows," and adds, "The Burmese and the Japanese, having the same blood and religion, are as one."

American discrimination against Negroes is heavily exploited in Japan's propaganda to Southeast Asia. Our deep South serves the same purpose in anti-American propaganda that India does in anti-British propaganda. Our immigration laws are cited to prove that all classes of Americans are disdainful of Chinese, Indians and

Filipinos. The Manila radio recently told the Philippines that American labour leaders were responsible for the discriminatory immigration laws.

THE APPEAL TO NATIONALISM

In the appeal to nationalism, symbols and personalities which already have some following are extensively used. In Thailand the Japanese keep their own influence in the background and give pre-eminence to symbols accepted by the people. Premier Luang Pibul Songgram is publicized as the spiritual leader of the country. On the anniversary of the war Thailand was flooded by three thousand posters showing General Tojo and the Thai Premier exchanging salutations. The posters were the gift of "a group of Osaka businessmen." Japanese experts in psychological warfare take the most detailed folkways into account. They even instruct Japanese "tourists" and soldiers not to pat Thai children on the head, since this is opposed by local custom. A typical device is the current campaign to get the Thai people to stand respectfully at attention at eight each morning when the radio announces that the Thai flag is being raised. But the Bangkok commentators complain that "too many Thais remain fast asleep at eight o'clock," and that "the people are stubborn and do not wish

to show respect for the Thai flag”

In Malaya, which has no important nationalist movement, the Japanese are more openly patronizing. Says the Penang radio, “We must be thrifty and industrious and immitate the hard-working Japanese. The chief means of rewarding Malayan co-operation has been the establishment of clubs for Muslims and Malays

In Burma, the Japanese found a nationalist Quisling in the person of Dr Ba Maw. They have had less success in the East Indies and the Philippines. One former Indonesian leader, Soekarno, made a single appearance on a Japanese-operated Indies radio last summer, but he has not been heard from since. He may have changed his mind or he may have made his original pro-Japanese statement under pressure.

The Japanese have made a great show of appointing Indonesians as mayors of the smaller Javanese cities. It is significant that none of the appointees was a nationalist leader, but all of them had held some office in their respective cities under the former regime. They are able men, for the most part, and the Dutch hypothesis is that they accepted the positions in preference to seeing Japanese *proteges* installed.

Jorges Vargas, now chairman of the civil government of the Philippines, is a similar case. The Japanese regularly exploit his name and voice in broadcasts to the islanders, but it is known that he was asked to stay behind by President Manuel Quezon and General MacArthur when they left the Philippines. President Quezon is now under constant attack by the Japanese (who had almost sainted him last year when they were spreading the rumour that he had been assassinated by the American military forces). But the Quezon name still has enough magic in the Islands so that the Japanese put the President's older brother on the air in order to capture the sympathies of Quezon nationalists.

The shrewdest propaganda stroke in the Philippines was to trade on the reputation of General Emilio Aguinaldo. The Tokyo radio frequently quoted the aged hero-patriot early last year, in appeals to his fellow Filipinos not to “conduct useless resistance.” For more than six months he dropped out of sight, then he re-appeared with much ballyhoo to present a copy of his autobiography to General Homma of the Japanese forces. Experts on the Philippines doubt that he has been co-operating with the invaders, but the use of his name is undoubtedly effective propaganda.

THE RELIGIOUS APPEAL

Japan has a keen appreciation of the importance of religion to the people of Asia. When her forces moved into Burma they were instructed to make friends with Buddhist monks. When the pact was signed between Japan and Thailand the Japanese managed to have the ceremony take place in the chapel of the Emerald Buddha in Bangkok. Recently Tokyo announced that a Buddhist Research Institution will be established in Peking for the purpose of "renovating Buddhist education."

To Muslims, the Emperor of Japan (like Hitler) is held up as the "protector of Islam," Japanese propaganda to China and the East Indies stresses the "affinity" of the Muslim and Shinto religions, ignoring the fact that one is monotheistic and the other polytheistic. Thousands of copies of the Koran have been printed in Japan and distributed in Muslim areas of China, India, Malaya and the East Indies.

The Japanese made a typically fraudulent gesture to the East Indies Muslims last November when they announced with loud fanfare that they would respect the annual Muslim pilgrimage to Mecca. Finally on December 8, Tokyo set forth the conditions of the trip. The pilgrims were due

in Mecca on December 16, so there was no chance of organizing the project.

In the Philippines, appeals to Catholicism have been a principal propaganda weapon. The initiation of diplomatic relations between Japan and the Vatican has been used as proof of official Catholic approval, and Catholic bishops and authorities have been quoted as favouring the "New Order in East Asia." The Tokyo government recently despatched twenty young Japanese Catholic Sisters to the Philippines "in order to make known the moral qualities of Japanese ladies," and to teach the ways of Japan to Filipino women "through the medium of religion."

Protestants are not ignored. Through the Japanese-sponsored Federation of Evangelical Churches the Protestant denominations in the Philippines have been "co-ordinated" and their number reduced from thirty seven to fourteen. The famed Japanese evangelist Toyohimo Kagawa has been despatched to the Islands to do "missionary work."

And Confucianism of course has been harnessed to the Japanese propaganda machine. Late last year Kung Hsien-cheng, a descendant of Confucius in the seventy-second generation, was reported to be

in Tokyo to "promote the study and revival of Confucianism"—and incidentally "to campaign for the removal of western thought"

"CULTURAL RELATIONS"

The Japanese are fervent protagonists of Culture, defined to include only things Japanese or pro-Japanese. Every occupied country has its "Cultural Relations Commission," which issues releases with such titles as "What We Should Learn from Japan." The military administrations sponsor literary conferences, essay contests and song competitions. In Java the number which won the song contest portrays the coming of the Japanese, the Indonesians pledge of allegiance and the common determination of both peoples to establish the "New Order in East Asia." Exhibits have been exchanged by Japan with the museums of occupied countries. A guidebook to Indo-China has been translated into Japanese, and a history of Japan has been translated into French. A "grand fair" was held during the winter in the Saigon City Park. In the centre was "Japan Hall."

Teachers are migrating in groups of one hundred from the middle schools of Japan to the conquered areas. Their mission is to teach the

Japanese language, "to spend every moment with the children of the land, and by spiritual contact to implant the spirit of the Empire." The campaign to spread Japanese as the basic language of Asia has disappointed Nipponese officials. So to speed up matters they have issued booklets containing a simplified version with "three hundred selected simple words" which will at least enable the subject peoples to follow orders given by the conquerors.

Place-names of European origin in the "southern regions" have been replaced almost entirely by indigenous or Japanese names. Batavia, for instance, which the Tokyo radio announced last August would be called by the Japanese name of "Senon," was in December given its ancient Javanese name "Jacatra." "British North Borneo" will henceforth be called just North Borneo and Dutch Borneo will henceforth be called South Borneo, the Japanese government announced on December 9.

English and Dutch signs have been ordered to be removed from all shop windows. Shinto shrines have been built in every large city. The Japanese calendar is in effect everywhere.

WHAT WE HAVE TO DO

There is little to offset this deluge of propaganda. Broad-

casts from San Francisco, New Delhi and Australia reach some listeners, but only a few—the Japanese see to that. Not until we have powerful medium-wave transmitters around the edge of the occupied area can we get our message across to potential friends in Asia.

The minimum result of Japan's campaign has been the sowing of mental confusion in the occupied countries. The maximum result may have been to convince a considerable group of Asiatics that, whatever the hardships entailed by the Japanese occupation, these are preferable to the race discrimination imposed by the white man.

In order to defeat Japan in the field of psychological warfare, these are the things we shall have to do.

First of all, we shall have to find ways of reaching the people of Occupied Asia more effectively.

We should keep them informed of United Nations successes

over both Japan and her European Axis partners.

We should expose Japan's intentions and activities throughout East Asia.

We should instruct the people on techniques of effective resistance and sabotage.

We should describe in detail our post-war plans, and show how they would concretely benefit the people of each country. This last is the hardest problem of all, but one of the most important. President Roosevelt has stated that the provisions of the Atlantic Charter apply to Asia. But Prime Minister Churchill specifically excluded India and Burma from this same document, and its provisions are vague at best. The future independence of the Philippines is assured, and the Netherlands East Indies were promised autonomy by Queen Wilhelmina in December. For all this a more comprehensive post-war plan is urgently needed before we can hope to win the trust of other parts of Southeast Asia.

Asia

THE would-be employer was a strictly-brought-up Churchwoman and she insisted on all her maids belonging to the Established Church. One of the first questions she asked an applicant for a situation as housemaid was "Have you ever been confirmed?"

"Yes, but it died," answered the girl, calmly.

Pornography Today

JAMES EASTWOOD

FROM the way some people talk and write these days you would imagine that pornography was something new. It isn't, of course. It has merely become popular to an extent hitherto unimaginable. Fostered by the press, the cinema and the best-seller, it is a mass entertainment with its roots deep in the megalopolitan civilisation of today. The prevailing social and international anarchy provide a hot-house atmosphere without which the present luxuriant growth would be impossible. I do not believe, as some pundits

maintain, that the demand for cheap pornography is an artificially stimulated demand. It is as real as the demand for oomph, alcohol, jitter-bugging, and strip-tease. And these demands are anything but accidental. They are

entirely in conformity with the psychology of modern, profoundly maladjusted Western men.

To pretend that pornography itself is a disease and not merely a symptom is humbug. And to debate whether modern pornography came first or the demand for it, is as pointless as to discuss whether the hen came before the egg. It is the product of decades of a peculiarly soul-destroying industrialism and that grey repressive morality founded on the purity lie of the nineteenth



Diana, by Francois Boucher

century No one really alive to our present discontents can deny the essential truth of D H Lawrence's assertion that modern man is an animal in whom 'most of the responses are dead, nearly all the creative activity is dead, and all that remains is a sort of shell, a half-empty creature, fatally self-preoccupied and incapable of giving or taking

True pornography is the unhealthy flower that springs up in the waste land of modern life It is sex gone sour the disease of a mass age the disease of a disillusioned humanity in which the prime fountain of life has dried up to a trickle and seeks for relief in war, fascism and masturbation And this happens when the psyche deteriorates The war has merely accentuated a trend long apparent

After the immense broadening of its appeal, the most significant characteristic of modern pornography is that indulgence is not a secret vice During the Victorian era it was an affair of the limited and expensive edition Nowadays the latest best-seller may be read without a blush in a railway carriage and appear with no apparent impropriety on a polite woman's bed-table And addicts are by no means wholly confined to the forces Servicemen are only civilians in uniform Such works are, I suspect, the nearest thing to the

mass—'proletarian' if you like—novel we in England shall see Their appearance is surely, as logical as that of the popular newspaper and the Hollywood film

The aim of pornography is to provide a substitute excitement for the real thing and/or to incite the reader to self-abuse—with disastrous consequences for the individual and society alike Nevertheless the new tough 'literature' does combine pornography with a picture of life (even within the limits of the gangster idiom) that must strike many people as at least partially true and therefore deserving of treatment The mere fact that pornography has become tough instead of sentimental is, I think, a gain Because when sentimentality disappears satire may be around the corner

I hasten to add that I am not attempting to make a case for the great bulk of modern pornography—that glossy literature that flourishes at night beneath the dim light of torches around Piccadilly, and by day around the Charing Cross Road, those sorry magazines whose 'spicy' covers sadly mislead the purchaser, the 'novels' that deal in sex and brutality only But there are books that do give evidence of an insight into the quality of contemporary life They show a certain contempt for subject and reader alike;

but even *they* evince the healthier tendencies of the form rather than the realised possibilities. They *could* be popular satire. If popular literature cannot present a healthy attitude towards sex (and the circumstances of present-day life militate against that), then by all means let us have popular amusement that debunks our futilities. Many people, in and out of the forces, are 'browndoff'. Such books should have a welcome, provided they could get past the censorship.

Sex appeal in art has, of course, little to do with pornography, although often it is difficult to draw a border line. Confusion of the two has however, led our 'grey ones' to make frequent misjudgments. Really vicious pornography was, I think, born in the nineteenth century, the mis-shapen child of mechanomorphism and the Victorian 'purity lie'. It was driven underground, but the increase in literacy helped it to grow and to emerge.

With this in mind it would appear that a certain amount of revaluation of erotic art, formerly carelessly called pornographic, is necessary. In spite of the nudity of Greek sculpture, for example, and the horror with which many people—especially when they sit on town councils regard it and all

nudity, it seems unlikely that the Greeks knew anything of pornography in the modern sense. A certain Pausanias was apparently the author of a text-book on the art of love—probably of the variety that receives an honoured place in Hindoo literature (the *Kamasutra*, for example) and with us a discreet insertion in the advertisement columns of our weeklies, grave and gay. In *The Perfumed Garden of Sheikh Nafzaoui* the Arabs possess a similar ancient and highly imaginative guide. But there was little pornography in such works. If they developed the art of love, so much the better. The general lack of inhibitions, and therefore prudery, in the lands of the ancient cultures provided no psychological justification for artificial stimulation. But imperial Rome, megalopolitan, libertine and yet prudish produced a rich crop of obscene books mentioned in Ovid, Pliny, Gallus and Apuleius. The works themselves, however, are lost to us because copying was almost entirely done by monks.

The Middle Ages were virtually without pornography. Erotic life was too spontaneous, and the hand of the Church lay too heavy over Europe to permit over-subtleties in word or picture. There was an immense variety of ribald jokes and

obscene allusions, but the intention was merely to make people laugh, which, surely, is a healthy impulse. Such perversity as there was found ready satisfaction in witch burning and public torture.

The painters of the Low Countries, particularly Rubens and Rembrandt, did not hesitate to depict the erotic, the sensual, and scenes of rather frank animalism. Rembrandt had no scruples about showing himself in intimate embrace with his beloved Saskia, although this picture is inaccessible to the general public. The voluptuousness of Rubens's women needs no emphasising from me. But such artists' work is not pornographic—except perhaps in the eyes of some beholders. They do not 'do dirt' on sex, and that, I think, is the heart of the matter.

Eroticism in art and literature came to full flower during the French rococo period, when first the Regent and then the pleasure-loving Louis XV held sway. The new interest in eroticism was primarily a reaction against the strictness in the national life during the Sun King's reign, and in eighteenth century France 'the people' (that is, the nobility and the clergy, for the rest didn't count) were entirely governed in their tastes by royal example. Now, therefore, promiscuity and the orgy were glorified, the charming duode-

cimo volumes were illustrated with a skill and a passion for verisimilitude that left little to the imagination.

The writer or artist who fought against the trend of the times risked his livelihood. But it would be idle to deny that the majority produced pornography, or near-pornography, from choice. *Mirabeau*, for example, Boucher devised murals of the utmost daring for the dressing room of La Pompadour, which a more reticent age removed 'for the sake of decorum'. *Fragonard*, whose life, in spite of an unhappy marriage, was composed chiefly of 'love and lust, was inexhaustible in ever new variations on the erotic theme. Few articles used by the pleasure-pre-occupied aristocracy escaped 'treatment'. Powder and snuff boxes were embellished with minutely executed love scenes on their lids, rakes had the linings of their gala coats embroidered with lascivious episodes, carriage doors were decorated with daring pictures.

All this was the result of the idleness of a talented and intensely alive people. Their abounding vitality, unable to find other expression, found its outlet in sex, and pornography was employed to ginger up the appetites of the jaded, while the merely erotic reflected the fantasy of the devotee. It was

also peculiarly French, and in all probability it would never have occurred to many to question the aptness of love and its attendant graces as a subject for artistic but frank representation. There is, I think, some difference in quality between this extremely outspoken pornography and the dirtiness or sentimentality of later types and the extreme toughness of our variety. All pornography is found on excessive interest in sex as opposed to love, and it is a far cry from Boccaccio, whose lightness of touch, humour and sentiment (not sentimentality) has seldom been approached, let alone equalled.

The Revolution in France brought only an increase in obscenity in the national pornography, which was now directed against the former ruling class and was thus of a quasi-political nature. Only when the bitterness of the class struggle diminished did the harshness and blatant vulgarity disappear. Indeed, the Biedermeier period on the Continent generally brought an atmosphere of satiety and complacency.

During the Victorian era over here pornography became a middle-class phenomenon. Wit and inventiveness all but vanished, complacency and mere dirtiness became the twin key notes, and the commercial

motive was uppermost. 'Uncovered' pictures for those who could pay for them, 'covered' but sly drawings for the many, involving a wary eye for the police. It was the era of Peeping Tom and transparent cards which revealed a smutty scene when held to the light, the era of secretiveness, sentimentality, the furtive snigger and official morality. Previously we had had at least James Gillray (1757-1815), who used his skill to further his political idealism and did not hesitate to make use of somewhat blatant means to combat abuses. We had had also Thomas Rowlandson (1756-1827), who softened the acidity of his satire by a most original brand of humour. Frequently, indeed, his drawings no matter what the professed subject, were merely excuses to show girls of ample figure with pretty, healthy faces. And even his more nearly pornographic work was made palatable by a certain wit and charm. Perversity was alien to him.

By the end of the nineteenth century, however, perversity was the rule rather than the exception, and in England found expression in the work of Aubrey Beardsley (1872-1898). He fascinated his public entirely by the obscenity of his subject and the perversity of his style. Sex was the

guilty secret, an inflamed spot in the imagination in need of constant rubbing—a satanic, destructive force which found even more pungent expression in the work of French artists, such as *Le Poitevin*, whose *Diableries Erotiques* heap dirt on sex by the cartload, and the Walloon, *Felicien Rops*, a naturalised Parisien, who took revenge for his slavery to women by pouring contempt on them. In the work of *Toulouse-Lautrec* also there is a quiet, vicious, alcoholic madness induced by a satanic mockery for everything connected with sex. Nor is it possible to overlook the pornographic quality of some really great works. *Jane Eyre*, for example, or Wagner's *Tristan*, rendered all the more dangerous because they are shot through with the purity lie.

The only real cure for pornography and the social maladies of which it is the symptom is to bring sex out into the open. True pornography leads to self abuse, which is bad for both the continuance and sanity of the species. It is interesting in this connection to note that the Nazis, in a so-called laudable desire to off-set the 'unhealthy' morals of the Weimar period, are laying great stress on what they call *Gesunde Erotika*, or healthy eroticism, which, as Mr Joseph C Harsch, that able observer of war-time

Germany, points out, means 'any eroticism which (a) increases the birth-rate and/or (b) pleases the soldier home from war or the S S man off duty'. Accordingly, there is a tremendous traffic in nude photographs calculated to arouse desire to be slaked by the patriotic German women, who evidently consider it their duty to give themselves to the soldiers of the Reich without making any bones about it. This really State-run soliciting bureau for German womanhood naturally leaves a bad taste in the mouth. But I am not sure that it isn't at least one stage healthier—motive apart—than the purity lie and the masturbation complex. After all, certain Latin-American states have staved off revolution by giving free admission to the cinemas at the psychological moment and showing pornographic films hitherto censored. But this isn't the whole story. A German weekly, *Kladderadatsch*—a copy of which recently came into my possession, did not scruple to show a British cabinet minister wearing his wife's underwear!

The crux of the whole matter is that pornography, mild and virulent, is a symptom of the diseased condition of the body politic, which is in turn a symptom of the unsatisfactory spiritual condition of man. Until and unless mankind as

a whole finds some way of harmonious living which frees us from our fatal self-preoccupation, pornography, will be as inevitable as alcohol. No apology, I feel, is necessary for leaving the subject with another quotation from Lawrence. 'We have to be sufficiently conscious

and self-conscious, to know our own limits and to be aware of the greater urge within us and beyond us. Then we cease to be primarily interested in ourselves. Then we learn never to force our sex. There lies freedom.

World Review



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'I NEVER wear my size in girdles. I squeeze into the girdle's size'



REVIEW of the WORLD PRESS



POOR MR. AMERY!

MR AMERY'S speeches on India have to be noticed by the nationalist press here only because he is still the Secretary of State for India and it is not expedient to pass unchallenged the untruths, half-truths and misrepresentations in which he indulges *ad nauseam*. There is little intrinsic merit in them and his recent utterances seem to have disgusted many Britishers themselves, to judge from the repeated heckling and other hostile demonstrations he has of late been subjected to at public meetings. In India even moderate politicians seem to have been unusually exasperated by some of his irresponsible utterances regarding Bengal famine. In his splendid oration at the Newspaper Editors' Conference at Madras Mr. Srinivasa Sastri said that to allow a man like Amery to represent India would be "a humiliation for India which he would die before seeing, if could help." We wonder if Britain is capable of noting the trend of feeling in India.

The Bombay Chronicle

MR. AMERY AGAIN!

SOME TIME ago Mr Amery declared that the Atlantic Charter had been anticipated in the Cripps offer. He has since made the further discovery that the credit for priority in this matter should really go to the famous August offer. At this rate it will not be long before the India Secretary's historical researches establish that the Atlantic Charter was in fact forestalled by Queen Victoria's Proclamation if not by the Charter—of a rather different sort—given by Queen Elizabeth to her loyal and adventurous subjects to trade with the Indies and, incidentally, to carve out an Empire in a fit of forgetfulness. Mr Amery's repeated references to the Atlantic Charter may have some value as showing that he and those of his way of thinking hardly regard that document as a binding covenant entered into by Britain with a view to establishing the four freedoms. They have not been calculated to win support in any quarter for Britain's policy towards India. "Our purpose

is that India should be free from all external control, but also free from fear and want which would inevitably result from internal discord and anarchy," says Mr. Amery, and he maintains that 'agreement was and is today essential' between the various Indian parties and interests as to the country's future constitution before the Cripps offer can be implemented. He contends that "the opportunity for preparing such a final solution has been indeed open throughout these last three years' and that it is only the perverse aversion to compromise that animates all parties that is responsible for failure to utilise the opportunity. At the same time he avers with sublime disregard for logic that he remains confident that "when the time comes, Indian statesmanship will effectively address itself to the problem before it and come to compromises and understandings necessary to an agreed constitution." If agreement could not be achieved in the past three years, what are Mr. Amery's grounds for hoping that it will be easy *when the time comes*? And when is that time coming? Are we to take it that the British Government has some plan up its sleeve, as well as an appointed date, for bringing about an agreed constitution? If they are confident that there intervention can secure agreement, are we to suppose that

their refusal to intervene for this purpose in the past three years was dictated solely by consideration of self-interest?

The Hindu

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THE BATTLE FOR MARKETS

TRUTH has a knack of sometimes revealing itself in strange ways and under strange circumstances. Such a truth was uttered, perhaps involuntarily, by an American Senator when he made the sensational statement that the United States "had no territorial aspirations but that she "secretly hopes to develop commercial imperialism on a gigantic scale." This is clear from the fact that American exports for the first 11 months of 1943 amounted to \$ 1,941,000,170, said to be "the largest in history. During the present year and in the years following such exports are likely to show a further increase. Mr. Cordell Hull was some time ago quite definite on this point. He urged the rapid extension of the Reciprocal Trade Act "to enable the United States to occupy a position of leadership now in laying the ground for a post-war world-wide economic reconstruction."

But what Senator Johnson said was only partially true. It is not merely the United States but Britain too which is anxious to maintain her commercial leadership, at least to

keep the Indian market to herself as much as possible. Otherwise why did Sir Alfred Watson read a paper at the London Institute of Export on "Trade with India after the War" in July last? Why did Mr Amery, who presided over that meeting, while uttering some very nice things about India, persuade British traders to "concentrate more and more on newer types of production" and "on our special experience in production and the installation of capital plant, on salesmanship, on reliability and promptitude of delivery, in fact on co operative service to the needs of individual countries with which we have to deal?" While Mr Amery was very tactful and diplomatic, Sir Alfred, although an experienced journalist, allowed his jingo spirit to outrun his prudence and discretion. In an article in *Great Britain and the East*, of which he is the Editor, he refers frantically to the fact that while in 1938-39 America supplied 7 per cent of India's imported goods and Britain 31 per cent the American proportion has grown by 13 per cent and that of Britain has declined by 10 per cent. The Americans, he says, do not show "any disposition to be quietly dispossessed of the ground they have gained." "On the contrary," says Sir Alfred, "a notable feature in the Indian Press today (he wrote the article in June last) is a spate of

American advertising of two kinds. On the one hand, the United States Government has been taking large spaces in the newspapers in an endeavour to make India aware of the part that America is playing in its defence. That is an official effort on which £30,000 is said to have been already spent. Side by side with this national programme there has been a marked increase in advertising by the big manufacturing firms from the other side of the Atlantic." As against all this he characterizes the Indian Government advertising and "National War Effort" display spaces in foreign countries as "an abiding shame." "If our export trade is to make social security possible after the war," concludes Sir Alfred, "the British traders has to wake up, and wake up now." Thus while, on the one hand, he makes a frantic appeal to his countrymen to "cultivate the Eastern market," meaning India, he tries, on the other, to impress on Indian industrialists "the benefits of British direction and experience."

Amrita Bazar Patrika

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FAMINE RETROSPECT

IT is our view unjust and contrary to the facts to contend, as a famous London newspaper has done on the strength of Mr Amery's latest speech,

that the Central Government in India was virtually blameless for last autumn's disgraceful famine in Bengal. According to the "Daily Telegraph," the Secretary of State's utterances at York on Sunday constitute a "complete answer" to the imputation of guilt. The newspaper makes clear that in its view responsibility lay solely with the provincial authorities, "who had the power but not the administrative foresight to avert the calamity." It asserts that "when it became necessary for the Government of India to act, it did so promptly," that "all possible help was given," and so forth.

We think few in India with unbiassed minds and practical acquaintance with the realities would concur with such a verdict. The view generally held here, rightly in our opinion is that responsibility for the calamity was joint. All governmental organizations concerned with the administration in India participate retrospectively in blame—the former flagrantly inefficient Bengal Ministry, the present Ministry (to a lesser extent), the massive Central bureaucracy in New Delhi, and also Mr Amery's own important office in Whitehall. Visitors from Bengal to New Delhi during the latter part of the summer, as the tragedy grew, received a horrifying impression of failure

there to apprehend the full implications of what was happening in distant Eastern India. Complacency and muddle were more evident than any adequate realization of approaching administrative breakdown or of plans for energetically handling it.

The Secretary of State's speech is noteworthy for another reason. A new doctrine, theory or myth seems in course of creation for the edification of a perplexed and conscience-stricken British public. On this occasion, as more than once before, Mr Amery has argued that grievous though Bengal's suffering have been, it was only through praiseworthy Governmental foresight and co-operation that a far worse catastrophe was averted—"famine over the greater parts of Western Central, and Southern India." If this is correct, it accords strangely with the official pronouncements of the time. Throughout the months when disaster in Bengal approached, the authorities of London, as in New Delhi and Calcutta, were lavish in soothing assurances that no genuine or serious food-shortage existed in India, the perceptible signs of dearth being due merely to transient maladjustment originating mainly from defective transport. Conceivably (though we do not think so) officialdom's policy was deliberately to conceal

from the Indian public ugly certainties then wellknown to themselves, in order that unavoidable factual dangers might not be worsened by others of a psychological sort. But in that case there is no particular reason for supposing that the realities of the situation are being candidly placed before the public now. Government cannot have it both ways.

The Statesman

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DETENTION ORDINANCE

THE new Restriction and Detention Ordinance, which in effect supersedes the ill-fated Rule 26 of the Defence of India Rules, constitutes on the whole a satisfactory advance upon existing legislation. Wisely the authorities decided to promulgate a fresh self-contained regulation instead of attempting to tinker with existing rules—a course which, as past experience with prohibition legislation in Bombay and other matters elsewhere shows, often exposes Government to unforeseen legal pitfalls and difficulties. Under the new Ordinance detention, instead of being indefinite, will remain in force for six months only unless reviewed and specifically extended from time to time. Provision is also made to inform all detenus of the grounds of their detention, and facilities are to be granted to enable them to make represent-

ations against the order. Another important feature of the Ordinance is the provision relating to delegation of powers under which—although, as in England, subordinate officials may be empowered to detain persons—an order of detention or restriction passed under delegated powers will require Government's confirmation.

The Times of India

* * *

RUSSIA & CZECHO SLOVAKIA

IF you have a glance at the map of Europe and think over the natural relations of different nations there seen, you will easily understand why the Czecho-Slovaks, and it applies as well to the Czechs as to the Slovaks, were since their national awakening always intensely interested in Russia and its politics. It was not only the fact that they are racially closely related to the Russians, and normally a Czecho-Slovak can in about three months understand the language and express himself in Russian, but primarily that they are like a promontory in the menacing sea of German imperialism and that the nearest other Great Power to them is Russia.

Czech Information Service

* * *

HOME IS THE HUNTER

THERE is a remarkable experiment now going on in Southern Palestine which may

change the mode of existence in this easy-going and picturesque part of the Holy Land

The largest Bedouin tribe in all Palestine has gone into partnership with Arabian dwellers in a little seacoast town for production of high grade agricultural products

This partnership, which might not seem startling in Europe or America, can only be described as revolutionary when it includes 'people of the desert,' who not only have always looked down upon village dwellers, but also have refused for thousands of years to bother to grow crops. If the experiments are successful, and they already give signs of being so, it is expected that other Bedouin tribes gradually will be brought into similar schemes. Arabs who are concerned over loss of land to the Jews have great hope in the plan.

Christian Science Monitor

* * *

THE FRUITS OF VICTORY

TIME passes. What is being done about the post-war reconstruction of Britain? Almost nothing—though it is fundamental to our future. Our military victories are bringing us to the threshold of an entirely new age, an age in which the wants of the people are for the first time to be decided by the people, and by their elected leaders.

All this is now virtually so much common ground. It is not as if there were a real possibility of a return to the old 'system' of *laissez-faire*—the 'system' whereby it was assumed that the wants of the nation would most satisfactorily be satisfied by the 'free interplay of private businesses.' All the parties are now paying lip service at least to the necessity for a national, and international, 'blueprint' for the development of the possibilities which the future holds. Though it is true that Lord Beaverbrook and others have already begun sniping at the idea of national and international planning, Lord Beaverbrook even pouring cold water on the international decision to employ co-operative methods for the supply of the world's food at Hot Springs. A forlorn hope of veterans have also formed themselves into a so-called Society of Individualists, which inevitably calls to mind the White Rose Society, charged with the return to power of the Stuart Dynasty!

Picture Post

* * *

RELIGION IN IRAQ

THE silversmiths of Baghdad are members of one of the queerest religious sects of the world. The rites and practices are a carefully guarded secret but it is known that water plays a large part in the religion, says *Reuter*. Members of the

sect always live near water, wash themselves many times a day, and perform marriages and other religious ceremonies in the water, while their staple food is fish. According to local gossip, they are descendants of followers of John the Baptist.

Another queer religion of Iraq is that practised by the Yazidis in the Mosul area—popularly known as the devil-worshippers. They never mention the name of the devil, nor allow anyone else to do so. The Arab word 'shat,' which means river, may not be used before a yazidi, it resembles too closely the word 'shatan,' or satan. There are

about 50,000 Yazidis in Iraq and others in Persia and Russia.

Great Britain and the East

* * *

WORLD'S OLDEST NEWSPAPER?

'CHING PAO' (news of the capital, i.e., official gazette) is still published in Peking, where it has appeared uninterruptedly for the last 1,030 years. The publishers have a complete file of all copies since the first issue of 912! The early numbers were hand-written and recopied all over the country.

(*Gen. Services, Middle East*)

"WHERE are you off to, Brown?"

"The doctor's. I've got a splitting headache and feel just rotten."

"When I get a headache my wife just strokes my forehead for about twenty minutes and all the pain is gone. Jolly nice treatment too. Why don't you try it?"

"Sounds a capital idea. I'd like to try it. Is your wife at home now?"

"Did you go to the theatre last night to see Dudham's company do 'The Hero's Lament'?"

"Yes, I did."

"Who played the hero?"

"Well—er—every man in the audience who stuck it to the end."

"JUST think of it! Brown has married Miss Suckphast. I only thought he was flirting with her."

"So did he."



BRING BACK THE BELLS

By A P Herbert

(Methuen 4 sh.)

THIS collection of amusing and patriotic verse reflects English humour in its most English and representative aspects. Clean, kindly and mildly amusing if it sometimes fails to hit the mark that is because the author has a most proper regard for the proprieties and would rather miss success and spectacle than hit below the belt. Most of the subjects dealt with are topical, satirizing the events and utterances of the day, and reflect Mr Herbert in his happiest vein. "Red Bread" with its opening verse is typical.

*"I never, never liked
brown bread,*

*Whatever aunts and
uncles said*

*In vain they tried to
make me see*

*This beastly food was
good for me*

*Though full of nourish-
ment (said Nurse)*

*It looked like mud and
tasted worse"*

"Soap," "The Battle of Boredom," "After the War," "Welcome, Doughboy," "Little Shop" mirror that nostalgia for normality which has been such an agonising undercurrent of the war and indeed persists in all tragedy. The Indian problem is dealt with in "Wise Guys" —

*"Of all the puzzles
put to man,*

*Of all the courses
queer to plot,*

*Of all the future hard
to plan—*

*I take it India beats
the lot*

*But though it baffles
me and you,*

*Spectators seem to see
right through it,*

*For all the world
knows what to do*

*Except the ones who
have to do it*

"**Bring Back the Bells**" qualifies for all the praise accorded to the work of this popular contributor to "Punch" and will not disappoint Mr Herbert's large and varied circle of admirers

RED MOON RISING By George Rodger (The Cresset Press) 12sh 6d

GEORGE RODGER leapt into fame as a press photographer when the *blitz* was at its height in London three years ago. Joining the staff of *Life* he was sent to Africa to report Free French activities there, went on to Eritrea and thence to Cairo finally landing in Burma to report Jap aggression in that unfortunate country.

"Red Moon Rising" gives a detailed account of the Burmese campaign alternating from battle front to peaceful countryside, from cities razed to the ground by the enemy to the agonising loveliness of villages sleeping among the hills. Travelling in a jeep through mala-

ria-infested country, through jungle so thick that not a breath of air is able to penetrate through the leaves, on foot through swelling rivers and up and down tricky mountain passes the writer is enabled to see most stages of the campaign, contact leading personalities and view every aspect of the country which for him as for most Europeans has a very powerful appeal.

Every stage of the journey is recorded in photographs which are super-excellent and uncannily three-dimensional. The writing is racy and impressive and straight from the heart and the book is altogether a pleasing contribution to the literature of war.

POPCORN By Cornelia Otis Skinner (Constable 7sh 6d)

THE war has been so much with us in the triple spheres of life, literature and art that the human consciousness seems, at the moment, incapable of quick adjustment to

triviality and the dazzling brightness of a world that has only known disaster in a minor key. How far one has wandered from the delicious flippancies of the pre-war era, one

realises with a shock when confronted with this utterly delightful book illustrated by Soglov and Alajalov both of whom seem able, by a mere trick of the brush, to conjure up the very spirit of harlequinade and bring to life a million elves of merriment

"Popcorn" describes Miss Skinner's experiences in a dancing hall, on the skating rink, in a slimming establishment, while attending a football match, the wrong party, juvenile theatricals or practising Yoga. She is Everyman or rather Everywoman doing all these things with fluttering uncertainty, secret misgivings, now afraid, now contemptuous, timid and scornful by turns but always with that detachment which enables one's own actions to be viewed as it were, from outside and with a twinkle in one's eye

Like most American writers she has a gift of vivid phrasing, an utterly delightful freshness of outlook unspoiled by naivete and is by nature an optimist with an uncommonly good blood stream which never lets her down. She skims delightfully on the surface and contrives somehow to give substances to a rather flimsy crust. "Popcorn" yields amusement on every page and can be recommended as a corrective to war news bulletins or personal disasters

The following selected at random from a sketch entitled "Horse Shows" is a good example of her style —

"There is no surer way to develop an incipient inferiority complex than to find one's self amid a group of people who are experts on something about which one knows nothing. Fanatics on any subject from renaissance painting to postage stamps, make me feel shy and undeveloped, and when their hobbies turn to horses (the play on words is not intentional) my self-confidence crumbles and I feel like a waif watching a garden-party through the postern gate. I could comport myself well enough at tea with Mr Berenson (provided he'd ever ask me to tea), I might even live through a philatelist's banquet giving merely the impression of being ignorant but willing to learn. For Mr Berenson might talk about the weather and a philatelist, an Anglo-Saxon philatelist at least speaks English. When it comes, however, to horse shows (society's expurgated edition of the Country Fair) I am lost in a maelstrom of people who not only refuse to discuss anything but horses, but who do so in the horse language—an interesting patois bearing about the same relation to English that Provincial does to French."

THE VISUALLY HANDICAPPED IN INDIA

By Ras Mohan Halder.
(Thacker & Co Rs. 18-8)

This book provides an exhaustive and admirable survey of the education of blind children in India and has been written as the result of long years of patient research and study and fifteen years of active work both in India and abroad. As one of the foremost workers of the day in this splendidly humanitarian field Mr Halder speaks with authority on the many aspects of his subject and deals succinctly and in an interesting manner with related topics. The book includes, among others chapters on "*The Social Life of the Blind*," "*The Dream Life of the*

Blind," "*Activities for the Blind in India*," "*Guidance in Health and Personal Well-Being*" and "*Educational and Vocational Guidance*" Mr Halder appeals for a new approach to the problem of the blind and although he obviously writes from his heart he does so with admirable reticence. He is to be sincerely congratulated on this work which although primarily meant for the social worker speaks of what is being done and of what ought to be done in an important field of social activity. I wish Mr Halder the success he has so richly deserved.

HIGHWAY WARNING

He tried to cross the railway track
Before a rushing train
They put the pieces in a sack
But couldn't find the brain

THEY were both rather hilarious and happy with each other, but they had one source of potential dispute. It might of course, have been a lamp post, but one of them was sure it was the sun, the other equally emphatic that it was the moon. Before their friendship was menaced they decided to ask an outside opinion.

It was some time before anyone approached and then when a man came by one of the friends stopped him and said 'I say ol' man, is that the shun or the moon?'

The newcomer replied 'Sorry, sir, I'm afraid I can't help. You see I'm a stranger in these parts myself'

PARENT, to restless son who is tossing in the next bed

'Now what do you want?'

Child 'Drink, Daddy.'

Parent 'So do I. Go to sleep at once.'

Indian Film Section

EDITED BY D C SHAH

SHANKAR'S ART AND NATIONAL SLOGANS

NOT without reason do we often find people sceptical about the practical value of many a contemporary slogan proverbially linked with that ever-tentative catchword **PEOPLE**. People's voice, people's war, people's art, *ad infinitum*—all these slogans have to be justified through a positive, practical approach through some medium or other else their significance is only restricted to ornamental beauty without much practical utility, about them. You cannot serve a people merely by waxing eloquent over this or that aspect of their life by means of oft repeated slogans. You can neither acquire a correct perspective of their actual trials and tribulations, nor could any propaganda about their remedies succeed without adequately understanding their inherent psychology or a proper approach to their problems or else without being **ONE** with them.

That is by far the essence of realism and no art can ever be

great without making such realism its preliminary achievement. No experiment, however well-conceived or lofty, can be worthwhile unless it is supported by solid realism. Coming slogans with success is an art. But the art that lends the living spirit and substantial shape to those slogans is still greater and of vital importance to the progress of a nation. Incidentally, in this direction, the art



Uday Shankar

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'KANOON'

Producer Directors:

A. R. KARDAR

Music: NAUSHAD

Songs & Dialogues: MADHOK

Starring:

MEHTAB, ULLHAS, NIRMALA
SHAHU MODAK, A SHAH
BADRIPRASAD and JAGIRDAR

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of dancing in India can claim—probably for the first time in its history—to have accomplished, in a remarkable measure, that perfection and reached a level which could unhesitatingly be characterized as representative, nay symbolic, of people's art

That triumph—by all means a national triumph—is none other than the glorious experiment of Uday Shankar this season in revealing the grim realities of rural India, real India, by giving it at the same time a progressive trend, which is unmistakably a proof positive of the wonderful potentialities of this particular medium in breathing patriotism and influencing the mind of the masses by portraying a true picture of their own life in all its aspects—colourful and otherwise. The triumph, without the shadow of a doubt, is as much a challenge to conventional classicism, which has been depicting the "Glory that was Ind" for years and years without arousing our spiritual instincts in terms of future progress, human welfare and universal peace and prosperity

Uday Shankar has obviously turned his back on the past—the dead past from which most of his contemporaries refuse to come out. That is where he has led his art ahead with the sands of time. Never before in living memory has anyone

ared to revolutionize the established standards and technique of any art without jeopardising its authenticity and integrity as Uday Shankar has done through his "Voice of India" ballet. The march of freedom pointing, as it does, towards the only proper goal for India—national unity and solidarity—is alone so significant for its ingenuity, poignancy and awakening fervour that it brilliantly sums up the entire idealism that has inspired this great artiste and our national leaders. The masterly manner in which it leaves an everlasting impression on the audience seems to me to be equivalent to

all the political jargon put together!

Slogans have found an ideal platform for propaganda in Shankar's art. To me this is even more important than whether or not his *Shadows* should supersede screen's supremacy! So I say, Shankar's art symbolizes the realisation of a National Slogan.

—FILMAN

"TAQDEER"

MEHBOOB'S second independent picture, "Taqdeer" which enters its second successful month at the Roxy, has been liked



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TAQDEER

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and admired by film-goers for many reasons. It has the usually smooth and simple story, flowing equally smoothly with the help of the dramatic element, the histrionic ability of the cast and the technical polish, which characterize every Mehboob Production.

The triumphant debut of Vargis, the new discovery, and the refreshing ease with which she scores all-round has rightly amazed many. Then there is the ever-gay Charlie at his best, producing and reproducing hilarity, mirth and fun every moment he faces the screen.

His performance contributes considerably to the entertainment appeal of "Tagdeer." Aided by the inimitable Mehboob touch, "Tagdeer" is a fine win for its makers and possesses an appeal—for the classes as well as the masses—which makes it irresistible.

"KANOON"

WHEN a motion picture producer starts looking beyond his nose and visualizes some change for the better, it is not only news, we call it progress! And Producer-Director Kardar has unmistakably done it with his third

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In fact if one wants to see for himself how and why there shouldn't be any mess about the word "progress" and the limitless significance attached to it, let him see "Kanoon" and he'll realize it! "Kanoon" is a call to youth to challenge the old through the might as well as the right, to defy the wrong re-relentlessly and then know nothing but success. It is as much a warning to the decaying—almost decayed—age to cease murdering youth in order to satisfy their sensual urge—a convention which has been allowed to grow on the strength of capitalism. The purposefulness which "Kanoon" gains as a motion picture, thus becomes unusual and hence noteworthy.

Of course this progressive aspect of its theme is more revealed in spirit and, to some

extent, through the dialogue than through the treatment of the story which is more or less familiar. Reflections of its predecessors like "Sharda" and "Namaste" are naturally not wanting in "Kanoon", nay, they are in abundance. The established standard can thus be said to have been sufficiently maintained. But the outstanding factor is admittedly Gajanan Jagirdar who dominates the whole film with his excellent performance. Mehtab and A. Shah also score very well.

For its message of abolishing—with the help of the law—the disastrous practice of unequal marriages alone, "Kanoon" is a film significant enough to be seen by, all irrespective of whether or not you can rave about

"SALMA"

HIND Pictures' latest offering 'SALMA,' which was released at the Novelty on January 29, is a Moslem Social—depicting the life of the average commoners—people who belong to that strata of society to which majority of picture-goers belong. The incidents depicted in this picture are such as happen in any part of India, irrespective of caste or creed. 'Salma' is a moving, thrilling story of two girls who want to make each other happy and do, in fact, go

to any lengths to make the other happy. The story moves at a fast speed, as it has many surprise twists that make the audiences sit up on the edge of the chair.

Director Nazir has put in his best directional efforts. The cast includes Sitara, Ishwarlal, Yakub, Urmilla, Majid and others, all of whom have put in very good performances.

B T FORGING AHEAD

ALWAYS ahead on the news front, the Bombay Talkies continue to live up to their reputation as front rank movie makers. Their "Hamari Baat"

is still as popular as ever at the Imperial. The fresh news regarding their forthcoming production, which is on the sets at present at the Malad Studio, provide another striking instance of their organised efficiency, which has always distinguished this institution all these years. The film, written by Amiya Chakrabarti and being directed by Sushil Muzumdar, co-stars Leela Chitnis and Jairaj in the leads, supported by such wellknown artistes like Pithawala, Jagannath, Ashalata and others. The nature of the subject is obviously a traditional secret that helps to keep millions

*
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MONTH
OF
POPULARITY

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thro' SONGS—MUSIC—DANCES

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Starring

DEVIKA RANI—JAIRAJ

Produced by **AMIYA CHAKRABARTY**

Directed by **M I DHARAMSEY**

Songs **NARENDRA**

Music **ANIL BISWAS**

Dances **MUMTAZ ALI**

IMPERIAL

guessing on tender hooks till the release of the picture, which is expected to be completed by the end of April

"NAYA TARANA"

SATURDAY, 5th February, is the date fixed for the all-India Premiere of Navyug's eagerly-awaited social picture, 'Naya Tarana,' at the Central

Co-starring Snehprabha and Jairaj, the popular pair of 'Khilauano,' with the versatile David leading the strong supporting cast, 'Naya Tarana' is directed by Najam Naqvi, who has such hits as 'Punar-milan' and 'Rajarani' to his credit. The story is by the well-known progressive writer K. A. Abbas



Suraiya in Bombay Talkies' *Hamari Baat* still drawing well at the Imperial

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ASIATIC DIGEST

MARCH 1944

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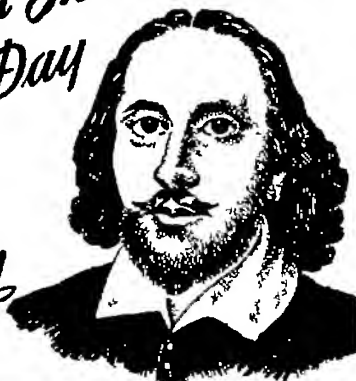
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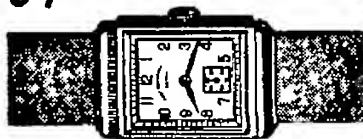
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*in Shakespeare's
Day*

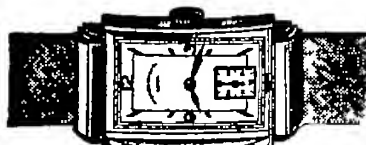
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The Viceroy

**HOLDING THE EMPIRE'S HIGHEST POST,
HE IS A MAN ALONE**

COLLIE KNOX

TO have been chosen by one's Monarch to represent him as his Viceroy in India is surely to have reached the topmost rung of the ladder of public life

For here is the highest of estates to which a citizen can attain, and with it there come honours, pageantry, fame—and the supreme trust of one's country

Truly a man needs to be great in himself to carry the burden of so much greatness thrust upon him

Such a man must inevitably be of high courage, for it is the top of the mountain which is first smitten by the thunder-bolt. And such a man must inevitably be lonely

To be Viceroy of India is to walk alone. Francis Bacon might well have been thinking of those in so lofty a position, when he wrote "Men in great place are thrice servants. They are servants of the Sovereign or State, servants of fame, and servants of business. So they have no freedom, neither in



Lord Wavell

their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times."

Here I recall an episode in my life which indeed I have never forgotten. My age, just past twenty-one, the day, boiling hot, the scene, one of the tennis courts' at Viceregal Lodge, Delhi.

Consumed with nervousness and wondering what on earth would happen should I chance

to win the coming contest, I
awaited the arrival of my
opponent, a host I had not
yet met

An hour earlier an A D C
had come to visit me and had
spoken these frightening words
"Lord Chelmsford wishes to
play a single at tennis today
We have been informed that
you play the said game So
be ready on the court in one
hour's time"

Lord Chelmsford was the
then Viceroy—and I was the
then victim

And there I was at the
appointed time, and suddenly
there appeared, clad in the
white flannels of custom, a tall,
erect figure, slowly walking
towards me

Behind him strode two native
servants, in scarlet and gold
One bore his master's white
coat, the other his racket

As the silent figure neared
me I saw his face clearly—a
fine face, dignified and noble

But I thought I had never in
my young life seen a face which
so unmistakably reflected a
mind fraught with worry Lord
Chelmsford greeted me with a
wordless ghost of a smile,
walked on to the court and
twirled his racket in the air

Repressing a desire to scream
I managed to utter a strangled
"smooth!" Crash came the

racket to earth Two heads,
one comparatively empty, the
other very far from it, bent in
unison

"Smooth" it was My oppo-
nent raised a Viceregal eyebrow
I chose my side, and in a
minute the game began

From the first to the last of
the three games we played—
and I was playing all out
against an Oxford tennis "blue"
—the Viceroy spoke no word
He did not even call out the score

Then the set was over Mira-
culously I had won and almost
expected my head to be cut off
any minute The Viceroy hand-
ed his racket to one servant,
took his white coat from the
other, bestowed on me again
that strange, wordless smile,
and strode back to his palatial
seclusion, leaving a young
A D C—I was visiting Delhi
with my chief, Lord (then Sir
George) Lloyd, Governor of
Bombay—a prey to many
thoughts

Back in my room, after a
cold bath and a shower, I was
visited again by the Viceregal
A D C—one of the seven "His
Excellency wishes you to know
that he much enjoyed the game
He suggests you put more drive
into your backhand"

That was all, this message
from the loneliest man in
1,575,185 square miles of earth
ruling more than 400,700,000
souls,

It is reported that when Field-Marshal Viscount Wavell was offered the task of succeeding Lord Linlithgow as Viceroy of India he promptly consulted his wife. An action typical and wise.

This great soldier, whose feats in this war have yet fully to be appreciated, is a man not accustomed to pomp and pageantry, nor is he accustomed to the lonely splendour that must ever accompany the bearer of so high an office.

The wife of a Viceroy can be his only confidant, and by her tact, by her realisation of the responsibility her husband carries, by her bearing in every public duty she fulfils, and by her counsel in their few moments of privacy, she alone can be his friend.

Just before our ship nosed its way into Bombay Harbour I and my chiefs were standing on the bridge. Lord Lloyd — and how grievous for his country was his death — was accoutred in all the brilliance of his full dress uniform.

I, in white uniform with gold aiguillettes, wearing a white helmet with red and white plumes, a scarlet sash round my waist, a gold sword at my side and gilt spurs on my boots, felt and doubtless looked like something out of a Daly's musical comedy.

On the Apollo Bunder—the landing stage—awaited the great ones of the Presidency and the Indian Princes in their glittering costumes and jewels. Multitudes of troops lined the road to Government House. Suddenly my chief whispered to me with a sigh "Well, Collie, this is good-bye for five years." I understood only too well what he meant.

And so it was good-bye, even more finally, from a Viceroy to the easy play of friendship when he sets foot on India's very dusty soil.

A Viceroy is fortunate—if it is good fortune to go through a series of experience which are unique. Whether he is addressing the Chamber of Princes with its 120 members, or a packed Congress at Delhi, whether he is shooting in lavish state, with one of the Princes, whether he is bowing at a banquet to his women guests as they courtesy before him, or whether he is trying to resolve the thousand and one riddles and complexities with which a modern India bubbles and boils—he is every minute adding rich store to an already full life.

If there is another post which calls for the unceasing exercise of just the right word, for the sublimation of temperament and temper, I do not know of it.

I cannot say with what brand of philosophy Lord Wavell will bow to the never ending pageantry of which he will be the centre figure. Though display is bound to be cut to a minimum during the war, there will still be, as the Englishman said of the English whether, "quite a lot of it." I make no doubt that at times the "show" will prove irksome to a soldier, for Lord Wavell is the first Viceroy to hold Field-Marshal's rank or indeed any Army rank.

But he knows that in India such pageantry is not only inevitable but vitally necessary. The Indian Princes live in conditions of such semi-diety and grandeur that if the King-Emperor's representatives did not live, work and have his being as a man apart, his prestige would suffer much.

We here at home who travel to our offices by bus and tube or catch the 8-15 to the City every morning, may wonder why it is necessary for a Viceroy to "proceed" on State occasions in a carriage with out-riders in gold and scarlet, flanked on each side, in front and in the rear, by a bodyguard of some eighty magnificent Sikhs mounted on blood horses. It is more than merely necessary—it is essential.

A Viceroy, and this goes too for every Indian Governor, chooses his personal staff with

the most exact precision. Those about him, should they lack tact and organising ability can do untold harm to a Viceroy.

There are people who think it is a soft job to be a Viceroy's A D C. It is, on the contrary, a most complex and most testing job. It knows no set hours. It is never-ending. Apart from arranging the tours of the Provinces, the dinner parties, the garden parties, the ceremonial of all state functions, the time-table of the Viceregal train, the interviews, there is the Book of the Order of Precedence to master. That is a Book which all who read long to run away from. Every ruling Prince, every high officer of Navy, Army, or Air Force, every official, every white man throughout India, has a "number."

By that number he is known, and according to that number is his allotted place at every function and ceremony. What is much more to the point, by that number is every wife known, and woe betide any A D C who sends Mrs. Smith in to a Delhi dinner in front of Mrs. Jones, if Mrs. Jones's number is higher.

Next day, every club, every bungalow, and every Government office echoes with the offence, and great decisions of State and of Government must wait their turn while India

stands breathless watching Mrs Jones cut Mrs Smith dead for all to see

When Delhi grows too hot—I refer to the weather conditions—the Viceroy, with his Secretariat and his personal staff, his army of servants, motor-cars, horses and carriages, goes to Simla

The special train, with its royal trappings and its bath rooms and sitting rooms, whirls onward with every mile guarded by police

At various stopping-places there are Guards of Honour, addresses by the local pundits, and the playing of God Save the King in differing keys and with interminable regularity

The Viceroy has no real private life, though he may get, every now and then, one or two private minutes. His social obligations are as important as are his Governmental tasks and decisions. In none can he relax. He must carry in his head vast numbers of names, and he must cultivate a memory as traditionally royal as is his state

Where he goes, there go his staff, trying to protect him from the importunate who in India are as the sands of the desert, trying to see that His Excellency is not killed by hospitality and kindness, above all, jogging his memory when it looks like giving way under the strain

In Lord Wavell we are singularly fortunate. He is one of those who can walk with Kings and not lose "the common touch." His reputation as a soldier and as a Christian gentleman will stand him, and his country, in good stead

It is a great position, even in these shifting days, that of Viceroy of India. But it carries with it the penalties of greatness. Only a truly great human being, he who finds glory only because glory lies in the plain path of duty, can have the frailty of a man with the security of a god

Let us wish Lord Wavell, and Lady Wavell too, strength and wisdom. They will need both

Strand

NOT A HOLIDAY

JIMMIE—"All the stores closed the day my uncle died"

FREDDIE—"That's nothing. All the banks closed for six weeks after my dad left town"

Lord Wavell's Speech

U G RAO

A DISPASSIONATE study of Lord Wavell's speech to the Central Legislature has given me the impression that it is not without some marks of statesmanship. Especially, his approach to the future is just what one would expect from a person of Lord Wavell's calibre. But with regard to the present, I cannot refrain from saying that the speech fails to do credit to the wisdom, breadth of vision and administrative daring which have been associated with him.

FUTURE HOPE

Lord Wavell's reiteration of the Cripps Offer, his unmistakable declaration that the British are "bound in justice, in honour and in the interests of progress to hand over India to Indian rule", his warm acknowledgment of the debt which the United Nations owe to Indian help in this war and his guarantee that he will do his best to see that this debt is paid not only with tributes of words, but with practical aid, his desire to see India united, prosperous and happy as early as possible, his *sincere appeal*

to Indian statesman to see if some method cannot be found whereby the divergent and often contrary interests in this country cannot be reconciled within the broad and stable framework of a single constitutional unit, whether federal, confederal or otherwise, his passion to raise the standard of living of the masses and generally to help India progress towards a position of great wealth, honour and prestige among the countries of the world and his appeal to all parties to co-operate at least in this great task, if not in immediate administrative work, are all such as to inspire hope in the future career of this illustrious administrator.

WORSE THAN USELESS

But what about the present? Except for the saving sentence which says that the country need not look upon his utterances as final and that he always looks forward to making fresh contacts and gaining fresh knowledge, there is nothing to prevent one from feeling very *despondent*.

Much has been made of Lord Wavell's frank refusal to release Congress leaders unless they recant. To my mind, it appears that the release of Congress leaders is not the main issue. A general release, unless promptly followed by a determined effort to solve the deadlock, is worse than useless. Mrs. Sarojini Naidu has made it quite clear that Congress leaders are not very eager to come out of jail. This is nothing surprising, for these eminent leaders are more concerned with the freedom of the whole country than with the doubtful freedom of themselves being out of jail and free to roam about. It does not help the situation in any way.

QUEST FOR COMPROMISE

In this connection, it is useful to recall the circumstances in which the leaders were arrested. They had just passed a resolution in Bombay, asking the Government to transfer power and giving formal sanction to a mass movement if things did not turn out satisfactorily. The Congress President, in his speech at the historic A I C C Session, which passed the resolution, made it plain that the idea of the Congress in demanding power—not for itself, but for the country—just at that juncture, was to be able to assist the United Nations wholeheartedly and enthusiastically in their struggle against

the Fascist menace, both from the West and the East. In his graphic style, he said that, when Japan was knocking at the gates of India, it would be tragic if the Government and the people of this country could not come to terms. He even said that the Congress would take care not to complicate issues, especially those relating to actual military operations, when the situation was so threatening. In other words, he, on behalf of the Congress, sought a compromise with the Government on the many issues facing the country.

Mahatma Gandhi himself said at the session that he would not precipitate matters. He would seek an interview with the Viceroy, discuss the resolution calmly and try to reach an agreement with him on the main demand for transfer of power to the Indian people. If he failed, then he would consider what steps should be taken to implement that part of the A I C C resolution which empowered him to launch a mass movement. Till then it would remain inoperative.

NO AUTHORITY

It was at this particular stage that the Congress leaders were arrested and spirited away. The position then was that the A I C C had passed a resolution demanding power and warning the Government that refusal

would lead to a mass movement, which was, however, to be launched by Gandhiji and none else and that too after he had explored all avenues of peace with the Viceroy. The disturbances which followed the arrest of the Congress leaders had thus no authority behind it, and it was purely spontaneous, howsoever regrettable at the same time. Therefore, the position of the Congress today remains just what it was before the arrest of the leaders. So, if they are released now, they may logically take up the threads of their old policy which were snapped on August 9, and Gandhiji may proceed to see the Viceroy on the basis of the famous A I C C resolution to seek a compromise on the issue of transferring power to Indians. If the Viceroy, at this supposed interview, has nothing more to meet Gandhiji with than the offer of a few more seats for Indians on his Executive Council and an opportunity to participate in the war on his own terms, then the result may prove easily tragic. And as an unfortunate matter of fact, the Viceroy does not seem to have anything more to offer just now. So the issue that matters is not so much the release of Congress leaders as what can be done thereafter.

A REACTION

Let us now see if there is any other course open

to the Congress. Suppose it should summon courage to treat the August resolution as a mistaken policy and a dead letter, what then? Will the Congress, which has held out so long against the Government, be satisfied with a few seats on the Viceroy's Council at this late hour? Even Lord Wavell does not expect it. That is why he says that, if any party has political scruples in the matter of participating in the present government, it can at least assist the administration in considering future problems. Again, will the Congress be satisfied with playing such a tamely advisory role? It may be suggested that the Congress can remain neutral as in the past. But that is just the policy which that body abhorred most because it led only to self-stultification. The August step was in a way a violent reaction to this policy of self-stultification, which had reduced the Congress to a helpless state.

Lord Wavell seems to have a shrewd sense of all these factors. That is why he has said that Congress leaders cannot be released unless they recant their old policy, which condition obliges them after release either to co-operate with the Government in administrative matters or at least not to non-co-operate with them in any blatant way. In any case, they will be obliged to play a tame, acquiescing role. That

is "something which I can hardly imagine the Congress doing after dominating the Indian scene so long. The alternative is a continuance of the deadlock, perhaps, until the end of the war! And that is just what Lord Wavell's speech establishes in a clear and frank manner in its references to the present

BOLD STEP

There is one and only one way to smash the deadlock

And that is for Lord Wavell to declare that he is prepared for a bold compromise with Indian parties on the issue of transferring power to the country at once and then to invite the Congress leaders to accept the challenge. If he can take that risk, then the deadlock will be solved in no time. If not, the mere talk of releasing Congress leaders has no meaning. It will only complicate matters

Patent and U. S. Patent Office.



Russia and Japan Must Fight

ERWIN LESSNER AND JAMES C McMULLIN



Emperor Hirohito

WILL Russia fight Japan? The whole course of the war in the Far East depends on the answer to that sixty-four-dollar question in international relations. If Russia enters the Pacific war, her Siberian bases will offer an ideal springboard for air attacks on Japan—and later for invasion. If not, our approach to Tokyo must be painfully slow and costly.

Russia and Japan are natural enemies. Their interests clash at many points. Tension has been high along the Manchurian

border for years. An all-out clash is inevitable some day, and Americans impatiently ask, "if eventually, why not now?"

The answer is that neither nation is ready for a shooting war yet. If either had been, the fishery treaty would not have been renewed last spring. *Hostilities are improbable until Russia is freed of the Hitler menace in the west or until Japan feels secure on other fronts.* Neither of these conditions is likely to be met in the summer of 1943.



Joseph Stalin

But it would be a great mistake to think that the present state of technical neutrality, scrupulously observed by both sides, means that Russia and Japan are at peace. The Russians and the Japanese themselves have no such idea. The second Russo-Japanese war began twenty-five years ago, with the Japanese occupation of Vladivostok on April 6, 1918, and has continued ever since. This war has never been officially declared but both sides wage it with grim intensity.

When Hitler came to power, the Western democracies failed to see the writing on the wall. But Russia and Japan got the idea and began, with significantly contrasting methods, to try to line up the loyalties of Asiatic peoples.

In February 1934, the Japanese called a Pan-Asiatic conference at Dairen. Nine nations—or alleged nations—attended: Japan, China, Manchukuo, Korea, Thailand, India, Malaya, Afghanistan and Assam. The puppet conference naturally voted for national independence under Japanese overlordship. The formula was strikingly similar to Hitler's "new order" for Europe, announced some years later. It suited Japan's purposes to stimulate Asiatic nationalism.

The Russians countered this move by reversing the Japanese

tactics paradoxically killing the spirit of nationalism by encouraging it among the assorted Asiatic peoples in their domain. The more Soviet republics the better, so far as Moscow was concerned. As the U. S. S. R. treated all these republics alike, regardless of racial or cultural variations, nationalism soon withered.

With true "Master-race" psychology, the Japanese appointed their own high officials when they infiltrated other countries. The Russians not only let tribal chiefs run their local affairs but heaped attentions on them to make them feel important. All through the '30s, the Russians were winning the battle of nationalisms with Japan by enlisting enthusiastic comradecitizens, while the Japanese acquired only reluctant vassals.

In 1936 the fishery treaty expired. The Japanese, becoming involved in China, requested a twelve-year renewal. The Russians politely refused. Moscow informed Tokyo that the fisheries had been turned over by the government to a commercial company called Dalryba, in Vladivostok, with which the Japs would have to deal. To save face Tokyo also formed private corporations to handle negotiations.

After a long tug-of-war, a compromise agreement was reached for one year. It has

been re-negotiated on an annual basis ever since. Gradually the Russians have bargained and bluffed themselves into a better position. Japan, tied up in China, had had to make concessions. The original sixty-five cannery-factory fortresses have been reduced to nineteen.

The Japanese still have leases on coal-mine fortresses and oil wells of northern Sakhalin, but the Russians have found ways to harass them by delaying visas for Japanese workers. These tactics reduced Japan's oil production on Sakhalin from 200,000 tons in 1933 to less than 100,000 in 1940.

There have been shooting incidents along the Manchurian border several times in recent years, notably the big one at Changkufeng in 1938. This was no border-patrol skirmish. About three divisions were involved on each side. Three weeks of fierce fighting ended in a stalemate, after which both combatants decided to forget the whole thing.

It either had gained a decisive advantage during the "incident," the shooting war would have started there and then.

It may start that way in future. Meanwhile the undeclared war of nationalities and fishing-fleet manoeuvres rages endlessly behind the scenes.

If and when the war becomes overt, the opposing forces will shape up as follows —

According to German sources, the Japanese have a first-rate army of 800,000 in Manchukuo. In peace-time this army was provided with 500 tanks and 1,000 planes of the most modern types. The numbers are undoubtedly much larger now.

The Japanese "fisher fleet," occupying strategic areas in Siberian waters in the fishing season from May to October, has become a formidable branch of the Japanese Navy. It numbers close to 30,000 small, fast, powerful vessels. The fleet can probably carry six divisions, including light tanks and artillery, and undoubtedly did carry the force which occupied the Aleutians.

On the Russian side, one of the best trained and equipped elements of the Red Army stands ready for action. This Far Eastern Army is almost entirely independent. There are 30,000,000 people in the expanse of Siberia east of the Yenisei (against 40,000,000 in Manchuria alone). They support about seventy divisions — roughly 1,000,000 men, with a potential reserve of double their present strength. About twenty of these are cavalry divisions and ten or twelve are motorized.

Aircraft factories at Irkutsk and arms plants at Komsomolsk, Khabarovsk, and Krasnoyarsk support the Far Eastern Army. The Russians have perhaps 3,000 combat planes in eastern Siberia, but not the latest models. The gasoline supply is assured by an oil output of 300,000 tons a year in northern Sakhalin, under Russian control.

Spain was a proving ground for German and Italian equipment. Changkufeng served the same purpose in the Far East. Both sides discover that the fuel problem for motorized equipment was acute. The Russians solved the problem by fitting all their Far Eastern tanks and trucks with wood-burning equipments. Using wood as a fuel reduces efficiency by 15 to 35 per cent, but at least the Russians are sure they can keep 'em rolling.

Similar Japanese experiments fizzled, so the Japs bought the German "Imbert" generator patent. It is not a success. Imbert doesn't work with wet wood, and there practically isn't any other kind in Eastern Asia.

The Russian surface fleet in the Far East is antiquated, but there are about ninety submarines which would come in handy. The Vladivostok fortress is 100 per cent underground, with airplane hangars

buried in the hills. The Russians are insured against losses unlike ours at Pearl Harbour and Manila, where fighting planes were destroyed on the ground like sitting birds.

The real mainspring of the Far Eastern Red Army is a mystery general named Stern. When Timoshenko's offensive bogged down in the Russo-Finnish War of 1939-40, Stern was called west to take charge. He engineered the successful attack across the ice at Koivisto which really won the war, then quietly returned to Siberian anonymity.

That ice business is worth remembering. Vladivostok harbour is frozen for 110 days out of the year, as is much of the coastal area of the Sea of Japan. Stern's Finnish performance was perhaps a rehearsal for more important operations.

If the Japanese launch a surprise attack on Russia, their first objectives will probably be the Amur Valley and the Kanchatka Peninsula especially its key base at Petropavlovsk. These positions are strongly fortified but might be outflanked. Even if the Russian front were pierced at several places, separate sections of the Russian Army could keep on fighting.

The most logical Russian move would be a pincers attack on Harbin from Chita and Khabarovsk. No strategic base

or junction in the world is so critically important to its possessor as Harbin. If this nerve centre is lost, the Japanese must get out of Manchuria.

The Russian might then move to Korea. Only 100 miles of water, bridged by Tsushima and other islands, lie between the tip of Korea and the heart of Japan. If the Russians could jump that gap, good night to the Rising Sun!

There has been much talk of air-raids on vulnerable Japanese cities from Vladivostok, 600 miles away. But the Japanese have more than 100 airfields in Manchukuo and Russian bombers would not find it easy to function.

The idea that big American bombers could rush to Vladivostok to help out with the raids is wishful thinking. Russian heavy bombers are much smaller than ours. Their runaways were not built to carry the weight of flying Fortresses and Liberators. Moreover, underground hangars are crammed to capacity with Russian planes. In short, no facilities are available to take care of American squadrons.

WHEN will the undeclared war between Russia and Japan turn into a shooting war? Not until one of the other feels there is something to be gained by it.

The Russians are glad to have the United States, Britain, and China fighting Japan, but

see no reason to join the party. They feel strongly that they are carrying the burden of the War in the West, so why should we not do the same in the East?

Besides, the Allies have established no effective land front against Japan. The Chinese are hopelessly handicapped by lack of weapons. If the Russians did start open warfare with Japan, they would be doing most of the land fighting in the Far East as well as in Europe. They will not allow themselves to be lured into that position. They want Japan crushed, but if we will do the job, why should they shed more blood?

In any case Russia will not break the Russo-Japanese non-aggression pact. If and when the Soviet Government decides that the time has come to shoot, it will refuse to renew the fishery treaty or possibly open some Far Eastern bases to our planes. Japan will do the rest. But no such move is indicated yet.

Britain and America should be realistic about this. Russia is a passive partner in the Far Eastern war. But at least, however indirectly, she is a partner. The second Russo-Japanese war, by tying up a large part of Japan's army and air force on the Siberian frontier, is doing us a very real service in its present phase.

Liberty.

The Men Who Fight for Power in Germany



Field Marshal Georg Von Kuchler



General Franz Halder

Germany staggers under her defeats and the rumours from Berlin come more and more insistently. The commonest rumour is that the generals are struggling to get greater power into their hands. Who are these generals? What can they hope to do to save the war-making class to which they belong?

OUTSIDE Hitler's Chancellery before the war, the Germans, shoulder to shoulder, used to shout, "Ein Volk, ein Reich, ein Führer" (one People, one Empire, one Leader). At the plebiscites organised by the Nazi Party, the Germans voted 98 per cent for Hitler. The demonstrations

were hysteria? The elections were rigged? That's true. But there was enough support for National Socialism to impress the world with the belief that the Germans in power were unified in their purpose and that they had a large and united following. In the years of the Anschluss with Austria,

the victory of Munich, the assassination of the Czechs and the battles of Poland and France, the German people steadily rallied to the Nazi leadership. It had given results

With the Army strong again, there were shining careers for the professional soldiers. The Army caste which had mistrusted the military pretensions of Hitler and the Nazi Party, found new and satisfactory scope. Men like Kuchler, who had chafed for years in the Reichswehr, had new fields to use their talents. In 1924, Kuchler was an infantry training inspector in Dresden. In 1934, he was a Major-General in Königsberg. He fought in Poland and France as an army commander, in Russia he became a General. Field-Marshal Kluge's career is similar. In 1919, he was transferred to the Reichswehr. In 1930, he was still an artillery Colonel. In 1940, Hitler made him a Field-Marshal for his success in France. By 1943 he was in command of the Central Sector of the Russian Front. Manstein, commander of the Crimean Army, was a staff officer in 1927 of the 4th Infantry Regiment, Magdeburg. In 1942 on the fall of Sevastopol, he became a Field-Marshal. The sudden glory of these professional soldiers threw its light into the heart of every German

shopkeeper. The Wehrmacht as always been to the German what the Navy is to the Briton. It represents security and power. Hitler's popularity was due to the apparent skill with which he used the instrument of Germany's greatness and until the Battle of Stalingrad, he never had to apologise either to the army or to the people for a mistake.

Was there opposition to his handling of military affairs? Von Blomberg is said to have doubted Hitler's wisdom in 1938 when he marched in to Austria. Von Brauchitsch advised against the Polish campaign. Until the first Russian defeats, there was no opportunity for successful criticism even by the most highly respected of all Germans, the German generals. Now, the sudden and various deaths of healthy men like von Reichenau or Goering's aide, Jeschonnek, have opened the suspicion that Hitler has a special technique in ridding himself of critics. But, the rumours of the struggle for power inside Germany, and the rise and death of Hitler's critics are less important, to us as incidents than as the expression of a new stage in the Reich's history, when Hitler and the National Socialists can no longer even claim the united support of the people.

The evicted Generals of 1939 and 1940 were isolated examples. The unexplained deaths of officers may be thought typical acts of terrorism by a dictator against his own followers. But other evidence shows that in Germany today there is disunity and alternative contenders for the power which in the last ten years has been predominantly exercised by Hitler and the National Socialist Party. These contenders are, first the Wehrmacht, and, secondly, German heavy industry. They are not in watertight compartments. Officers and industrialists are very often members of the Nazi Party. But among them is Hitler's Badoglio.

How does the power shift in Germany in time of defeat? On the front, no doubt, the Generals get more power. At home the Nazis take more power. On January 27 we had the reaction to Stalingrad in the form of Sauckel's order for total mobilisation on the Home Front. Goebbels was its propagandist. Hitler, because of Russia, and Goering, because of the R A F, were in the shadows. As, after the death of Lenin, the Bolsheviks reacted to their loss by a drive for a million new members for the Party, so the Nazis tried a mass distraction from their setback. Regional autonomy was increased. Defence Com-

missioners and labour Commissioners were strengthened in their powers. Martin Borman, Hess' successor, supervised the general administration. On August 25, the Party grip on the country was strengthened by making Himmler Minister of the Interior. The country had to be controlled by the head of the Gestapo because the forces which the Gestapo was formed to fight—hostility to the Party, discontent with the Fuhrer, and projects for alternative government—were now more active.

The significance of Himmler's appointment is obvious. That of Speer on September 2, an appointment by Hitler putting him in over-riding charge of production, is not so clear but equally far-reaching. German industrialists have in the last year seen their factories razed by the R A F. Under Goering's direction in the time of Hitler's success German industry expanded through Central and Western Europe by confiscation, expropriation, and the purchase of shares as war-indemnity or in low-value marks. Heavy industry welcomed Hitler as their saviour from Socialism, and their crusader for new materials and markets. But now, the markets are shrinking, the hard-fought-for raw materials of the East are being lost, under-consuming Europe can't buy German

goods (the Wehrmacht can't always be a good customer) their very factories are being flattened. The final balance-sheet of their support for the Nazis doesn't look as promising as it once did. Now comes Speer to tighten the Party grip on industry.

Like the industrialists, there are soldiers who have a professional grievance against Hitler and the Party.

Night after night from Moscow come the aristocratic voices of the German prisoners who have formed the Union of German Officers. Why does General Seidlitz denounce Hitler? Because Hitler interfered with the professional direction of the army and initiated unsuccessful campaign whose end was foreseen by the professionals. On December 10, 1942, Germany learnt that Halder, Chief on the High Command, had been superseded by Zeitzler, a protege of Himmler. Hitler's order read that Halder "has not perceived the spirit of my plans. In the course of two campaigns he failed to help me in putting into effect the strategic idea of war in Russia." Zeitzler, on the other hand, was appointed to "put into practice my strategic ideas and to be the mouthpiece of my German will," and so on. That is the statement of a clash between Hitler, Supreme Commander-in-Chief

and Leader of the Nazi Party, and a soldier who had entered the Third Bavarian Regiment as an ensign in 1902. The Union of German Officers feels for Hitler as the Navy League would feel for a civilian Prime Minister who, by appointing himself Admiral, sent the Fleet into hopeless actions which ended in its ultimate destruction.

Is there in Germany today a conspiracy among the Generals, corresponding with the open union of the captured Junkers in Moscow? Are they in touch with heavy industry as Badoglio was in Italy? Is there a Hindenburg—or even a Badoglio—to substitute leadership for the anarchy of defeat? Is there, perhaps, a Lenin waiting for collapse in order to rebuild? Hitler's persuasion is alternatively pistol or caress. At the meeting called by Keitel at Hitler's Headquarters on October 19, which was attended by the Commanders of Home Commands, the Commanders-in-Chief of the Naval Commands, the Commanding Generals of the Luftwaffe Home Commands, and a number of high ranking officers of the High Command, a number of speakers spoke on "ideological and home political subjects." During the reception, Hitler spoke on "the political and military situation." The conference is a clue to the questions at the beginning

of this paragraph If there is conspiracy, Hitler wants to break it physically through his home front chief Himmler, or, if it is too well concealed, to warn or persuade his opponents

When Mussolini fell, the German press kept repeating, "For us, there can be no Badoglio" The Party fear that a Badoglio might lurk somewhere in Germany expresses itself in that repetition

Germany, under the impact of external defeat, is in the throes of a growing internal crisis She has no nationally famous figure among the Generals to play the part that Hindenburg played last time

But the new lights of the Nazi party are indifferent characters born of a time of chaos

There is no way out for Germany this time except total defeat

—Picture Post

"**T**HAT'S a nice-looking suit Will you give me your tailor's address?"
"Surely, so long as you don't give him mine"

THE Local Moral-Minder of the village was a spinster who was very down on drink One day she seized the local barrow man, who sold fruit in summer and hot chestnuts in the winter She accused him of drinking all the evening He stoutly denied it, but she assured him that she had seen his barrow outside the 'local' for six hours He said that was nothing to go by, she said it was everything

The barrow man said nothing, but the next night he left his barrow outside the spinster's house It stopped there all night

A MAN sought permission to change his name, and the official asked what it was

"William Sunks," said the applicant

"Oh," said the registrar, "I can understand your wanting to alter a name like that What do you wish to alter it to?"

"Walter Sunks, sir"

A GOLFER, looking rather distraught, asked permission to drive through
"I hope you don't mind," he said, "I am in rather a hurry, my wife is dangerously ill"

Nazis' Balkan Cornerstone— Bulgaria—Is Loose

The death of King Boris of Bulgaria on August 28, 1943, removed Hitler's most powerful vassal in the Balkans. The possible strategic consequences, here discussed by HENRY BAERLEIN, may well include an open rupture between the pro-Nazi Government and the pro-Russian people. Definitely the Nazi cornerstone in the Balkans has been loosened.

"TELL me," said King Boris on one occasion as we sat in his tawny-coloured palace, "tell me, how is my colleague in Belgrade?" In that very democratic fashion did he refer to Alexander, his colleague in the art of kingship. It was regrettable that his democratic sentiments were not powerful enough to keep him out of the clutch of the totalitarian rulers and bring Bulgaria, like all the other Slav countries—Russia, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Yugoslavia—into the democratic fold.

He would have liked to do so when Hitler attacked the Soviet and thereby antagonized the vast majority of Bulgars, but when you sup with the devil you cannot get up till you have had your dessert. Now that Boris has gone one naturally asks what will be the political and military consequences.

Hitler telegraphed to the Bulgarian Queen that he was

"shattered" by the tragic news of the death of Boris, which he himself had probably caused by making such further demands for collaboration that in view of the rising Bulgarian discontent Boris could only escape from the *impasse* by suicide. What is certain is that German plans in the Balkans will be shattered if Bulgaria now refuses to support them.

Hitherto all has gone according to the Nazi desire—Boris urged us to refrain from bombing the Rumanian oilfields and refineries on the ground that the passage of our planes over his country would give Hitler an excuse to occupy it, the time thus gained was used by Hitler to reinforce his defences of the oilfields, whereupon Boris threw off the mask and allowed Bulgaria to be over-run by the Germans. Sofia became the seat of the anti-invasion General Staff, with the German General

NAZIS' BALKAN CORNERSTONE—BULGARIA—IS LOOSE 31

of the Air Force, Lohr, at its head, its members included ten German generals, three Italians and one Bulgar

There has been feverish activity in those parts of the Balkans controlled by the Nazis because they know very well that in other parts an Allied landing will have the assistants of the population. And the presence of so many German troops in Bulgaria has become more than ever necessary since the reverses they have suffered in Russia

Large areas of Greece and Yugoslavia are being policed by the Bulgars, but Hitler demanded in addition that Bulgaria should be fully mobilized, economically and militarily, to supply German needs, also that a considerable Bulgarian army should at once take up its position on the Turkish frontier and the Gestapo should have perfect liberty of action throughout Bulgaria

The growing discontent has been manifested by the murder of various Bulgarian sympathizers with the Nazis, and in spite of all the police raids and house searches it has been impossible for Drexler, the Gestapo chief in Sofia, to discover the executioners

There exists in the Bulgarian army a secret democratic and pro-Russian organization known as "Damian"

Not long ago numerous officers belonging to it were dismissed at Drexler's orders. But Damian has by no means been blotted out, and one asks whether, with the help of the Bulgarian man in the street, it will be able to save the country before it is too late. Of course, the Germans will spare no effort to prevent this awkward satellite from breaking away, all the airfields are in their possession and it is very difficult for a Bulgar to visit the Black Sea ports of Varna or Bourgas

There was a time, early in the war, when the natives of those ports might have awakened one day and found to their surprise that Bulgaria had quite a navy, for an inquiry was addressed by Boris to Ankara as to whether a fleet of his warships, might come through the Straits. Once in the Black Sea they would have hoisted their true Italian colours and, manned probably by German sailors, have been employed against the Russians. The Turks were not helpful the plot petered out, and now the Germans, on the defensive, look anxiously from the Bulgarian shore in the direction of Russia

It is likely that for some time the Germans will be able to maintain themselves in Bulgaria with their own resources, certain politicians and

those officers, a diminishing band, who still believe in German invincibility, because that was an axiom at the war academies they attended in the Reich. The Bulgars are an obstinate, dour people, and while they acknowledge that in the second Balkan War and in the war of 1914-1918 they backed the wrong horse, a fair proportion of the older officers are still of opinion that this cannot happen again. Others are to such an extent compromised that they have no choice but to continue. Thus it will not be long before the pro-Russian majority in the country can make its influence felt. This pro-Russian sentiment indeed, not only prevails among the masses, irrespective of the regime in Russia, but is cherished by the intelligentsia, there was a proposal to eliminate from the Cyrillic alphabet three rather redundant letters, but as these letters were being retained in Russia the students of Sofia University went on strike until the proposal was shelved.

Human nature being what it is, an act of benevolence does not invariably cause the recipient to be eternally grateful, but the statue in front of Sofia's Parliament building of the Tsar who liberated the Bulgars in 1878, and the splendid white cathedral presented by Russia to the capital, have not caused the Bulgars to swerve from

their traditional devotion, German life insurance companies would do well to remember that the red pavement of Sofia's central square has often been turned a darker red by the two Macedonian factions, as to whom one's only regret is that some of them managed to escape. It will be less easy in the case of Germans.

What emerges out of the present uncertainties is that the state of things in Bulgaria is a good deal less favourable to the Nazis than it lately was. The strategic advantages we shall in due course gain are very obvious: the Turks freed from a menace to the north, the Russians more in control of the Black Sea, and the whole Balkan Peninsula, as in the last war, the avenue through which our armies will march into Central Europe.

It is extremely significant that the three pro-Nazi Regents have been illegally appointed, they should have been chosen by the Great Sobranje, a numerous assembly elected *ad hoc* by the whole people, but the Germans and their Bulgarian collaborators knew very well what would happen if this had been permitted. Certainly the death of Boris has loosened the Nazi cornerstone in the Balkans and frantic efforts are being made to provide a buttress.

The War Illustrated

Vatican City

HAROLD J SHEPSTONE



One of the fountains in front of the Basilica of St Peter the largest church in the world

WHEN it was recently announced that the German army had taken over the protection of Vatican City most people were amazed at the audacity of such an idea. Pope Pius XII and the tiny territory over which he rules needed no protection from the Axis or any other power. While the Holy See does take a keen and observant interest in the spiritual and temporal affairs of the world today it seeks no material gain,

striving only to bring about one thing, peace and goodwill among men.

For many months before the outbreak of the present war and on many occasions since, Vatican City has figured in the news, but it has always had one aim—a desire to find a peaceful solution to a disturbing problem. Though we have thus been hearing a lot about Vatican City, the Pope and his broadcasts, and how President Roosevelt and others have sent

personal envoys to the Holy See, little has been said about the state itself, its inception and remarkable development.

It can claim to be the smallest sovereign state in the world. It is only some 108 acres in extent, no longer than a generous eighteen-hole golf course. You can walk the whole length of it in eight minutes, but it would take a lifetime to inspect all its treasures of art and learning. Though so small it

jail, post office, newspaper plant, motor garages (the Pope's car bears the licence plate "Vatican City 1"), shops and various industries. It issues its own stamps, which are much in demand as souvenirs, and it has its own coinage.

From 1870, the year of the unification of Italy, to May 1929, the Pope was only a guest in his own household and a voluntary prisoner who never left the Vatican. The latter was the property of the Italian Government which merely granted the use of it. By the Lateran treaty all this was changed. The Pope was given absolute power and sovereign jurisdiction over the newly created state of Vatican City. The Italian Government cannot intervene in any way in its affairs. As compensation for the losses inflicted upon the church in 1870 the Vatican received about £18,000,000 in cash and Italian Government Bonds. It seems a high figure, yet it was a comparatively small payment as an indemnity for the losses the church sustained.

Although Vatican City lies within the city of Rome it is entirely surrounded by a wall except at the entrance to St Peter's Square. The Basilica

the area of the state. The main entrance to the city state is by the Santa Anna's Gate, a little way to the north of St Peter's Square. Before the war it was easy to get into Vatican City. Arriving at the gate you were given a special permit and a kindly welcome from one of the Swiss Guards. No passport was required and there were no customs or immigration officers to satisfy. Vatican City has two newspapers, the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis* and the *Osservatore Romano*. The first named is the official news organ of the Pope as head of the Catholic Church. It has a circulation in normal times of about 10,000 copies. As the official bulletin of the Holy See, it publishes bulls, encyclicals, and other official papal announcements. Most of the text is printed in Latin. The *Osservatore Romano* is the city newspaper. It deals with the more important news and decisions of international import, the proceedings of the Papal Court, and is printed in Italian.

The state also possesses one of the most powerful broadcasting stations in the world. The installation was erected under the personal supervision of

the late Marchese Guglielmo Marconi Over this radio the Pope made his first broadcast on February 12, 1931

The population of the state is just over a thousand, the greater majority of whom are employed in the papal service

Vatican City being a complete sovereignty and internationally recognised as such, enjoys full diplomatic privileges Before the war some thirty-eight countries sent diplomatic representatives to the Holy See Many of them resided in Rome, and not within the boundaries of the state Though living on Italian soil,

the treaty guaranteed them, even in time of war, the same status as is due to diplomatic representatives according to the provisions of international law

While His Holiness the Pope is the acknowledged head and ruler of the state, it has, nevertheless, its own governor His duty is to protect property, maintain public order and hygiene and conduct the ordinary relations with the Italian state He supervises and exercises immediate control of all public services and regulates all administrative and financial transactions within Vatican City

Britannia & Eve

FLY AWAY

"MOTHER dear, what is an angel?" "My darling, it is a little girl with wings, who flies away up in the skies"

"But mother, I heard daddy telling the maid that she was an angel Will she fly?"

"Yes, my darling, she will fly away the first thing tomorrow"

PERSONAL

DEAR Wife I will forgive you for taking the money and going away If you will send me your address I will send you more money so you can get further away

BEAUTIFUL

Now if all the trees had limbs like thine,
Why, the woods would be just divine.

Anthony Eden: Churchill's Successor

MARQUIS W CHILDS

ANTHONY Eden, barring some unexpected upset, will be Britain's next Prime Minister. A strange man of many inhibitions, his character is a compound of contradictory facets.

Handsome, even debonair in appearance, he has the reputation of being dull and platitudinous, his model of the conventional Englishman who "carries on," who "muddles through" with casual cheerio and smiling understatement.

It is Eden's political misfortune to be self-conscious, if not actually shy. In public he is stiff as a board and dry as sawdust. Relaxed, at lunch or dinner in the company of friends, he can be charming, even witty.

In 1941, in Moscow, one of the Kremlin banquets was given in his honour. These parties are endurance feats. At this one, 47 toasts were drunk in vodka and champagne. It ended at 5 a.m.

"Stalin turned to me and proposed a final toast 'to our guest,'" Eden recalls. I picked



Anthony Eden

up a bumper of champagne, said to myself, "Remember the pride of Britain" and drank it down."

When visiting Washington last spring, he confessed to a congenial group at the White House that he is dying to meet Greta Garbo—and that his wife wants to meet Gary Cooper.

Noel Coward and others of London's "bright young people" are in the Edens' circle of friends, though he has little social life now. When the

President remarked that he hadn't been wearing cutaways during war-time, Eden said he couldn't wear his if he wanted to—his wife had made his utaway into a dinner suit for herself

ANTHONY EDEN HAS ONE VICE—TEMPER

The son of one of England's richest peers, married to one of England's richest women, Anthony Eden is nonetheless a self-made man

For Eden has two inheritances from his father. Few men born to wealth and position have ever had such a difficult childhood. He and his three brothers suffered—he still suffers—from the eccentricities of their father, who was a strange and gifted man

On the revenues from 4,000 acres of the richest land in England's North Country, Sir William Eden, seventh baronet, lived in regal splendour. In his greenhouses were rare orchids, gardenias, camellias. His horses, his hounds, his skill in the hunting field made him renowned. His water colours had a professional excellence. His four sons were handsome and intelligent

But the moments when he could enjoy his riches were few. As though a spell had been cast over him, he was condem-

ned to the whims of a ferocious temper. And all too often it was turned on those whom at heart he loved best. His sons feared and avoided him.

The third son, Anthony, swore never to exhibit his personal passions as his father had done. It is a resolve not always easy to keep. For, underneath the son's conventional exterior, is a legacy of the elder Eden's fierceness. During the days of Dunkirk and after, Anthony Eden's nerves were strained almost to breaking. Once he threw a loaded tea tray at an attendant who had showed some unexampled stupidity.

Such lapses, however, have been rare. His has been a disciplined life. Every choice he has made seems to have been dictated by a cautious regard for a successful career.

But loyalty, not ambition is the true keynote of Eden's life. Though his every act has been pointed to the moment when he shall become Prime Minister, he once deliberately put aside the opportunity to assume that office.

Even now, the date on which he may move into No. 10 Downing Street will be determined by the man he is expected to succeed. If Churchill decides to be England's post-war leader, Eden will abide by

that decision, postponing fulfilment of his own ambition

And he is loyal to convictions as well as to friends. A congenital Conservative, a protege and underlying of such diehard Tories as Austen and Neville Chamberlain, Eden for nine years had worked unremittingly for British collaboration with Russia to preserve the peace of Europe

THIS IS HIS SECOND WAR

At the outbreak of World War I, Anthony Eden went straight from Eton, creche of English gentlemen, into the King's Royal Rifle Corps. In 1916, when he was 19, he was adjutant of his battalion on the Western Front, the youngest adjutant in the British Army. The following year he won the Military Cross, and at the war's end he was a brigade major at 21.

His eldest and youngest brothers were killed in the war. May Anthony Eden had had his fill of carnage. In 1919 he went up to Oxford to read Oriental languages. He excelled in Persian and, ever since, his skill in languages had been extremely useful to him in his career.

In 1923 he won his first seat in the House of Commons. That year Winston Churchill called him "the one fresh

figure of the first magnitude arising out of the generation ravaged by the war."

At 29, he was Parliamentary private secretary to cynical, worldly Sir Austen Chamberlain.

At 34, he held the ministerial post of Parliamentary under secretary to the foreign office.

At 37 he was Lord Privy Seal.

By 1934 he had risen from a promising unknown to the confident and confrere of the mighty. He attended League sessions, and made friends. He visited Hitler, and saw an enemy.

He went straight from crossing swords with Hitler in Berlin to Moscow—and made a friend of Josef Stalin, who agreed with him on the threat of Germany.

HE HAS CALLED THE TURN

From that day on, Eden had urged Britain to work with the Soviets. Many times he has had to stand by and see his hopes ruined.

That happened once in 1938 when Chamberlain, whose cabinet he had quit, spurned Russian support and wrote Czechoslovakia. It was then that Eden might have become Prime Minister of a coalition cabinet. But feelings were so

bitter within his own party—appeasers and non-appeasers were calling each other liars and crooks—that he knew no coalition could save the peace

His hopes were ruined again in 1939 when he advised Halifax, then Foreign Minister, to go himself to Moscow—or to send Eden—to forestall the Axis-Comintern pact. But the deeply religious Halifax would do neither

Finally, in 1942, Eden signed the Anglo-Soviet 20-year treaty, probably the most truly

popular agreement ever made by Britain.

For, though he himself may lack the personal charm of his leader, there is no doubt that the policies of Churchill's deputy are approved by the people

If Eden could learn to relax in public, he might be as popular as Churchill. But, whether he does or not, he is almost certainly fate's choice to lead the British people in the post-war world

Look

THE Greek General Metaxas was notoriously absent-minded, and it is said that when he inspected a Mediterranean naval station he was asked by the officer in charge if he would care to try a new flying boat

The General said that he would, indeed he would pilot it himself. The officer acquiesced and accompanied the General as passenger. After some time in the air the officer was alarmed to notice that they were descending to an aerodrome.

He suggested tactfully that as he was piloting a flying-boat it would be better if a landing were made on the sea.

'Of course, of course, how forgetful of me,' said Metaxas, and turned and made a perfect landing on the sea.

As the machine came to rest and the General climbed out of his seat, he turned with gratitude to his passenger and said how much he appreciated his tact in pointing out the absurd error. 'I shall not forget it,' he said, turned promptly, opened the door and walked out into the sea.

'HALT!' said a nervous Home Guard as an unexpected car approached his isolated post.

There was a pause and then the driver put his head out of the car and said 'Well, I've halted, what do you want me to do next?'

'Blessed if I know,' said the Home Guard, 'my orders is to say "Halt!" three times and then shoot.'

Liberty, Equality and Democracy

EVERY intrusion of the spirit that says 'I'm as good as you' into our personal and spiritual life is to be resisted just as jealously as every intrusion of bureaucracy or privilege into our politics. Hierarchy within can alone preserve egalitarianism without. Romantic attacks on democracy will come again. We shall never be safe unless we already understand in our hearts all that the anti-democrats can say, and have provided for it better than they. Human nature will not permanently endure flat equality if it is extended from its proper political field into the more real, more concrete fields within. Let us wear equality, but let us undress every night.

C S LEWIS

I AM a democrat because I believe in the Fall of Man. I think most people are democrats for the opposite reason. A great deal of democratic enthusiasm descends from the ideas of people like Rousseau, who believed in democracy because they thought mankind so wise and good that everyone deserved a share in the government. The danger of defending democracy on those grounds is that they're not true. And whenever their weakness is exposed, the people who prefer tyranny make capital out of the exposure. I find that they're not true without looking further than myself. I don't deserve a share in governing a hen-

roost, much less a nation. Nor do most people—all the people who believe advertisements, and think in catchwords and spread rumours. The real reason for democracy is just the reverse. Mankind is so fallen that no man can be trusted with unchecked power over his fellows. Aristotle said that some people were only fit to be slaves. I do not contradict him. But I reject slavery because I see no men fit to be masters.

This introduces a view of equality rather different from that in which we have been trained. I do not think that equality is one of those things-

(like wisdom or happiness) which are good simply in themselves and for their own sakes. I think it is in the same class as medicine, which is good because we are ill, or clothes which are good because we are no longer innocent. I don't think the old authority in kings, priests, husbands, or fathers, and the old obedience in subjects, laymen, wives and sons, was in itself a degrading or evil thing at all. I think it was intrinsically as good and beautiful as the nakedness of Adam and Eve. It was rightly taken away because men became bad and abused it. To attempt to restore it now would be the same error as that of the Nudists. Legal and economic equality are absolutely necessary remedies for the Fall, and protection against cruelty.

But medicine is not food. There is no spiritual sustenance in flat equality. It is a dim recognition of this fact which makes much of our political propaganda sound so thin. We are trying to be enraptured by something which is merely the negative condition of the good life. And that is why the imagination of people is so easily captured by appeals to the craving for inequality, whether in a romantic form of films about loyal courtiers or in the brutal form of Nazi ideology. The tempter

always works on some *real* weakness in our own system of values. Offers food to some need which we have starved.

When equality is treated not as a medicine or a safety-gadget but as an ideal we begin to breed that stunted and envious sort of mind which hates all superiority. That mind is the special disease of democracy, as cruelty and servility are the special diseases of privileged societies. It will kill us all if it grows unchecked. The man who cannot conceive a joyful and loyal obedience on the one hand, nor an unembarrassed and noble acceptance of that obedience on the other, the man who has never even wanted to kneel or to bow, is a *prosaic barbarian*. But it would be wicked folly to restore these old inequalities on the legal or external plane. Their plane is somewhere else.

We must wear clothes since the Fall. Yes, but inside, under what Milton called "these troublesome disguises," we want the naked body, that is, the *real* body, to be alive. We want it, on proper occasions, to appear in the marriage chamber, in the public privacy of a men's bathing place, and (of course) when any medical or other emergency demands. In the same way, under the necessary outer covering of legal equality, the

whole hierarchical dance and harmony of our deep and joyously accepted spiritual inequalities should be alive. It is there, of course, in our life as Christians there, as laymen, we can obey—all the more because the priest has no authority over us on the political level. It is there in our relation to parents and teachers—all the more because it is now a willed and wholly spiritual reverence. It should be there also in marriage.

This last point needs a little plain speaking. Men have so horribly abused their power over women in the past that to wives, of all people, equality is in danger of appearing as an ideal. But Mrs Naama Mitchison has laid her finger on the real point. Have as much equality as you please—the more the better—in our marriage laws but at some level consent to inequality, nay, delight in inequality, is an *erotic necessity*.

The error here has been to assimilate all forms of affection to that special form we call friendship. It indeed does imply equality. But it is quite different from the various loves within the same household. Friends are not primarily absorbed in each other. It is when we are doing things together that friendship

springs up—painting, sailing ships, praying, philosophising, fighting shoulder to shoulder. Friends look in the same direction. Lovers look at each other that is, in opposite directions. To transfer bodily all that belongs to one relationship into the other is blundering.

We should rejoice that we have contrived to reach much legal democracy (we still need more of the economic) without losing our ceremonial Monarchy. For there, right in the midst of our lives, is that which satisfies the craving for inequality, and acts as a permanent reminder that medicine is not food. Hence a man's reaction to Monarchy is a kind of test. Monarchy can easily be "debunked," but watch the faces, mark well the accents, of the debunkers. These are the men whose tap-root in Eden has been cut whom no rumour of the polyphony, the dance, can reach—man to whom pebbles laid in a row are more beautiful than an arch. Yet even if they desire mere equality they cannot reach it. Where men are forbidden to honour a king they honour millionaires, athletes, or film-stars instead. For spiritual nature, like bodily nature, will be served, deny it food and it will gobble poison.

The Spectator

Can France Rise Again?

• France must be renovated, rebuilt from top to bottom. The top will be harder to restore or re-create than the bottom, because it is there that the scandals, treasons, and inefficiencies have been the most numerous and the most dangerous. G S

GEORGE SLOCOMBE

OF all the European countries overrun by the Axis, the fate of France has been the most catastrophic. She fell from so high, and fell so far.

Poland, which has suffered more profoundly and more terribly than France, had been torn asunder for a century and a half before 1918, and had only known a re-birth of independence for twenty-one years when she was again attacked, divided, and occupied.

Belgium was occupied almost entirely during the last war. Yugoslavia—or rather what was then Serbia—was invested and occupied from 1915 to 1918. Similarly was Roumania. Czecho-Slovakia then formed part of the territories of our enemy Austria-Hungary.

France, although some of its richest industrial departments in the north were occupied and finally devastated, in the main escaped invasion.

Even in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, although the Germans occupied the outskirts of Paris, seized Alsaka-Lorraine, and marched into the heart of France as far as the banks of the Loire, the French Government at Bordeaux maintained its authority over the Channel, Atlantic, and Mediterranean coasts, and vast provinces of France were still immune from the invader.

During the Allied campaigns against Napoleon, Paris was indeed occupied by the British and the Prussians, but the mantle of the restored Bourbon monarch, Louis XVIII, covered them with its authority, and French pride was not out-raged as deeply as in 1940.

Historically, as well as militarily and morally, the German—not to speak of the despised Italian—occupation of France is the greatest blow the French have ever known.

Not even the Anglo-French wars in the early centuries of Norman rule in England were so disastrous. In one thousand years of territorial unity, during many of which France was the shining symbol of Western civilisation, her Court the splendour of Europe, her armies supreme on the Continent, the prestige of France in the world has never been so humiliated.

Worse still, her greatest military heroes, Marshal Petain and General Weygand, shamefully capitulated to the enemy, and one of them has since openly collaborated with the conqueror.

The restoration of France to her old prestige and the recovery of her old glory as a centre of civilisation and a citadel of human liberties, will provide the world of tomorrow with one of its most poignant problems.

Consider the obstacles to be overcome before the French can again become leaders among the nations. Take first the standards of military, naval, and air power by which the material might of modern states is measured.

1 The French army, which in 1939 comprised five million men, is disbanded. Over a million officers and men are still prisoners in Germany.

2 The French fleet has largely been destroyed. Except for the *Richelieu*, now refitting, four old cruisers at Alexandria, the aircraft-carrier *Bearn* at Martinique, and a few other units, either captured by the Allies in North Africa, or already fighting with us under the flag of General de Gaulle, the best warships of France were disabled or sunk at Oran and at Toulon.

The officers and men of the fleet at Toulon have been disbanded; some of them are now labour-conscripts in Germany.

3 The Air Force, hopelessly inadequate in 1940, is now reduced to a few pilots and machines in the service of Vichy. Most of the men and planes who were serving in North Africa when the Allies landed are now fighting with the Allies.

Now consider the economic, industrial, and agricultural position of France.

1 Her industries have either been stripped of machinery and raw materials for the benefit of the Germans, or are working exclusively for Germany.

2 Her man-power has been drastically reduced, partly by the retention of over one million able-bodied workers in Germany as war prisoners, partly by the mass-deportation

of French workers to the German war factories

3 French agriculture has been steadily exploited by the Germans until it is inadequate even to feed the French. Farmers have been robbed of their live-stocks, crops, seed grains, machinery, fertilisers, and labour. It will be years before this once flourishing industry, the back-bone of France, can be restored to its old vigor.

Finally, consider the social, political, and administrative problems

1 Owing to the retention or diversion of the greater part of France's young adult males, the French population is threatened with a serious decline during the next twenty years.

2 The old political parties and their leaders are dead. Parliament has been indefinitely suspended by Petain. The constitution of the Third Republic has been abolished or abrogated.

3 All the former *elite* of the nation—the generals, admirals, judges, magistrates, university professors, Academicians, prefects, high police officials, mayors and municipal councillors, teachers, doctors, etc., are either suspect because of their political ineptitude, their professional venality, or their collaboration with

Germany, or they have been long absent from the scene as prisoners in German camps or Vichy jails, or their power has been so weakened by age, semi-starvation, or illness that they can no longer serve in a time of political crisis.

These, then, are the difficulties to be overcome.

France must be renovated, rebuilt from top to bottom. The top will be harder to restore or re-create than the bottom, because it is there that the scandals, treasons, and inefficiencies have been the most numerous and the most dangerous. But is the problem insuperable?

I do not believe so.

There is a tremendous inherent vitality in the French nation, due partly to its physical constitution, its long experience in harmonising diverse racial elements, climates, and soils partly to its close contact with the land.

There is also a vigorous mental reaction to the impact of new ideas, new theories.

Look at the youthful eagerness and ardour of the Fighting French, from the veterans of 1940 to the latest boy or girl recruit to escape from France.

Recall the extraordinary national awakening which followed the Revolution of 1789.

The wheels of the national administrations creaked ominously. The State was overloaded with debt and corruption. The Court was a splendour in moth-eaten decay. Religion was a sham.

The army and the navy were over-weighted at the top with palace—generals and palace—admirals, many of whom had never heard a shot fired in anger.

Yet within a few years all this corruption and inefficiency had been swept away. An *elite* of young men, orators, warriors, writers, painters, actors, philosophers, scientists, ruled in Paris.

An even better augury for the re-birth of France in a world at peace may be found in the astonishing national recovery after the resounding military debacle of 1871.

Within ten years the French had not only paid off a ruinous war indemnity in gold. They had made of France the cultural centre of the universe.

It was the greatest period in the history of France—almost in the history of civilisation. And it followed a great humiliation and a great defeat.

I believe that the France of the great liberation of 194—

will resemble the France of 1789 and 1871. It will be a France re-born in agony.

Its leaders will not be the men who led her to defeat in 1940 and to shame in the years which followed. Nor will they be the men who, although they had no part in France's betrayal, were too old or too weak to prevent it.

These men of tomorrow are today unknown, or obscure. They are the secret leaders of France's underground war against Germany. Like the generals of revolutionary France, like the marshals of Napoleon, many of them are of humble origin. But so were Pasteur, Joffre, and Foch.

Nevertheless, although, under the leadership of these unknown heroes of today, the France of tomorrow may be great, she will not necessarily be a great Power in the military sense. With a Germany forever disarmed there will be no need, no hopes, for great land armies, navies, or air forces in the old material sense.

In science, art, literature, civilisation, industry, invention—the forces of peace—France may one day lead the world again.

Strand

OUT WITH THE LIGHTS

“**W**HAT did Mable say when you turned out the lights and kissed her?”
 “She said she felt as if she never wanted to see my face again.”

Hitler's Swastika Bodes No Good.



Hitler does not realise that the Swastika on his arm will lead him to more dark days and complete destruction. He has adopted the symbol of the ancient Aryans, but in a wrong way. He suffers for it, and will suffer more.

RAZA H MOHAMMAD

FOR ages the Swastika has been known as the emblem of good luck, long life, success, prosperity and immunity against danger and evil. The word is composed of two Sanskrit words "SU," which means well and good, and "ASTI," it is

Quite oblivious of the fact hidden behind the Swastika, Hitler still persists in adopting this symbol, believing it will bring him success in the conquest of the world. But he does not seem to understand that

Swastikas are of different kinds, all having different effects.

Hitler's Swastika (as shown in fig 2 in the accompanying picture) is definitely his own design and you will notice that it is slanting. Although correct in shape, if worn in such a way it becomes an evil sign. To add to his misfortune he has adopted a white background, an infallible sign of sudden disaster not only to himself but also to those who carry out his orders. The actual sign one-

should use for safety and good luck is the upright Swastika whose limbs are turned towards the right (No 1) If it be slightly slanting as Hitler wears it, it causes much misery and misfortune to the wearer

Another type of Swastika which bodes evil is the good Swastika's reverse (No 3) It is known as the emblem of hatred and with the march of time evil forces ultimately gain advantage and recoil upon the wearer Even the less superstitious hardly dare to meddle with the original shape of this well-known ancient charm for to do is so reputed to bring a curse upon one's head

Among Hindus there is still a belief in the Swastika This symbol of good luck is often used at various Hindu ceremonies, especially nuptials Markings of the Swastika are drawn in red kumkum in front of the bride and groom at the time of wedding ceremonies Should anyone chance to see this symbol slanting right or left, much trouble and anxiety

is caused, and the Brahmin is held responsible should any evil forces play their part over the married couple

The Swastika is met all over the world in ornamental forms also For instance, a gift of a gold necklace fitted with a Swastika is now common among the Hindus They make frequent use of this symbol when opening new account books and on festive occasions These familiar marks never miss the thresholds of a Hindu house

Anyone familiar with the worship of Kali will know how fearful is the effect of the reverse Swastika, the symbol of black magic, hatred and manslaughter

The emblem of the good Swastika is also found on a newly harnessed horse This is to avoid all evils destined to overcome the animal

At last Hitler has hit himself with his own fist He is lured by power but is unaware that every step of his own leads him to the wrong goal, because of the slanting Swastika on his arm

TUT-TUT

"I am indebted to you for all I know "

'Oh don't mention such a trifle "

First Commercial 'Well, I can write and say I've made some very important contacts, today'

Second Commercial 'I haven't sold anything, either'

Beyond The Khyber Pass

The Afghans are a tough hard people and can be cruel, but they have a strong if simple sense of justice. When punishment is merited or when they are beaten in fair fight they hold no malice. It is against the rules to shoot an un-armed enemy.

H L Matthews

HERBERT L MATTHEWS

WHEN Alexander the Great, as Samuel Johnson put it, "swept India," he came through what is now Afghanistan, and Darius, King of Persia, came before him. If Hitler, who was also seeking new worlds to conquer, had crashed through the Caucasus, he, too, would have come through Afghanistan. Here are the gateways to India, ancient caravan trails that men and riches followed for millennia before Christ. From Lazul in Badhakshan the blue stones which the ancient called "lapis lazuli" went to gladden the hearts of the Pharaohs of Egypt ages before the exodus of the Jews. The Hinduism of the Aryans and the Zoroastrian teachings of the Parsees began here in the Hindu Kush Mountains and that plateau of Pamir which is called the "roof of the world." At Bagram, forty miles north of Kabul, you can walk in the fields and pick up relics of

great schools of Greek, Indian and Chinese art. The curator of the museum here, returning from a two-day jaunt a few months ago, literally stumbled just a few hours' ride from Kabul upon the ruins of a city Alexander the Great built. Balkh in ancient Bactria, now northern Afghanistan, was the centre of a great civilization long before Alexander reached it.

This wealth, this culture, this history are not accidents. The same reasons of strategy and economics which made Central Asia one of the cross roads of the ancient world make Afghanistan important to the world today. Its culture died away, its wealth was scattered to the winds, it withdrew into its mountain fastnesses and its tribal strife shutting out the world in the days when the world could be shut out, but those days are gone. It is a small world now and the stubborn factors of geography, trade

routes and power politics cannot be ignored. The wisdom of accepting the inevitable and profiting by it is being recognized. Afghanistan is coming out of her shell.

You will find it tucked, like a larger Switzerland, between British India, Russian Turkestan and Iran—a sparsely populated, barren mountainous country of 12,000,000 people working on the land of green valleys that relieve the barrenness or trekking as nomads along the rough roads. Caracul skins and dried fruits are Afghanistan's chief exports, but she is believed to have great mineral resources waiting to be tapped.

You enter Afghanistan from India by that defile so famous in history—the Khyber Pass. The road beyond is symbolic of Afghanistan—rough, entirely unpaved, often going for miles along the beds of streams and rivers, bridges unrepaired. You drive through Khyber on a first-rate macadamized highway and from the minute you strike Afghanistan, for eleven or twelve hours on the 300-mile journey to Kabul, you are jolted and bounced unmercifully. And it is the same or worse everywhere in the country. Perhaps 400 yards of paved street in Kabul are the sum total for all Afghanistan.

There is a strategic reason for these bad roads. "Abdhu-

Rahman, the Durani chief" of Kipling's "Ballad of the King's Mercy," wrote of his country as a poor goat between a lion and a terrible bear, meaning the British and the Russian Empires. "By making the country easily accessible, foreign powers wouldn't find such difficulty in entering and spreading themselves over our country," he wrote cannily. "The greatest safety of Afghanistan lies in its natural impregnable position." So today you jolt wildly over the stony plain of Jalalabad and on to Nimba where Akbar built himself a garden of singular beauty. Then the road mounts in steady, sometimes perilous, curves to that other famous pass—Lataband—where Nur Jehan "Light of the World," was born while her parents were going by caravan from Persia to India. Nur Jehan is a great name in Indian history for she became empress and wife of Jehangir, whose son Shah Jahan built the Taj Mahal. One always thinks of history in Afghanistan.

This country is the last refuge of fanatical Mahomedanism. Everywhere else—in Turkey, Egypt, Arabia, Iran—religious bars have weakened, religion has been adapted to the modern world, but here in Afghanistan the mullah or priest still holds sway. When King Amanullah tried, among other things, to

remove the hideous, impenetrable veils behind which the women live outside their quarters, the mullahs helped foment a revolution and he was lucky to escape alive to Italy. So fanatical is religious feeling that this is one of the few countries in the world where Christian missionaries have never been allowed to set foot.

The Afghans are a tough, hard people and can be cruel, but they have a strong, if simple, sense of justice. When punishment is merited or when they are beaten in fair fight they hold no malice. They do not kill women and children in their family or tribal feuds, and that is why in the countryside you see women and children dressed in red. From a distance it is hard to tell a man from a woman by the shape of their clothes, so an enemy sighting his rifle on a figure working in a field knows that according to the code of his country he must not shoot when he sees red. Sometimes men put on red, showing that they don't want to fight, but that is the equivalent of displaying a yellow streak and they are ragged unmercifully for it. It is against the rules also to shoot an unarmed enemy.

The last word always goes to the rifle, which is the ultimate in argumentation. Until recent times that was how a foreigner was greeted. He was an infidel intruder, one who had come to

take away that most prized of all Afghan possessions— independence. He was fair game. Today, times have changed. There is one region of central Afghanistan where it is considered dangerous to travel. Otherwise one is greeted with charming courtesy and hospitality. When Afghans meet you or thank you for any reason they put their hands on their hearts.

The Afghans themselves rarely travel, except to the neighbouring countries reached by caravan. But, when they do travel, they take with them an intense pride in their country and race. His Royal Highness Shah Mahmud Minwar told me of an Afghan who had to cross the seas, was too poor to pay for his passage, and shipped as a stoker. But he always refused to tell anybody where he came from or what his race was. He was ashamed to let the world know that any Afghan could be so poor that he had to do menial work.

That pride, curiously enough, makes the Afghan a poor sportsman. There is a guide book here which says "In sports, as in everything else, he never forgets he is an Afghan and according to the tradition of his country, should never lose a contest or a fight whether in his own land or abroad. Afghans play to win against all odds." So they take

their sports most seriously Important wrestling matches, for instance, often end in a free-for-all fight with the spectators joining in Those who backed the loser, get so mad they go, not for the loser, but for the winner and his backers

But what is a vice in sport can be a virtue in a war-like life There is a tendency to softness in Kabul, but you can tell a countryman as he strides through the city's bazaar and crowded streets, big-boned, tall, black-haired, blue-eyed He is no man's inferior least of all the white man's There is none of that cringing which is often so distressing to the foreigner in the Indian

It is a colourful bazaar, teeming with life and spirit There you can buy brightly coloured vests or golden slippers with upturned toes, rubies from the ancient mine of Jag-dalak, carpets from Bokhara, spices and cloth of silver and old clothes from the United States There donkeys, laden with salt rock, move like little juggernauts which turn aside for no man There clumsy camels stride haughtily and disdainfully, for they alone, say the Mahomedans, know the hundredth name of God When you leave the bazaar there is nothing to see but endless street of dust or mud and endless walls on each side You see no houses, only bare walls, eight

or ten feet high, built partly for protection and partly to screen the women from worldly eyes It is only outside Kabul that you see women and houses and life Yet to leave Kabul is to go back to a still earlier world In the villages of Kohistan they still hunt quail with hawks and hooded falcons Wild ducks are decoyed to ponds and there stunned by clay pellets shot from bows In caravanserais you sleep and eat in simplest fashion

Even in Kabul you go by sun-time Every day as noon approaches the mullah watches the sundial When the sun is directly overhead he gets up, goes to a telephone and puts in a call for the station on top of a neighbouring hill where there is a cannon Kabul's few telephones don't work well and sometimes it takes five minutes or more to get the officer in charge of the cannon But, sooner or later, it is done, he walks to the cannon, gives the signal and off it goes That is noon and you set your watch by it Each day noon comes at a different time by your watch, but, whatever your watch says, noon is when the cannon booms and not before The mullahs will have it that way, but they use the telephone at least Some day they will set their watches to Greenwich mean time That day isn't far off

New York Times Magazine.

Sri Aurobindo : The Silent Yogi

SWAMI NIKHILANANDA

INDIA of late has drawn the attention of the world to her achievements in more than one field of human endeavour. Mahatma Gandhi, Rabindranath Tagore, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Sir C V Raman and Sir Radhakrishnan are well-known in the world of politics, literature, science and philosophy. These men are the fore-runners of that day when the possibilities latent in the unfathomable sources of Indian culture will be realized and India will rise again to her ancient stature.

Another remarkable figure of present day India whose life affords an interesting contrast to the lives of these public men is Sri Aurobindo Ghose. Three decades ago Sri Aurobindo was one of the foremost figures in Indian political and educational movements. At present he is living in seclusion under a vow of silence and communicates with the world only through his letters and published writings. These writings are attracting the attention of serious thinkers and philosophers in India and elsewhere. Tagore, after a

visit to Sri Aurobindo at Pondicherry, wrote a poem beginning, "Oh Aurobindo! Accept the salutation of Rabindra." Sir Radhakrishnan writes "Among the present-day Indian thinkers, Sri Aurobindo Ghose is perhaps the most accomplished. His firm grasp of the fundamentals of true philosophy, his earnest attempt at the cultivation of the inner life and his abundant love for humanity and its future, give to his writings a depth and comprehensiveness which are rarely to be met with." Romain Rolland welcomes him as "the completest synthesis that has been realized to this day of the genius of Asia and the genius of Europe."

It cannot be said that the writings of Sri Aurobindo are widely read even in India, and he is less wellknown in the West. His name seldom appears in the press. Yet three times a year, on February 21, August 15 and November 24, hundreds of his admirers make a pilgrimage to his ashrama at Pondicherry to receive his silent blessings. Among them are found Hindus and Mus-

lms, Chinese and Japanese, Europeans and Americans. The Hindus believe that a spiritual man radiates more power in silence than by words and that merely to see such a person is a great stimulus to one's spiritual untoldment.

Aurobindo Ghose was born in 1872. It was a period when the western culture of the nineteenth century cast a hypnotic spell on the educated gentry of Bengal and made them scoff at their ancient religion and civilization. Therefore Aurobindo, at the age of seven, with two elder brothers, was sent to England to be brought up and trained according to strict occidental tradition. He lived at first with an English family at Manchester and later went to St. Paul's School in London. In due course he entered King's College, Cambridge, with a senior scholarship and passed the Tripos in the first division. He learned to speak French as a child, became a brilliant student of Greek and Latin in college and acquired enough knowledge of German and Italian to read Goethe and Dante in the original. He passed the Indian Civil Service Examination with credit but he was disqualified because he failed to appear for the riding test.

Aurobindo Ghose returned to India in 1893 and served under the Gaekwar of Baroda until

1906. He worked in the secretariat and the revenue department and also as professor of English and vice principal of Baroda College. In England he had been cut off from knowledge of Indian languages and culture but at Baroda he devoted himself to the study of Sanskrit and several modern Indian languages. With his keen intellect he quickly assimilated the spirit of Indian civilization.

II

At the dawn of the present century Indians realized for the first time the deadening influence of foreign rule. The Boer war in South Africa, the Russo-Japanese War and the struggle of the Russian masses against their all-powerful Czar for bread and liberty and had serious repercussions in India. Political unrest became articulate in Bengal, and Lord Curzon in order to nip it in the bud, ordered dismemberment of the province in 1905. This was the signal for intense political agitation in Bengal.

Aurobindo Ghose kept in touch with the political leaders but could not join them actively at first because he was still serving the Gaekwar of Baroda. When in 1906 a national college was founded in Bengal to train the Hindus in true Indian culture and also to give them facilities in western

sciences, he gave up his position at Baroda and became its first principal. Soon he was drawn into the vortex of the struggle. He and other leaders of radical views started the *Swadeshi* movement (the Indian *Sinn Fein*) and later formed a new political party which insisted on the culture of self-help, instead of dependence upon the government, and made plans for the effective organization of the national forces. In contrast with the old mediant policy of the Indian National Congress of that day, their programme emphasized non-co-operation with the British government, boycotted of British Law-courts, organization of arbitration courts, boycott of government universities and colleges, the establishment of national universities, the formation of societies of young men for police duty and defence work and the conversion of the Congress into an informal state within the state.

At the instance of Aurobindo Ghose, the new party accepted B. G. Tilak, the scholar-statesman of Maharashtra, as its leader, formulated a definite and challenging programme for the Congress and set out to capture it and the country from the moderate leaders. In 1906, Aurobindo Ghose was the first to declare *Swaraj* (complete independence) to be the goal of India's political struggle. Thus

within the Congress were formed two parties, one consisting of the older leaders and the titled nobility who believed in constitutional agitation for the colonial status for India under British rule, and the other of younger men who hurled defiance at the British. The Congress, at that time, was an oligarchic organization, the masses of India were allowed to attend its sessions only as sightseers. The two parties were labelled the moderates and the extremists, and it was then uncertain which would capture the leadership of the country.

In 1907, the Congress met at Surat and broke up before the President, Sir Rash Behari Ghosh, could deliver his address, on account of the clash of ideals between the extremists and the moderates. The extremists organized a national conference and elected Aurobindo as its president.

In the meantime he had become the Editor of a weekly paper entitled *Bande Mataram*, "Hail the Mother"—a phrase which became the slogan of the nationalists. Through the medium of this paper, Aurobindo sought to spread the policy of extreme nationalism. Its influence was soon felt throughout India, and its editor, who had always been shy, reserved and taciturn, was

recognized as the leader of the new Indian nationalism. But every now and then Aurobindo was depressed by the thought that the country was not yet ready for his gospel of national emancipation. About 1905, the British government had started on a policy of stern repressive measures to crush the new nationalist party and, as a result, many of its leaders were imprisoned and exiled. Aurobindo was prosecuted for sedition in 1907 but he was acquitted. After his release he became the leader of the extremists and had to appear in the role of a public speaker. Soon he was arrested again, accused of taking part in the activities of a very revolutionary group of young men of Bengal. This latter movement had begun underground as a result of the repressive measures of the English. The members of the group had deliberately adopted the instrumentality of bomb and revolver, and the first explosion had taken place in 1907. Barindra, the younger brother and leader of the group, and his associates were arrested as anarchists and the second arrest of Aurobindo followed in May, 1908.

He was detained in jail for one year as an "under trial" prisoner and was ultimately released for want of evidence. This was a momentous period

for him, since in the jail he had his first inner revelations and became aware of his future mission. Coming out of jail, he found his party completely shattered, the leaders imprisoned or exiled. For a time he vainly tried to revive the party, publishing two papers to stimulate the nationalist movement. But again he had the poignant conviction that the country was not yet ready for his programme and that he was not the destined leader of his people in the political struggle. Finally, in 1910, he resolved to withdraw from politics, at least for the time being and develop his inner life. For this purpose he went to Chandernagore, the French possession near Calcutta, where he lived in seclusion for a few months. In April, 1910, he sailed for Pondicherry, French India. At the same moment a third trial for sedition was launched against him, but he was now outside the reach of of British law.

Aurobindo did not at first give up altogether the idea of joining the political movement again. But gradually he discovered that the field of his future work lay far from the political arena. Repeatedly he refused the invitation of his country to be president of the Indian National Congress. A new vista opened before him, and he devoted himself to the life of the spirit. In 1914 he

started a monthly paper, the *Arya*, exclusively concern with philosophical subject practical suggestion for spiritual life born out of his own experience and articles on the fundamentals of Indian culture and civilization. Many of these articles are now published in book form. Through this Magazine he again came in touch with the outside world, not as a writer of a political gospel but as a master *Yogi* who spoke with authority. The *Arya* ceased publication in 1921 after an uninterrupted appearance of six and half years.

III

Aurobindo had, at first, four or five disciples with him at Pondicherry. In time a large number of serious students accepted discipleship under him and renounced all earthly possessions in search of a higher life. Thus an ashrama, or hermitage, has gradually grown up around him, the present number of its inmates being about one hundred and seventy five. Devotees and admirers of Sri Aurobindo contribute money for defraying the expenses of the ashrama. At the Ashrama all connections with politics and other forms of propaganda are eschewed. The inmates lead a quiet life of inner discipline. No one knows when, or if at all Sri Aurobindo will, again appear in public.

It is said that he is guided in all his activities by the Divine Power.

How was it that Aurobindo, the firebrand political between 1905 and 1910, became a *yogi* with a spiritual mission for the world? He must have been a born mystic, but his spiritual tendencies did not find expression during his younger days because of his western education and upbringing. Although at Baroda he was initiated in yoga, it was in jail that his first real illumination took place. There a tremendous light burst upon him. The full contents of his inner experience will never be revealed, but in a speech delivered after his release from jail he told something of his spiritual rebirth. When he was first placed behind the prison bars, he cried in protest to his God for thus forcibly taking him away from the cherished field of activities. He was depressed to think that in his absence and that of his comrades the movement for the political freedom of India would receive a serious setback.

While he was passing through the suffering of *Geihsemame* a copy of the *Bhagavad Gita* was placed in his hand. From this book he learned that he who aspires to do God's work must be free from repulsion and desire, work for him without demanding the fruits,

renounce selfwill and become a passive and faithful instrument in His hands. Describing the momentous experience in jail, Aurobindo said "I looked at the jail that secluded me from men, and it was no longer by its high walls that I was imprisoned, no, it was Vasudeva (an epithet of Sri Krishna worshipped by the Hindus as the Godhead) who surrounded me. I walked under the branches of a tree in front of my cell but it was not the tree, I knew it was Vasudeva whom I saw standing there and holding over me His shade. I looked at the bars of my cell the very grating that did duty for a door and again I saw Vasudeva. It was Vasudeva who was guarding and standing sentry over me. Or I lay on the coarse blankets that were given me for a couch and felt the arms of Vasudeva around me, the arms of my Friend and Lover."

The rest of his year in jail he spent in a life of yoga and intense self discipline, losing all interest in the accusations against him and feeling secure in the hands of God. During that time he received two messages from God. By the first message he came to know that he would be released. The second had a deep significance for him and directed the future course of his life. God revealed to him the real meaning

of India's national reawakening as the Vindication of the *Sanatana Dharma*, the Eternal Religion of the Hindus. He realized that a free India would serve humanity by preaching to it the great heritage of her spiritual culture. India must be great to demonstrate that spirituality is the pivot of human activities and their goal is the Divine. But the religion of the Hindus must not be confused with its dogmas and creeds. Its significance lies in its universal message. It is not a religion of mere faith and profession, it touches and illumines life at all points. It impresses on man the closeness of God and embraces in its compass all the possible means by which man can approach his ideal.

Thus in prison Aurobindo discovered that the true purpose of India's awakening is not the mere political revolt, of a dependent nation against its powerful alien ruler. India has always existed for humanity and not for herself, and it is for humanity and not for herself that she must be great. Coming into her own, she will not trample the weak under her feet. When she is strong she will not exploit her neighbours. While India must assimilate for her growth many ideas of the West, yet, when awakened and free, she must shed the eternal light entrusted to her over the

world. Therefore Aurobindo decided to prepare himself for this spiritual mission of India.

It is interesting to see that what had appeared to Sri Aurobindo in 1910 as an inner revelation was also grasped a decade later by Gandhi as the goal of the Indian struggle for freedom. Even the programme of non-co-operation adopted by Aurobindo and the extremists in 1907 is not essentially different from that followed later by Gandhi. Individuals in all nations have followed the path of love and truth for the attainment of their salvation, but no Christian patriot has ever dreamed of freeing his country from foreign rule by following the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount. No Christian ruler has ever tried the method of the New Testament in the government of his subjects. Only in Indian history has a King Asoka applied the rule of Dharma to the everyday administration of his empire. In our own time a yogi, like Sri Aurobindo, has dreamed of applying spiritual methods to the struggle of emancipation of a whole nation, and Gandhi, informed by the spirit of love, has led his people in political action.

IV

In keeping with the Indian tradition, which does not divorce philosophical inquiry from

religious experiences, Sri Aurobindo is both a philosopher and a mystic. He knows how far reason helps in the search for truth and when it becomes an obstacle. Again he is both a metaphysician and yogi, as the former, he finds adequate explanation of the seen in the unseen and, as the latter, he relies upon the proof of direct experience for his assertions. He is perhaps the most accomplished of the thinkers of today who have synthesized the fundamentals of Indian and western thought. His wide knowledge of western culture and philosophy has enabled him to recognize their value in the solution of human problems.

The left-wingers in the eastern and western systems of thought have made an unwarranted chasm between Spirit and Matter. The Reality is a stupendous whole which contains and harmonizes both. Sri Aurobindo discards the radical doctrine of some Hindu philosophers that ultimate salvation lies in wholly rejecting life as an illusion. He seems to be equally convinced that material life, unillumined by the radiance of spirit, can never be the goal of human evolution. Yoga, he believes, shows us the way to ascend to the Spirit, and then we redescend to matter with the power of Spirit to divinize matter and every function of life. Behind

the appearance of the manifold there is the Reality of one, of the nature of Bliss and Consciousness. But it is hidden from us by the separative veil of ignorance, with the inconscient as its base. But even in this self-forgetfulness of man there is the ever-throbbing presence of Divine Awareness. It is possible, by the disciplines of yoga, to destroy this sense of separation from the divine and realize our true Self as the Self of all.

Through evolution the inner divinity of man finds release and liberation. One of the most arresting discoveries of the nineteenth century in Europe was the law of evolution, which was revolutionized, in many ways, the political, social, economic and religious concepts of the Europeans. Western scientists explained this law in terms of mechanism, envisaging the world process as without a purpose. But Patanjali, the great Hindu yogi, anticipated Darwinism long before the birth of Darwin. Broadly accepting the wisdom of the Hindu psychologists, Sri Aurobindo also declares that through evolution the Divinity involved in man and matter finds its release and liberation. Evolution in nature is neither a mechanical thing nor a process without a purpose. It is in the unfoldment of God involved in matter. Man is

not a mere accidental product in the course of evolution. God is his potential possibility.

The first step in the evolution is life and the second mind. The last step will be the manifestation of the super-mind through which the involved Spirit will manifest its divine perfection. In the first step nature acts by instinct and is not conscious of its goal. In the second step, it becomes aware of its destiny, which is to transcend itself in a higher fulfilment. But mind, unaided, cannot proceed far in this direction. After reaching a certain point mind moves in a circle. At this point there is a descent of the Divine which accepts the mind as an instrument for the complete divinization of man. Sri Aurobindo says that, through the practice of yoga, all parts of our being can be made fit for the descent of the superconscious. This is called the conversion or transformation of the lower nature. The liberated spirit does not take refuge in heaven nor does it shoot up into the realm of void, but applies itself to transforming every part and function of the lower nature to the end that the earth itself may become completely divine. After reaching the second step of evolution, man with the help of yoga attains to the goal of evolution.

V

Sri Aurobindo's most important work is his "*Essays on the Gita*," which embody his lucid and thoughtful interpretation of this immortal scripture of the Hindus. According to Sri Aurobindo, the *Gita* contains historical fact, whereas interpreters like Gandhi look upon its contents as a symbolic battle between the powers of good and evil, light and darkness. Sri Aurobindo claims that the solution is not in an escape from nature but in understanding nature and its consequent transformation. It is revealed to Arjuna, in the eleventh chapter of the *Gita*, that the whole world with its pairs of opposites is related and unified in the God-head. Sri Aurobindo explains this vision as "the One in the many and the many in the One—and all are One." Through this vision one lays "the shining axe of God at the root of all doubts and perplexities and annihilates all denials and oppositions."

The central light of the *Gita* and its essential message is the perception of God in the world-process and the reconciliation of matter and Spirit in the *Purushottoma*, the transcendental aspect of the God-head, which pervades all. The difference between orthodox commentators on the *Gita*, like Shankara, and Aurobindo seems

to lie in the fact that according to the former the relative world, though possessing an empirical reality, is transcended in the higher consciousness of the Absolute, whereas according to Aurobindo it is not necessary to liquidate the world-process as an illusion. Even after the transcendental realization, the seer finds the world in all respects as the manifestation of the Divine. Aurobindo says that to embrace the world after transcending its limitations is the last divine sacrifice. God or Reality is not an empty abstraction or a mere featureless trinity, but may be compared to an eternal child playing an eternal game in an eternal garden.

In these "*Essays on the Gita*" Sri Aurobindo reconciles the paths of knowledge, work and devotion, showing that they are not parallel lines but meet at many points. All his ideas are explicit or implicit in the teachings of the Vedas and the Upanishads. In Indian tradition, the seers of the Upanishads are not the creator of truths but their revealers. The subsequent philosophers rediscovered these truths by their inner experience and presented them according to the exigencies of time. A prophet both abrogates what has been rendered useless by the *Zeitgeist* and fulfils what is essential and permanent.

The presentation of the ancient wisdom of India to the world is a cosmic demand. And perhaps no one among the living thinkers of India is better equipped for the purpose than the Silent Yogi of Pondicherry. He fulfils the demand of the West by insisting, to a certain extent, on the scientific method, and he is in harmony with the eastern ideal by his insistence that experience is more potent than speculation or imagination. The synthesis of the East and the West is the arresting feature of his philosophy.

Many in the West do not comprehend how a silent teacher can impart knowledge to the seekers. To the spoken word is attached an exaggerated value. The secret of silence has been zealously cherished in the East. Silence is the precursor of almighty creation. It has been noticed again and again in Indian history that ideas and ideals first gather force in silence, like water behind a dam, and then break forth with the force of an ava-

lanche and inundate society with their mighty power. In the silence, more than through words or even personal example such teachers as Sri Aurobindo transmit light to the disciples from the fullness of the heart. Sri Aurobindo is a recluse. The public, even the inmates of the ashrama, cannot see him except on the three occasions in the year when he comes out to give his unspoken blessing to the visitors. They salute him and place before him flowers and fruit, the usual offering to holy men in India. His contact with his disciples is through his letters and silent influence.

An ancient Hindu text, describing an ideal assembly of students with the teacher in their midst, says "Silently under a banyan tree, like figures on a canvas, sits a young teacher surrounded by his old disciples. The teacher explains the life of Spirit in silence, the doubts of the students are set at naught in silence."

Asia

A well-meaning contemporary wants to know if clever women are good mothers. The answer is that clever women are not mothers—if they are clever enough.

WE suppose it's all right, but Adam the father of the human race, was a bachelor.



REVIEW *of the* WORLD PRESS



STAY PUT

LORD WAVELL has described his address to the Legislature as expressing not his final views but only his provisional conclusions, based on his short experience of office, as to "the principles on which action for the progress of India must be based." While there is some comfort in the assurance that his opinions have not yet become petrified, his tentative conclusions are assuredly not of such a character as to encourage the hope that he will have the courage and the resource to hack a way, through the thorny jungle of British bungling, procrastination and obsession with outmoded notions of prestige, to a solution that will heal the sores of the past, promote unity and further the great purposes to which the energies of all great nations must be diverted if the world that emerges from the war is not to be an even sadder one than it is today. The more is the pity, since Lord Wavell reiterates his own and his Government's allegiance to these ideals, that his assessment

of the immediate needs of the situation should be so tragically wide of the mark.

The Hindu

* * *

NOTHING DOING

IT should not have taken Lord Wavell four long months to study the Indian situation for the speech he has made at the joint session of the Indian Legislature. He has said nothing new or even striking on any of the problems he has touched. One expected something better from the biographer of Lord Allenby but one has to confess with regret that the Viceroy has given little evidence of the possession of qualities he has justly admired in his hero—statesmanship and firmness informed by that statesmanship. There is absolutely no sign of a new approach to the foremost problem of India which is political. To the Viceroy that problem is as good as non-existent. While he has emphasised the impending physical and moral breakdown of Germany, he has evidently

persuaded himself that moral bankruptcy of British statesmanship in India cannot make any difference in the war effort. He has attached importance indeed to the maintaining of the stability of conditions in India as the principal base of operations against Japan but to him that stability can be secured if only economic problems, of which food is the most important, can be satisfactorily tackled. One seeks in vain in His Excellency's speech for the recognition that economic problems could not be satisfactorily solved in a country seething with political discontent.

Amrita Bazar Patrika

* * *

THE SAME AGAIN

THE speech heavily underlines the determination of the Government not to have the slightest idea of changing policy towards India, not to speak of handing over the administration so that the people can call it their own. There is definitely nothing doing with the British Government.

It is easy "to be self-complacent over the measure of co-operation received from the country. The speech adds another page to the tragic story of what might have been."

Hindustan Herald

DOUBLE FACET

LORD WAVELL'S address confirms that his Viceroyalty is no more than a term in a series, an instrument for the execution of the two-faced policy of His Majesty's Government. "When propositions are couched in general terms and are not intended to be applied for the solution of any immediate problem, one facet of British policy radiates noble sentiments and high purposes. As soon, however, as any concrete problem affecting the political aspirations of India presents itself and calls for immediate action, the other facet is at once turned towards us which directly and without equivocation contradicts all the noble sentiments and high purposes. The two facets have been characteristically presented by Lord Wavell in the course of a single address."

Hindustan Standard

* * *

ADDS INSULT TO INJURY

Lord Wavell's address to the Central Legislature will disappoint those—and only those—who hoped that after his prolonged reticence on the subject of political deadlock he would make some earnest effort to end it. But his address shows that in this respect he does not at all differ from Lord Linlithgow. Some inkling of this fact was provided

by the highhanded ban on Mrs Naidu and Sir Reginald Maxwell's speeches in the Central Assembly. The position is now made perfectly clear by Lord Wavell's own speech, which has at least the merit of being clear and unequivocal on the most vital point of the release of Congress leaders, though it is characteristically vague on the basis of future negotiations.

The most provocative part of Lord Wavell's speech was with regard to the release of Congress leaders. He said "The demand for release of those leaders in detention is an utterly barren one until there is some sign on their part of willingness to co-operate. It needs no consultation with anyone or anything but his own conscience for anyone of those under detention to decide whether he will withdraw from the "Quit India" Resolution and the policy which had such tragic consequences, and will co-operate in the great task ahead." The reference to "tragic consequences" is evidently one to the outburst of violence which followed Government's regime of repression. So Lord Wavell, too, puts on Congress leaders the responsibility for the violence, gives them no opportunity to answer this and worse charges levelled against them by Government and adds insult to injury by suggesting that those who adopted the "Quit India" resolution

would not be allowed even to consult one another with regard to any reconsideration of the resolution. Such an attitude smacks too much of vindictiveness to be helpful towards any kind of negotiations.

The Bombay Chronicle

NOT SURPRISED

FEW people will be surprised at the Viceroy's approach to the current and future political problems of India, the Home Member had already given more than an indication of the Government's attitude. Likewise few people can quarrel with the eminently sound reasoning of His Excellency, who has done well to dispel doubts and suspicions regarding the Cripps offer and to reaffirm authoritatively that it is still open to those who genuinely desire to further the prosecution of the war and the welfare of India. Concerning the demand for the release of the Congress leaders, the Viceroy appears to be willing to remove them from detention, but on one vital condition, namely that he should be satisfied that "the policy of non-co-operation and even of "obstruction has been withdrawn—not in sack-cloth and "ashes, that helps no one—but in the recognition of a "mistaken and unprofitable "policy." This proves clearly that Government have no desire

to humiliate the Congress, as has been suggested in certain quarters, but merely want an assurance from the party leaders that the spirit underlying the "Quit India" Resolution has been abandoned and that for the future there will be whole-hearted co-operation in the prosecution of the war

The Times of India

* * *

DEADLOCK CONTINUES

WITH the notable exception of such quarters which have made it an established practice to hail every Governmental address as the acme of brilliant statesmanship, it must be admitted, judging from the comments available to date on Lord Wavell's address before the two Houses of the Indian Legislature, that the response has been feeble in the extreme. From the viewpoint of practical politics—and that, we aver, is the only viewpoint worth considering in the present context—the Viceroy's address is to be valued only in so far as it clarified the attitude of the Government, and transixed the situation in a certain mould amenable to minute study and analysis

The Sunday Standard

* * *

THE FALLACY

INDIAN national sentiment ostensibly feels provoked at the reference made by Lord

Wavell to the release of Congress leaders, the demand for which was characterised by the Viceroy as "barren." The naive surprise shown at Lord Wavell's view on the obvious consequences of the unfortunate August resolution can be no compliment to the good sense of any practical man. The glaring fact is that the Congress leaders wanted yet more "tragic consequences" than those which afflicted India, if the power did not come within their own grasp. They cheerfully contemplated anarchy in India, when the enemy was battering at the Eastern gate, if it could but lead to the swift satisfaction of their lust for power, regardless of the rights of other elements in Indian life, of the security of India itself, and of the Allied cause, the anti-Fascist protestations of the Congress notwithstanding. Never before in history was the exercise of arbitrary authority more justified than the use made of it by the Government of India in August, 1942. The Allied world, including India, has good reason to appreciate this firm and timely action.

The Morning Standard

* * *

NO NEW EFFORT

IN LOGIC there is no answer to the Viceroy's statement of the miserable dilemma. Yet it is certain that, as the vast

panorama of Asia unrolls, some settlement in India will have to be reached. Military and economic realities demand it, and the Government cannot be blind to one consideration that is now of very great importance. The world has come to look upon India as the supreme test of British statemanship.

Nearly two years have passed since the Cripps mission and we have not seen any new effort to find another approach. The Government hitherto have not been favourable to conferences between Indian leaders themselves. Lord Wavell has now made so forthright a declaration of principle and purpose that the question may well be asked whether he could not by a fresh tactic of challenge, compel them to meet round the table.

Glasgow Herald

FOLLOW HIS ADVICE

PERHAPS it can hardly be expected that renewal of this (Cripps) pledge will have much effect on those who rejected the Cripps offer two years ago. But it is certain at all events that India will come much nearer self-government if the leading parties follow up Lord Wavell's proposal for a preliminary examination of constitutional problems by an authoritative body of Indians.

Liverpool Daily Post

PACK UP AND LEAVE

IT IS hard to suggest any one better fitted (than Lord Wavell) to lead India on the right road or more able to convince the people, if they are really open to conviction, that under no circumstances shall the British pack up and leave the country to become a prey to Japanese or other aggression. British policy will be firmly maintained, until the people can be safely entrusted to practise intelligent self-determination, until the teeming millions are able to attain some degree of national unity.

a diff Western Mail

*

A MATTER OF DUTY

BRTAIN has a duty to all in India. She cannot buy Congress co-operation at the price of betraying her trust to other less powerful elements in Indian life. If Congress leaders will recognise this basic fact, if they will appreciate that their demand for the withdrawal of British rule from India in the present circumstances is wholly unrealistic and unreasonable, and if they will show themselves ready to seek a solution of the constitutional problem in consultation with Moslems and other Indian groups, then the way to full Indian self-Government can be found.

"But they should take the warning that Britain is not to be moved from the line of policy which she believes to be based on justice and on sincere regard for India's welfare "

Yorkshire Post

* * *

ONE MORE CHANCE

INTRANSIGENTS of the Congress party will protest that Lord Wavell took no new initiative. To grant their demand for the release of leaders who obstinately refuse to abandon disruptive courses which endanger the safety of the Allied cause in the east would not have been initiative but abandonment of our duty to the Indian population. Until the chief parties still antagonistic come to terms and co-operate loyally for the welfare of India as a whole, they will continue to obstruct the path of Indian freedom.

The Viceroy gave the recalcitrants one more invitation to join an authoritative body which would examine the constitutional problem and might produce an agreement more readily acceptable than the Cripps' Plan. If they are still intractable India's progress towards Dominion Status will be so much the slower but the spirit and methods of the Viceroy's policy aim to make it sure.

*Daily Telegraph and
Morning Post*

VICTORY FIRST

THERE can be no doubt that all that Lord Wavell looks to the ultimate satisfaction of Indian constitutional aims as the goal of the mission entrusted to him. Victory ranks first, as it must. Without victory every hope must be frustrated and present failures turned to lasting catastrophe. But the next main move in the political field is not within the Viceroy's power alone. The immense project of a wholly free constitution, resting firmly and permanently upon the consent of the principal communities in a United India, demands, and must win, the co-operation of all parties. That is the task ahead and it was not surprising that Lord Wavell should have found himself unable to announce yesterday any outstanding developments of policy in this field.

The principle that the framing of a new constitution should be wholly in Indian hands was at the root of the draft proposals which Sir Stafford Cripps took to India nearly two years ago. It was a genuine attempt to break the deadlock. Sir Stafford Cripps was the transmitter and interpreter of a decision here which was and is accepted as binding and permanent. Britain ought to meet the demands of political India by withdrawing from participation in the next chapter of

Indian constitutional history. At the time, it was very generally misinterpreted in India as a reflection of grave military weakness, an index of low fortunes in the war against Germany. Certainly the Congress Party rejected it as such, and the offer unhappily has not so far done more than demonstrate the barriers to a compromise in the political field. Today, perhaps, the doubt—

though equally groundless and unjust—is whether the plan still has the same convinced support from the people set on the high road to victory, and the very intensity of the deadlock between the parties now puts too negative a construction upon the British pledge to leave the future to the Indians themselves.

The Times, London



"Where are all these women I hear are joining th' Army?"

Indian Film Sections

EDITED BY D C SHAH

JARGON OF "REVOLT" ON THE FILM FRONT

SO much does our film industry appear to have "progressed" (as our producers would have us politely believe) recently that most of our movie moguls—including the tub-thumping publicist's—have ceased confining their superior idealism, skill and zest for enterprise (!) to the narrow boundaries of the word "progress" and have consequently started talking, thinking, preaching, sleeping, eating, in fact doing everything but awakening, in terms of "revolt"! Advertisements, write-ups, (ready-made) reviews groaning under blazing headlines "spirit of revolt", "message of revolt", "triumph of revolt" *ad nauseam*, are fast becoming common. Surely if you can't carry on without airing progress, you equally cannot without revolt. Is that the logic that has inspired our hit-makers in adopting the word "revolt" for their hay-making campaign?

As a matter of fact the way these people have set the ball rolling in order to demonstrate

their idea of revolt is not only funny, it isn't just too much ado about nothing, but is actually ludicrous—almost revolting. "Dip your hands in your pocket and shell out the dough" is evidently no inspiring axiom for them although it may be the first essential for any kind of progress or revolt. But then so much indifference do they display towards any such



Sedhona Bose and Arun in Ranjit's "Shankar Parvati" at Opera House

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★

'KANOON'

Songs & Dialogues: MADHOK

Music: NAUSHAD

Starring

MEHTAB, ULLHAS, NIRMALA,
SHAHU MODAK, & JAGIRDAR



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"essentials" (excepting those of box-office, of course) that it would be no wonder if "revolt" itself—were it allowed to speak—would revolt against its gross defamation on the screen and might even cry out "Oh, what is going to become of me?"

One has only to see anyone of those—utterly unconvincing and inconsequential—films, and they're in plenty these days, whose makers proclaim from the house-tops about the "revolt" in them and the proof-positive about its wooden character must dawn upon him at once. Mostly the pictures concerned contains nothing more than some high-flaunting dialogue calculated to arouse (actually it only irritates thinking men) your susceptibilities with a little of flamboyant harangue flung by the nerve-wrecking shouting of the hero or the heroine, representing the so-called spirit of revolt added to it and, what's more, the technical jargon through which it is presented before you, succeeds not a little in taking the cheer from most of the gullible audience. All of which seems leave the producer sufficient reason to pride himself for having produced a "progressive story of revolt!" If one sits down to collect this sort of instances, they might easily amount to a book volume.

In short that is how progress and revolt are supposed to be



**SHE DANCED
HER WAY TO
LORD SHIVA'S
HEART'**

See

SADHONA BOSE

AS SATI—PARVATI

IN

Ranjit's

Magnificent Mythological

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with **AROON KAMLA,
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coming into their own on our film front. And if we are to admit this as true, never could there have been a greater mockery of truth. Progress and revolt today are, in reality, as remote from most of our film stories as they've ever been. It is therefore, only fair and reasonable that instead of this futile and eventually fatal pretence and camouflage, we should cease hiding the proverbial boy-meets-girl stuff in the guise of progress and revolt. It is time the youths revolted against this insult to their intelligence.

For, to be candid, those with an eye on the box-office will never, never succeed in showing any material progress worth the name. As for "revolt", it is bound to remain a sheer impossibility so long as the film-goers themselves do not take it into their heads to make the producers taste a little of the substance themselves, so that they could realise what it is to dish it out for good! Expecting one of these jubilee makers to think and make us think in terms of genuine progress and revolt is verily tantamount to expecting a silk purse to be prepared out of a cow's ear.

—Filman

"NAYA TARANA"

IS FILM meant to be just a dope to make people forget real problems of life or a sugar-

coated dose to rouse the people from their pessimism and show them the correct way to overcome the problems of life? Anybody who believes in social good and recognises the film as a powerful instrument of enlightenment will vote for the latter type of films, which, unfortunately are rare today, and for such people it will be a happy news that Navvug's "Naya Tarana" at Central belongs to this category

Based on a story by K Ahmed Abbas who has a quick grasp over the problems of our present life and clear vision of the future, directed

by Naqvi who is stickler for realistic presentation, "Naya Tarana" depicts the class struggle as evinced today with the have-nots dying for want of food. Of course, this grim realism is sugar-coated with romance, songs and comedy, but none-the-less, the note of lofty idealism pervades the whole story which seems to have been inspired by newspaper headlines of a few months ago

Incidentally, "Naya Tarana" co-stars Snehprabha and Jairaj together again and has an excellent supporting cast headed by David, Misra, Pratimadevi, Giridhari, Dar Kashmiri, Bhu-

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shan, Sharda and Chandrika. The songs composed by Walli and set to melodious music by Amir Ali, a former associate of Gulam Haider, form the highlight of the picture.

"SHANKAR PARVATI"

ALMOST the entire press as well as the public seem to have been unanimous in hailing Ranjit's latest creation, "Shankar Parvati," at the Opera House and if you have read those befitting eulogies over the magnificent heights to which Sadhona Bose reaches in this film, you cannot fail to concede what a rage it actually must have become with thous-



Shantaram producer and director of *Shakuntala*

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MB,BS (Bom) DCOG (Iond),
DGO (Dub) LM (Rot.)

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(Sd) Dr G S Doodhar,
LCP &S (Bom), MD (Kanas)
I M (Dublin)

lands of lovers of music and dancing which predominantly distinguish "Shankar Parvati."

Coming from mythology, the story of "Shankar Parvati" is a legend known to many in spirit and in beauty and the way it is glorified on the screen, reflects not a little credit on its makers. Next in importance of merit and histrionics, to the inimitable performance of Sadhona Bose, is Kamla Chatterji who rises to unusual heights in a role that affords the fullest scope to her intrinsic ability—and for the first time in her career. Her songs provide a rare musical treat. For its sheer entertainment the picture easily commends itself to be on your "must-be-seen" list.

"Shankar Parvati" marks the turning point in Sadhona's career as giving her the first mythological role to display her talents in a classical character of an extremely difficult type. The superb manner in which she has acquitted herself in acting and dancing alike enhances her reputation as a versatile star.

"SHAKUNTALA" JUBILEE

THERE is more pride than wonder about Rajkamal's maiden hit "Shakuntala" celebrating its Silver Jubilee at the local Swastik. It was almost a foregone conclusion at the



Mehtab in Kardars' *Kanoon* at the Minerva

time of its premiers, and if such an excellent effort is crowned with its deserving reward, it only does further credit to the convention that Bombay never fails to distinguish between true merit and mediocre stuff. To go on praising its merits again and again would mean painting a lily but in the midst of the eventful jubilation, it is a matter of no less accomplishment and credit that the picture promises to continue its march towards greater box office history even after its Silver Jubilee. All honour to its one and only creator, V. Shantaram.

"KANOON"



Mumtaz Ali and Suraiya's dance duet
in "Kanoon"

MARCHING towards greater popularity at the Minerva in its second month, Kardar's "Kanoon" has already attained the distinction of having become one of the most widely-discussed films with the public as well as the press. The triumph of "Kanoon," as evidenced by its increasing popularity, is another striking example of the fact that the producers stand solidly by their avowed object of offering not the escapist sort of entertainment alone, but some social purposefulness too.

ON THE CREST OF FAME!

Rajkamal's

Record-Smasher



SHAKUNTALA

Directed by V. SHANTARAM

Screen Play
DEWAN SHARAR

Starring
JAYASHREE
CHANDRAMOHAN

IN ITS 7TH MONTH
OF INCREASING
GLORY!

SWASTIK

(OLD
PATHE)



Jairol in Navyug's *Naya Tarana* at the Central

The story, which touches the innermost depth of the youths of today, their ideals and aspirations, their trials and tribulations, apparently makes a bold plea for revolt against unequal marriages—an evil which still exists in the year of grace 1944. It also constitutes an equally laudable appeal to the younger generation to shelve all their complacency and spirit of fatalism and raise their voice against this social menace, however formidable it may appear to be.

It is perhaps for this spirit of revolt it inculcates, that "Kanoon" will be long remembered by film-goers in India. Next to this, both the technique and the performances by the principal artistes, help splendidly towards the entertainment appeal of the picture.

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"RAMRAJYA"

PRAKASH'S mighty mythological picture "Ramrajya," the spectacular successor to "Bharat Milap," was released in Madras at Sagar Talkies, before prominent leaders and citizens

The Rt Hon'ble V S Srinivasa Sastri, who presided over the opening show, observed that the story as depicted in the picture moved one to the bottom of the heart. Though he had seen it once already, he was able to see on a second visit new objects, new excellence and new touches of the most standard sentiments

"I have searched my pockets for my handkerchief," he added. "Several times (during the run of the film) and if there be any among you man or woman who has not done the same, I pity him or her" (Laughter)

Though the story was familiar to every one, Mr Sastri said, its presentation on the screen as they saw was edifying. The ever old Ramayana had been made ever new

Mr Bhadrakumar Yajnik, Chief publicity Officer of Prakash Pictures, proposed a vote of thanks to Mr Sastri

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LAUGHTER THE SONG
OF NEW ERA IS BORN !**

**Navyug's Tale
of the new
Song**



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Direction NAJAM NAQVI

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"ASIATIC DIGEST" is on sale with newsagents and book-stalls throughout the country at ANNAS TWELVE per copy. If any difficulty in securing copies is experienced, kindly write to The Publishers, Sanj Vartaman Press, Apollo Street, Bombay

*Edited, printed and published by Nadir Boman Behram for Proprietors
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April

1944

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Mr. Jinnah Falters

"It is a pity that Mr Jinnah should be losing confidence in his own fellow men and turning to the British power for succour. In his bitterness, he would not only have his own Pakistan dominated by the British for years to come, but even the non-Pakistani areas. This policy will lead the country nowhere"

U G RAO

UNDER Mr Jinnah's leadership the Muslim League is taking a wrong turn. Turning its back on its declared policy of struggle and endeavour, it is waiting abjectly to patch up a treaty with the British on whatever terms may be offered. No longer for it the ideal of complete freedom which its leaders were once shouting about in season and out of season! Anything that will make possible just the shadow of Pakistan and give its leaders the semblance of victory is acceptable. In his now well-known interview to the *News Chronicle*, Mr Jinnah, once the most uncompromising fighter for freedom and champion of absolute self-rule, was in a mood to fancy even autonomy, that mockery of freedom, because it was better than the present situation.

I can fully well appreciate the circumstances that must have



Mr Jinnah

led Mr Jinnah into this frame of mind. He is afraid that the British Government may come to terms with the Congress and leave the League in the lurch. In his later speeches at Lahore he plainly said as much. It is very perfectly logical to expect that the authorities would

first open negotiations with the Congress, not only because it is the most important party in India, but also because it is the chief factor in the present deadlock and the consequent strained relations between the administration and the people. It is impossible to think of a solution of the deadlock without the Congress figuring in it and playing its part.

SAD CONFESSION

But to proceed on that assumption to the view that the League will be left in the cold is to ignore facts. Worse, it is a confession of weakness and helplessness on the part of the League to entertain such a fear. The League is undoubtedly the second most important party in this land. Without its whole-hearted co-operation, no solution can last long. After all, India is planning for peace, security and contentment and not for continual bickerings and, possibly, civil war. No sensible politician would think of keeping the large community of Muslims in India discontented, let alone, oppressed or suppressed. It would be almost impossible, even if it should be attempted at all by some power-crazy, fanatical Hindu politician. Apart from the inherent strength of the mighty Muslim community and their fierce spirit of independence, the goodwill that they are bound to have from a large section of liberal-

minded Hindus and almost the entire younger generation in their fight against any possible form of tyranny from Hindu power-seekers, should discount any fear of Hindu domination.

It must be recognised that Hindus, with all their faults, are a quiet, peace-loving lot on the whole. Never in history have we any glaring example of their taste for aggression or thirst for power. "Live and let live" has been their main principle through the centuries. Ages of culture and discipline have tamed their natural instincts and reduced them almost to a state of absolute harmlessness, if not downright inertia. To many a Hindu cultural and spiritual pursuits and a pre-occupation with other-worldly matters have been of more vital importance than the prospects of an election or the doings of an Assembly.

But this is not to deny that the impact of Western ideas is bringing about a silent revolution in Hindu society and making them conscious of their overwhelming numerical strength and the power it signifies in electoral and parliamentary terms. But nowhere have I noticed, except perhaps in certain embittered and unreasonable quarters, a desire to use this power for anything but the good of this land and its various sections. However strong the temporary influences

that may sway the Hindu masses in undesirable directions, the essential Hindu quality of being harmless, if not useful, is bound to assert itself

LAST GESTURE

But we cannot put faith in mere abstractions like these in political matters. It would not do to proceed merely on assumptions of Hindu goodness and sanity. The Muslims, anyway, have had certain unhappy experiences in the past, however exaggerated they might be, and so they are justified in asking for something more than mere assurances of goodwill. The Congress has not been blind to this. To-day the Congress may have been paralysed temporarily. But when it was an active body, it did its best to come to terms with the League. The terms might not have gone far enough, but then the fact to be stressed is that the Congress *was very keen on coming to an agreement with the League*. If there was a conspiracy to ignore the League, what was the point in these repeated attempts to woo its leaders?

Far from ignoring the League, the Congress seemed to be, in the eyes of certain extremists, a little too eager for a settlement with Mr Jinnah, who appeared not a little stubborn. Its last official gesture was to pass a resolution

recognising the right of territorial units to cut themselves away from the Indian Union. Thus the principle of self-determination was clearly and unmistakably stated. More, Gandhiji wanted to see Mr. Jinnah soon after and make a final attempt to patch up an agreement with him before launching any movement in pursuance of the August resolution. But before anything more could be done, he was snatched away by the authorities.

LURKING HOPE

It is open to argue that even that resolution does not go far enough to meet the Muslim demand. But why declare that the Congress has been deaf to Muslim opinion? And why assume that it is not prepared to go the whole hog with the League if that is the only way to settle the Indian problem? An organisation that has brought itself to grant the right of self-determination to territorial units could not possibly shy at the idea of its specific application to the Pakistan area.

If the Congress did not particularly refer to Pakistan in its resolution, it was perhaps because there was still a lurking hope in the minds of many Congressmen that a solution to the Hindu-Muslim problem could be found without resorting to the drastic measure of partition. But if the League should

think, as Mr Jinnah has been saying ceaselessly, that there is no other solution at all, then it is reasonable to expect that the Congress will come round still further. After all, it must be admitted that the Congress has too keen an appreciation of Muslim sentiment and too vivid an awareness of future repercussions to be stubborn in its attitude to the League.

PRESENT SILENCE

Mr Jinnah does not seem to realise this. He has taken it for granted that he can expect nothing from the Congress, and has therefore turned his eyes longingly to the British power. If the Congress is just now silent about the League demand, it is because its leaders are all in jail. Those who are outside can hardly take a decision on such a vital matter without usurping arbitrary powers. But Mr Jinnah may ask, as he has very nearly done in the past, "Why can't Mr Gandhi drop me a letter recognising Pakistan?" Now, can it be seriously maintained that such a formidable problem, as Pakistan involving the lives of millions and affecting the entire destiny of this country, can be settled by Mr. Gandhi, without the advice of his colleagues, in the course of a chit from the Aga Khan's palace?

Should he even do it on his own authority and shoulder the responsibility of converting his

colleagues and the Congress to his view later, what hope is there that the Government will be impressed by it and that steps may be taken to solve the deadlock? And will a single chit from Gandhiji be enough to satisfy the League and range it on the side of the Congress in case the Government should ignore it and refuse to take any steps for the solution of the deadlock on that basis? In other words, will a formal recognition of Pakistan by Gandhiji ensure the participation of the League in the national struggle for freedom?

SHOW OF FIGHT

The policy of the League so far has been such as to discourage any such hope. Mr Jinnah's chief concern all along has been to make a show of fight and get the best terms from either of the other two main parties to the Indian issue, the Congress and the British Government. When he tired of the British Government, he would look eagerly to the Congress, and when he got the best terms possible from the Congress, he would turn expectantly to the British Government in the hope of getting even a better deal from them. Thus this game has been going on for quite a few years now. The clever and confirmed constitutionalist that he is, he hopes to wangle the whole of Pakistan some day by this policy of alternat-

ing kisses and kicks But he will never fight! That is clear now And it is this reluctance to fight that makes him sometimes feel very despondent and helpless about the League It is the lack of a revolutionary and dynamic leadership that has reduced the League to utter immobility today

But the unfortunate fact is that the policy stands thoroughly exposed now Most Indian parties have come to know of this and the Government knows it only too well If there was any doubt about it, his latest interview to the *News Chronicle* in which he entreated the British to divide the country for his sake and stay there for a while as a compensation, has cleared it away The statement comes to admitting that he himself is not very sure of achieving Pakistan and that his only hope is the British Government Now what the response of a Government, that does not easily bend even to the exertion of maximum public pressure, will be to such a humble request, can be easily imagined

ONLY ALTERNATIVES

It is a pity that Mr Jinnah should be losing confidence in his own fellow-men and turning to the British power for succour In his bitterness, he would not only have his own

Pakistan dominated by the British for years to come, but even the non-Pakistani areas This policy will lead the country nowhere It will only give the British a powerful argument to continue their rule over this country for ever And they may do it as well without acceding to Mr Jinnah's request and adding to the complexities of the situation.

The better course for Mr Jinnah would be to regain faith in the potentialities of the League and turn it into a fighting body And then he must realise that he cannot deal with the British in isolation He must have the sympathy and co-operation of the other large sections of the Indian population Otherwise, however obliging he may be to the British, he will not succeed The other large sections are determined that they shall be free at least at the end of the war Mr Jinnah could join them in their demand for freedom for the whole country and strengthen his own claim for a homeland Or he could at least desist from playing directly into the hands of the opponents of Indian freedom That way, he can still hope to retain the goodwill and regard of large masses of politically conscious people in this country

Prussia and Non-Prussia are the two segments into which we must cut Germany, says this famous German author and we must keep both parts under our thumb

Divide Germany —and Rule Her!

EMIL LUDWIG

WHAT will happen on the day after Hitler's death or fall? The Junkers and generals will kowtow to you and say, "We love the Jews We don't ask for colonies We will free all Europe Come, let us be brothers again!" Certain elements in countries which are part of the United Nations but have not been invaded, will say "Now let us make peace and finish up this business They are all right, these generals" But they are not one whit better than the Hitlers They have merely better manners They are as culpable as the Nazis These Prussian generals—the symbol of German war will—must be destroyed As long as they are there, every German boy will dream of revenge

Again and again the world is astonished that the same German people who have brought forth great musicians, philosophers and inventors fall back into barbarism nearly once in every generation One of the chief reasons for this



Hitler

anomaly lies in Prussia's domination of the other parts of Germany The Prussian citizen underwent 300 years of training under hard autocrat kings Even Frederick the Great forced a great many of his subjects to serve as soldiers for a period of 30 years, during which each man had only three or four months in the year free.

On this foundation Prussia, under the leadership of the aristocratic "Junkers," subdued, conquered, bought, or inherited by marriage of princes, more and more parts of Germany. Later, after Bismarck founded his Reich, the Southern kings and princes became, in fact, dependants of the Prussian kings.

But German culture had always come from the south and west. No Prussian name of first rank is known abroad in the intellectual world. But there are dozens of great Germans who were born outside of Prussia. There are Gutenberg from Mainz, Duerer and Holbein from Bavaria, Luther from Saxony. There are Goethe and Schiller, Bach, Mozart and Schubert. There are Weber, Schumann and Wagner, Johann Strauss, Brahms and Bruckner. There are Leibniz, Schopenhauer and Hegel, as well as the lesser spirits of our own day like Zeppelin or Richard Strauss—South Germans all of them, or Saxons or Austrians or Hansards. To them must be added Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Offenbach, Heine, Marx—pure blooded Jews. Of names that truly impressed the world, only two were from Prussia, Frederick the Great and Bismarck.

In defence of Prussia it is said, that neither Hitler, Goer-

ing, Hess nor Goebbels are Prussians. Actually, that is a further argument against Prussianism. These German adventurers had to go to Berlin and Prussia to fulfil their dreams because neither in Bohemia nor in Munich could Hitler find the arms and soldiers needed for his world domination. Only in Prussia did he find both the generals and the spirit. Only after having convinced the Prussian Junkers could Hitler begin to rearm. It was the same general staff which in 1914 forced the hesitating Emperor Wilhelm II to declare war which in 1923 undertook the task of creating a new and at first clandestine Army. In 1933 the same generals, with ten-fold power under Hitler, prepared for the present war. This war is fundamentally a Prussian undertaking.

You can, therefore, only reform the German people if you separate the old parts of Prussia from the West and South of Germany, making two republics out of Germany. We should isolate the old North-East Prussia, with its enormous estates of the Junkers acquired centuries ago by force. For 200 years these families have held nearly all the key positions in the Government and in the Army. At the end of the war this source of their power—these great

Eastern estates—should be taken from them. Then you would have one republic, "Prussia," with about 25 million inhabitants. The rest of the country, perhaps, called "the German Confederation," would form another republic with about 45 million. Some provinces like Saxony could decide by plebiscites to which of the two German republics they wished to belong. It is not likely they would join Prussia because Prussia is hated in other sections of Germany. The Rhineland people call themselves "Forced Prussians."

You would find two advantages in this plan of dividing Germany into Prussia and Non-Prussia. First, Prussia would be largely Lutheran, but the Confederation would be preponderantly Catholic. Second, you would have two adjacent states, similar to Canada and the United States, living as good neighbours.

After victory, there must be no brutal revenge on the German nation in Hitler fashion. We no longer punish for revenge. For 100 years we have confined the criminal—first, for the security of society and second, to educate him and bring about his reform. Such a policy must be applied to the German nation. The security of society will be achieved, of course, by disarmament of the Germans, but this disarmament

must be much more thorough than it was before. It must be a disarmament in which even the pistol in the belt of a policeman cannot be left in German hands.

Next, as to education and government, Education cannot be imparted to the Germans by three or four thousands American or British teachers, who would speak to the German children just as colourfully as I speak English. Every boy and girl in Germany would laugh. No, the allied Nations should send several hundred men over to Germany, to all the universities and all the schools, to supervise the books and the lessons, and to root out the perverted instruction that destroyed the character of German youth by instilling ideas of revenge, violence and aggression.

It is impossible, moreover, to begin with a new Congress or Reichstag in Germany. There are no liberals in Germany strong enough to lead the country. There is a decided difference where Italy is concerned. Mussolini interrupted a centuries-old tradition of democracy—Hitler only an interlude of 14 years which followed the defeat of 1918. Mussolini found no modern example for his tyranny and had to go back to the Roman Empire for his ideals. Hitler continued a 300-year-old tradi-

tion of military autocracy in Prussia. Today all parties and classes in Italy are looking back at their former liberty and may produce a leader for to-morrow. The Germans have no name and no epoch to revive. The Weimar Republic, which never took up arms to defend itself, left only contempt in the people. That is why Italy will be able to govern herself at the end of the war and Germany will not.

A strong army of occupations, formed by the United Nations, should hold all prominent places in Germany so that the people will know, for the first time since Napoleon, what a foreign authority looks like. Only thus can they be brought to understand that they have been defeated. Nobody would be murdered or imprisoned, but they would feel what they did not feel in 1919—that Poles and Jews, completely despised by the average German, are equal with them, and even their victors. If you send a strong army into Germany for, say, the first five years, together with a commission of administrators from the United Nations, you may then nominate perhaps two dozen Germans from the concentration camps, and possibly a radical emigrant or two, to share the foreign government. But in no case should you have a new Reichstag with new liberals and socialists ready to turn into savage nationalistic militarists.

German liberals have lost the game. For 14 years, with two or three exceptions, they were unable to govern. No German emigrant enjoys any authority at home now or at any time. Germany is the only country in the world without a monument to a hero of liberty. There is no German analogy to great exiles like Mazzini, Kossuth or Lenin. A liberal German of any influence does not exist.

While the Junkers, in Prussia and then in the Empire, have held the leading posts for the past 300 years in the Army and Government the common people have been excluded from them. Accordingly, they have gone into business or entered the field of science, music or philosophy. The interesting point is that these common people or "bourgeois" did not resent the agreement. The philosophers and writers lived, as it were, on a dreamy island, and, as the Ship of State passed them by, they saluted it and said "It's a good thing that we are not responsible for the state." That is the reason why Germany is the only country in Europe which has not had a successful revolution in all her history. No one from the nobility has ever helped to build up the true greatness of Germany, as civilization knows it. On the other hand, hardly anybody from the bourgeois, up to 1918, ever held an

important German Government position

The mistake of Versailles was a mistake in understanding the psychology of the Germans. The victors believed the Germans would become liberal and set up a democratic state overnight, without the tradition for it and without previous education. They left them complete freedom and later relaxed the rigours of the treaty. But the Germans do understand a "gentleman's agreement." The word "gentleman," like the word "fair," is always used in the English form by Germans, they have no equivalent words in their language. They love order, not human understanding. They are the only people in modern history who have a passion for obedience. They love compliance better than they love liberty.

The Germans must come within the scope of the Atlantic Charter. They must retain their own German provinces. They are entitled to their own raw materials. They should have their factories working, their scientist and chemists busy, and their sport-lovers at play. Their music and industry is their own. They should share in the competition of the world.

But take away their weapons, supervise their education, and give them political guardianship, because they have shown the world that they are not able to govern themselves. If you do not do that, if you continue to speak of the "poor misled German people," if you treat them after the defeat in your old, good, puritan spirit—then your sons will have to fight the Third World War against the Warlike people of the Germans.

Maclean's Magazine

GEORGE III asked the once well-known wit, Horne Tooke, whether he could play cards.

"Your Majesty," replied Tooke, "I am a mere child where cards are concerned. I cannot even tell a King from a Knave."

IHAD a round of golf with my wife this morning."

"Which won?" The husband did not answer. "Which won?" asked the friend, a second time.

"Which one?" thundered the husband, "how many wives do you think I have? Do you take me for a Turk?"

The Finance Member's Defence

(From *The Hindu, Madras*)

SIR Jeremy Raisman's defence of his policy against criticisms made in the Assembly is more warm than convincing. Take the case of inflation. His first argument is that it is incidental to all countries at war and even to many who are not in the war. The instances he gives are, however, revealing. Can he not take for his models more advanced countries than Turkey and Egypt? Why should not conditions in our country be compared with those in Australia, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa and the U.S.A.? The rise in prices in these countries since the commencement of the war has been respectively 14.8 per cent, 17 per cent, 10.2 per cent, 15.1 per cent, and 18.1 per cent. Even in Britain, which has from the beginning been in the thick of the war, the rise has only been 30 per cent. Why should it be 300 per cent in India alone? The contention that it is all due to propaganda is unfair. The Finance Member suggested that the labour leaders incitement of workers to ask for more is one potent reason. Is he unaware that in England wages



Sir Jeremy Raisman

have risen by at least 50 per cent since the war and, to quote one authority, "in round figures adult workers in industry are earning about 15s. a week more than before the war as a consequence of the rise in wage rates and approximately 25s. a week more if account is taken of overtime?" Still workers clamour for more in England.

Sir Jeremy Raisman's contention that the inflation is due to non-co-operation of the public and sedulous propaganda

calculated to undermine the credit of the country and confidence in its currency is equally unjustified. There has been no such propaganda in the countries of the Middle East, Palestine, Iraq, Egypt, and yet these countries suffer from inflation. Indeed, the malady in India is the same as that in these countries. There, one writer says, "the disease was brought about when the British military authorities requiring large amounts of local currency to pay the armies and to pay for supplies went to the local central banks, which created the currency for them against equivalent sterling credits in London. From the local point of view, the currency so created was inflation in its purest form, it was just an addition to the previous supply of currency without any corresponding addition to the goods and services offering." Alternative measures for "mopping up" the excess currency having failed, the British authorities resorted to the gold "cure." This is what has happened in India also.

This fact is adequate to explain the phenomenon without the bogey of political propaganda. There is but one difference. In India, the Government having compulsorily acquired all the country's foreign exchange or gold as it accrued in the past five years at

the London price of Rs 45 or so per tola, now sell it to us in our market at Rs 71 odd! Mr Jones's justification of the rate on the ground that Britain purchases commodities here also at market rates, is altogether fallacious. In the first place, these foreign agencies get the benefit of the controlled rates which, though 200 per cent above the pre-war rates, are by no means the market rates. In the prices of things sold to us, it should not be forgotten, are included, not only remuneration for labour at very high rates, but also huge profits, while our things are acquired at cost based practically on sweated labour terms. The Government's policy has been unjust not only in regard to gold, but silver as well. India's stock of the white metal having been sold at London prices and the people here obliged to buy at considerably higher rates.

The Finance Member's protest that these matters have no relation to a political constitution would have been understandable if the present Government had followed a national policy and not a policy of the kind to which reference has been made above. The same is applicable to the war finance policy pursued by Sir Jeremy. He asks indignantly whether any Government in the fifth year of war could have

had a budget lower than that in earlier years? The point is not whether increased expenditure is justified, but whether the total increased burden is Has the policy of any other Government—Britain, the United States, Australia or Canada—resulted in such pitifully small expansion in production at it has in this country? The national income here remains what it was in 1930, whereas in Britain, it has enormously increased,

especially after the war The Finance Member says Government could not build up new industries because they could not get shipping Did Mr. Howe in Canada or Mr Chifley in Australia allow that obstacle to stand in the way? If machinery had been sent here, many times the shipping tonnage used for the import of machinery might have been saved on the import of manufactured goods subsequently

The Hindu

TITLED Host (to Mr *Nouveau Riche*) Now, I would like to lead off by dancing with Mrs Riche, if I may have the honour, and perhaps you would give my wife the pleasure

Mr Riche (on his best behaviour) Delighted, sir After that I suppose we shall be in order if we dance with who we like

A real peer of the realm was coming that afternoon to tea, and as such high personages had rubbed shoulders but little with the Newrich family a good deal of rehearsing was necessary Mr Newrich explained to his wife and daughters how they were to address the exalted man

"You say, 'Yes, my lord' and 'No, my lord' "

"Very well," groaned Mrs Newrich, "we'll win through some'ow, Garge" The peer arrived

"I trust you are well, Mrs Newrich," he said

"Yes, my gord, I'm fine, Mr —er—er," spluttered the hostess in reply.

"WEREN'T you upset when the bank went smash "

"No, I only lost my balance."

TWO men met in a churchyard one lovely morning in May

"What a delightful day for making everything spring up," remarked the optimist

"Shut up," growled the other "I've four wives interred in this churchyard"



Capt. William F. Williams in World War II uniform

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"Lieutenant Williams reporting I'm happy to say that one of my company located a size 44 girdle for you."

Better Management, Please, Mr. President!

WENDELL L. WILLKIE

If our fighting men at the front were led with such confusion as we are led at home, we would lose this war. If we go on being led this way, the war is sure to be prolonged—and we may lose the peace.

Even in the best of times our government, like any other vast organism, is never wholly free from administrative ills. In times like these there are bound to be more of them. Since almost everything impinges on almost everything else, it is inevitable that many agencies should become involved in almost every problem. Yet not only has the present Administration unnecessarily multiplied the number of its agencies, it has—and this is even more serious—failed in the task of co-ordinating them.

The only cure for the dread disease of mismanagement is good management. This, in either government or business, requires neither magic nor supermen. It requires merely the application of those simple principles of administration which thousands of Americans use effectively every day.

In any good organization the number of men who report



Wendell L. Willkie

directly and constantly to the chief executive should be limited. They should be as few as possible, their responsibilities should be clearly defined, and their authority should flow in direct lines. The good manager does not give two men the same job or overlapping parts of the same job.

These simple rules are violated in Washington every hour of every day.

No less than 14 agencies have a hand in the wartime problem of labour relations.

At latest count there were 49 federal corporations and credit

agencies in the wartime business of lending government funds

Here are some—not all, but some—of the agencies which have fingers in the government's war management of the one item of sugar FDA, CCC, FPA, OEW, OPA, WPB, WSA, OLLA, the Department of Interior, the Department of State

Recently the need arose for day nurseries for the children of mothers in industry. A single organization could have done the job. The government created five.

There is only one person who can correct this government mismanagement. That person is the President himself. Of all that is wrong with the President's administrators, there is nothing that better administration by the President could not remedy.

For every job but his own, the President can call on the best managers in this nation of good managers. But it is the first principle of good management to let the managers manage. Every man worth his executive salt wants adequate authority, clear-cut and definite. When he has it he knows where he stands. His subordinates know where he stands. He needs, then, to be nobody's "yes man." He is under no necessity to run to the big boss with his fears and hurts. He can do his job. He can see to it that those who are under him do their jobs.

Moreover, the competent man, when he is given proper authority, inevitably becomes more competent. Leaders are not just born. They grow with the exercise of responsibility. The enterprise in which they are engaged benefits by their growth.

There are many competent men in our government. But they are frustrated by bad management. They are not given clear-cut, outright authority which permits them to be as good as they are capable of being.

When uncertainty is thus fastened on the man who is, ostensibly, at the head of his agency, it soon pervades the whole organization. Nobody is sure of anybody's status. The place becomes a jumble of hesitancy, confusion and wire-pulling.

This situation prevails throughout the government because the President is zealous for the accumulation of power and loath to disburse it. When, in the exercise of its usually ill-defined powers, an agency blunders, it is not then streamlined and given more clear-cut authority which might prevent such blundering in the future. Oftener than not it is broken up altogether, or else a new agency, representing largely a mere shift of personnel, is superimposed and instructed to carry on until, exercising its equally

ill-defined powers, it also blunders

Individuals who try to use initiative in Washington and step out on their own are not encouraged. Oftener than not they are slapped down. Many of those who get along best and stay longest with this Administration are men who, being subordinates, succumb to the subordinate mentality.

Better administration, at the top, would restore the President to the Presidency. The Presidency of the United States is not a small-claims court. It is the executive instrument of the will and aspirations of the American people. No President should want to be less than that. None can successfully be more. The country was never in greater need of a President who—eschewing petty occupations and the lure of little powers—would stand forth to speak and act not only from his heart to the people but for the people out of what is in their hearts.

Instead, the President's desk is cluttered and his mind distracted by his concern with the wheels within wheels, the foremen and the sub-foremen of our gigantic federal machine. He is his own supervisor and trouble shooter. Broken parts are brought to him for patching and he undertakes to patch them. Bruised feelings are brought for his treatment and he sets about anointing them.

No man could do all these things well. No President should try. We are witness, now, to the disturbing, fateful consequences of such an attempt. With every Washington shake-up we have said "This is it. Now we are going places." But, after more than two years, the edge of our expectancy has worn off and our patience has begun to run out.

The American people are under no illusions as to the size and grimness of their job. There is no tendency among them to quail before it. There is eagerness to get on with it and to see it all the way through. But every American—with his own boy or his neighbour's boy in battle—wants a U S on the home front to match the U S on the war front. He believes that we have the brains, determination and fortitude to be that good. He knows that the home-front U S is not that good. For the floundering on the home front he blames our leadership.

That leadership cannot improve until the Presidential desk is swept of trivia and the Presidential mind cleared of second-rate concerns. When that happens, the President's good administrators can begin to produce good administration. And the President will be free to be, in fact, the Executor of the power and purpose of the nation.

The Reader's Digest

Far-East "Europe"

A striking parallel to the European war is to be found in the Far Eastern conflict as this article demonstrates

QUEBEC was a call for Allied action in the Pacific just as Casablanca sounded the signal for attack in Africa and for the assault on the Continent of Europe

If we compare the strange and remote war in the Far East with the more familiar military problems in the European theatre of operations we find some striking similarities

As Lord Louis Mountbatten, the newly appointed Supreme Allied Commander, South-east Asia, reviews the position, it must look to him very much as

the campaign in Africa and Europe appeared to General Eisenhower

He will obviously take into account the political basis of Japanese conquests, the methods of "peaceful penetration," the employment of quislings and treacherous stabs in the back which have provided Hitler with a model and us with many parallels between the war in Europe and the course of events in the Far East

Painstakingly the Japanese exerted an economic stranglehold on the territories which



SOUTH OF CHINA look grimly at the destruction of their homes wrought by Japanese bombers. Soon they will be able to join the Allied Armies in the campaign for the liberation of the Far East

they intended to dominate. They conquered Manchuria in the same way in which Hitler extended his domain over Austria and the Balkans.

They penetrated into China to prepare for a fatal blow against their principal opponent, the U.S.A., just as Hitler plunged into Western Europe for the final assault against Britain.

And as Hitler has set out his plan for the conquest of the whole world in *Mein Kampf*, so has the former Japanese Prime Minister Tanaka provided a blueprint—the so-called "Tanaka Memorial"—for Japanese aspiration to dominate the universe.

On every stage of the development in the Far East we find similar French Indo-China was acquired by quisling technique of the Far Eastern Vichyites. In Malaya, Burma and Thailand there was a combination of military threats and the employment of fifth columnists which nearer home we watched in Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria.

Hong Kong, Singapore, the Dutch East Indies and the Philippines, in this conception, stand for Poland, Jugoslavia, Greece and Crete. And if you look at the map you will see that South-east Asia has even the outward appearance of the European under-belly of the

Axis although sizes and distances are multiplied a hundred-fold and more.

The general course of the war suggests further comparisons. How the Japanese took advantage of the Allied unpreparedness for war. How they surged forth from conquest to conquest, profiting by military mistakes of their opponents, by a pitiable lack of military equipment and mistaken strategic conceptions.

In the end Japanese lines of communications were extended to the limit as are Hitler's. And, like Hitler in Europe, the Japs realized that their best policy was to try and hold what they had, to exploit the wealth of the conquered territories rapidly before Allied industrial capacity could produce the weapons for their defeat.

In the war against China they employed terror and perpetrated horrors compared to which the cruelties of the Gestapo seem like child's play. Just as Hitler attempted to subdue the Russians, so the Japanese tried to eliminate China before the Anglo-American war potential could be brought to bear on them.

CHINA'S GREAT POTENTIAL POWER

The Chinese armies in Japan's rear are destined to repeat the feats of the Russians.

in the European theatre of war. Like the Russians, they have almost unlimited manpower and only need the industrial support of their Allies since they, like the Russians, have suffered fearful losses.

And now the days of Japanese conquests have come to an end. Like Hitler, the Japanese war lord, Tojo, must defend a vast coastline and hope to delay frontal attack by fortification and defence of the string of islands which seems to protect the Asian Continent just as Crete, Sicily, and a multitude of Mediterranean islands lie astride Europe.

But the Japanese have already been deprived of many key points by the resolute armies, air force and navies under the command of General MacArthur.

With the appointment of Lord Louis Mountbatten to a separate command they find themselves faced with the threat of a vast pincer movement—again, just as the European Axis faces the double attack by Eisenhower and General Wilson's armies.

It also happens that Lord Louis, who must launch his operations from India and Ceylon will have to rely on seaborne invasion of Japanese-occupied territory very much on the principles of the Sicilian campaign.

Burma, Malaya and the Dutch East Indies are obviously his first objectives and he can easily follow the pattern of the war in Europe.

Trust Lord Louis, too, to have learned the lessons of Allied defeats in the Far East. Once his army crosses the Indian Ocean and sets foot on Burma it will no longer fight the Japanese on unequal terms.

LIVE, SKILFUL LEADERS

With Wavell as Viceroy of India and Auchinleck as Commander-in-Chief, India, we can rely on their territory to be transformed into as powerful a base as Africa has become in the last two years.

But here, perhaps, it would be wise to halt in the tempting sequence of comparisons. Japan, to be sure, is not Germany. Hitler's power is on the decline. His principal weapon, the Luftwaffe, is blunted. But the Japanese Navy is still strong.

Japan does not suffer from a crippling manpower shortage. She has no need to rely on slave armies or to press potential enemies into military service.

Properly exploited Japanese-held territory, covering three million square miles and comprising a population of over three hundred million people,

as completely self-supporting and impervious to blockade

The population of Burma and Malaya—to mention only first objectives—is, at best, politically passive and not teeming with unrest as are the Europeans

From a strategic point of view the distances which Allied navies, air forces and armies have to cover weigh heavily against quick success such as may be possible in Europe once the final attack has been launched. And the heart of the Japanese military machine, Tokyo, is still secure from direct attack

It has taken nearly four years for the tide of war in Europe to turn. Japan came into the war two years later. We should not expect her to succumb much more quickly than Germany, who herself is not beaten

But once the British Mediterranean fleet is free to reinforce our naval units in the Far East the stage will be set for Mountbatten to get into his stride

And once Allied military, naval and air power is concentrated on Asia the defeat of the Prussians of the Far East cannot be long delayed

—Illustrated

WILBERFORCE stood for Parliament on one occasion, and his sister helped him with his election campaign. The *Bribery and Corruption Acts* had not been framed in those days, consequently, the sister offered to give a new dress to the wife of every man who voted for her brother. This offer pleased the voters immensely, and at one meeting there went up a cry of "Miss Wilberforce for ever!" The lady in question rose quickly from her chair on the platform and said

"Oh, please, don't! I have no wish to be Miss Wilberforce for ever."

A LADY once told Dr Johnson that she did lots of little jobs in her spare time, and one thing she had done was to write a book. She asked the doctor to read it and give his candid opinion of the work as she had a number of other irons in the fire, and if this one did not succeed she would turn to the others for gaining fame.

Johnson read the book. This was his advice

"Put the work where the other irons are."

SON (*thinking of getting married*) I thought you would be pleased to hear, father, that I have come to the conclusion it is time I settled down. Father (*acidly*) Delighted, as long as you don't expect me to settle up for you.

Meet America !

Donald Culross Peattie wrote this article for the Office of War Information to explain America to the peoples of the world. Translated into the languages of 60 nations, it is being distributed over the globe

DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

OLD World, the son you bore is marching in the vigour of his youth to fight beside you. America has come of age, and shoulders like a just inheritance a full share in mankind's fate. There is a new face now in all the ancient lands.

Many races molded this face of America, many weathers seasoned it. The eyes are blue or brown or gray, Indian-black, almond-shaped. But the light in the eyes is the same. Freedom put it there. It rains down carelessly out of the high skies, and our children catch it in their eyes. They catch an easy way of laughing, an offhand way of talking.

To hear America talk and laugh, you'd think we had never known trouble. But we have fought before, we came up the hard way, fighting, cutting a way through the great loneliness of forest and prairie and desert waste. This aboriginal Nature too is in the eyes of America,

steadying them. And our towering cities gleam in America's eyes, they put some of the pride there. Some of the purpose there, glinting like anger, is reflected from thousands of blazing furnaces, from an endless stream of molten metal pouring into the shapes of bullets and bayonets, planes and tanks and guns.

America laughs as it fights, it meets you who are our Allies carelessly, genially, so sure you're a friend that its manners are easy to rudeness. But you will not be fooled. Not as the Axis, plotting the assassination of civilization, was fooled by America's lounging gait and light-hearted laughter. A colossus, they sneered, but lazy, soft, indifferent to the rest of the world. The giant will sleep. Let us begin the murder.

Now they know. They know that we execute murderers.

For we believe in Justice. Knowing that it is perfect, only

in heaven, we were born to struggle for it here on earth. Our birth certificate, the Declaration of Independence, asserts that "all men are created equal" with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Not that all men are *alike*. Americans are the most diverse people in any one nation. Not that all pursue happiness in the same way. But in its first youth, this nation was levelled to an equality among men by the hard hand of Nature itself. Marching to meet the first of the settlers was a hardwood forest vaster than any history records, it had never known the axe. Slowly, with straining shoulder muscles, Americans pushed back that wilderness. Little by little, arose here and there the finger of smoke that meant an American home. These were signal fires that a new way of life was coming, to triumph, mile by mile, across the last and greatest unexplored continent of the temperate world.

The frontier remains in the American character. We are the nation that likes new ideas and looks for new ways. We are the people to whom nothing seems impossible. This is not a boast; this is the strong hope of youth, united. We still dare to believe that the most practical thing on earth is an ideal.

We know how far from perfect realization is the ideal of our democracy. But it has never been destroyed. Not by a civil war, some four years long and slaughtering the best of our youth, a million of them. Not by prosperity, a mighty tidal rise of it, nor by the ebb of numerous depressions. Today 134,000,000 people still believe in the same ideal which was declared in the first breath of life this nation drew. "All men are created free and equal."

"Brother," we say easily, and "sister," and we mean just that. We may say it to you when we come among you in the uniform of our country, and we shall mean it no less. For the proposition to which this country is dedicated does not say "all Americans are equal," but "all men." So, if you find us too bold, too friendly, remember only how many of us, in our short past, have died for that faith.

The young Americans who are coming to you have left a multitude of different kinds of homes. They have come from neat white houses built 200 years ago, and from apartments 30 stories up. They have come from sunburnt brown adobe houses squatting in the sunshine of our Southwest, from wide prosperous prairie farms, from log cabins in lonely mountain corners. But whatever the individual picture of home that a

soldier carries in his heart, there lies too, at the back of his mind, that grand sweep which is America. For the land itself still breathes of youth. Our cities are young, our soil is young. Even our wilderness, a little of it, is still left to us—snowy mountain ranges and forests of giant redwoods thou-

sands of years old, deserts where only the wind talks and the sun smiles.

All this is in the heart of young America whom now you meet, when he smiles, puts out his hand and says, "Hello, how goes it, brother?"

This Week.



Frankly, Buck, I don't think it would be smart to shoot him right now!

Can Von Papen Serve Nazis?

The chancellor who had to give way to Hitler now plots to become new saviour of Germany with the help of Junkers and generals

ALBERT A. BRANDT

PAST master of intrigue, traitor *par excellence*, maniac for power, Franz von Papen is on the move. In 1939 he played a game of intrigue and treason against the German Republic. In 1933, as Chancellor of Germany, he gave way to Hitler. Is it possible that Hitler will have to give way to Papen?

He is ready to serve any master. For ten years he has been Hitler's servant. Formerly he had served the monarchy. In his lust for power he has double-crossed everyone with whom he came in contact. His fanatic monarchism conveniently gave way to service to the Republic. He put his devout Catholicism on a shelf and double crossed his own church. As an official of the Weimar Republic he sold it out to the Nazis. He cheated von Hindenburg, who trusted him implicitly. As an apparent collaborator of Chancellor Bruening he intrigued also against him in 1932. He became a traitor to Monsignor Kaas, chief of



Von Papen

his own Centre Party, when he sold it out to Hitler. In 1938 he broke his word of honour to Schuschnigg, inviting him to the fatal meeting in Berchtesgaden with Hitler. On January 31, 1933, he said "If Schleicher would have collaborated with me those damned brown rabble rousers would never have come to power." In March, 1933, he proclaimed Hitler the saviour of Germany, "God must love our country," he shouted, "otherwise he would not have sent to us a man like Adolf Hitler."

His character, tradition, upbringing and career condi-

tioned a contempt for his master Von Papen has always been afraid of Hitler. A pan-German and reactionary, an old soldier of Prussian vintage, he liked the Nazi plans of world conquest. But from the beginning he thought of another Germany. The nobleman, lover of music, art collector and country squire still hates the "brown rabble rousers." The party hierarchy dislikes him as much as he dislikes it. Himmler, Goering, Goebbels and Ribbentrop have often urged his elimination. His stand-bys were the old-line army officers and Junkers, who saw in him their instrument for the restoration of the monarchy. His protector, too, has been Hitler himself. He needed "gentlemen" for work in the drawing rooms of society in Germany and to find potential appeasers abroad. But the Fuehrer would not be astonished if he would intrigue against him, too. He will hold him as long as his talents can be of any advantage.

Franz von Papen is today convinced that he may become the saviour of a defeated Nazi Germany. In his belief he is encouraged by powerful forces among old-line officers, Junkers and traditional diplomats. His present build-up of his ambition is strictly behind the scenes. But he hopes to make himself indispensable. At a

critical moment he will join the ranks of Nazi officials who will tell us: "We collaborated only because we tried to check the party and wanted to eliminate still worse results." Von Papen prepares his role shrewdly through collaboration with men of his own aims who still have powerful positions in the German diplomatic service. He works for the restoration of the monarchy. He puts great stock in the myth of his loyal Catholicism. Franz von Papen had been a Papal Chamberlain, accredited to the Vatican, long before Hitler came to power. Until 1934 he went yearly to Rome on devotional pilgrimages. Hitler, recognizing his connections at the Vatican, sent him there in 1934 to sign a Concordate. Papen did his best to prove to the Pope that there were no Nazi persecutions of religion—and never would be. When this was shown a lie he attempted to convince the Vatican that he, the loyal son of the Church, had tried his best but was not powerful enough. Actually, his interest in Catholicism has always been purely a political one.

The man Franz von Papen hates most is Herr von Ribbentrop, Nazi foreign minister. Papen had hoped to get the position himself. Both men knew too much about each other. In 1917 von Papen was called as a general staff officer into

the newly founded fourth Turkish army. For some time he was in Palestine. He and Ribbentrop shared the same living quarters. At that time the "aristocrat" of today was plain Herr Ribbentrop, a coarse salesman of middle-class descent. "Nobility" came to him later through a fake adoption. Von Papen, whose noble rank goes back to Charlemagne, does not like upstarts and phonies. In Jerusalem they both cowardly deserted before the advancing British. Ribbentrop blamed von Papen, von Papen blamed Ribbentrop. Each accurately called the other a coward and a fake.

Von Papen had powerful friends in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Herr von Ribbentrop is its boss. It has been left alone by the Nazis as much as possible. They had to depend upon career officials, who were functioning at their old posts since the last war. Von Papen was successful in stemming the flood of Gestapo agents and SS men to Ankara, his present ambassadorial post. His plan today is to have reliable men as ambassadors in neutral countries. They shall, at a critical time, contact the enemies of Germany either in peace feelers or in peace negotiations which would save the fatherland from chaos. Von Papen had placed his proteges in important positions abroad.

Von Papen's strongest collaborator in Berlin has been Herr Von Twardowski, a diplomat of the old school who never has been a member of the Nazi party. Walter Winchell wrote some time ago "Insiders insist that the Nazi big gun from the German Foreign Office was in the United States for six weeks under a safe-conduct visa to discuss matters with the state department. His initials are A V T." Anti-Nazi German journalists immediately linked these initials to Herr von Twardowski of the Foreign Office. He may not have been in the U S at all. But he may even act for Hitler and von Papen.

At the end of 1942, pre-Hitler diplomat Hans von Moltke was appointed as ambassador in Madrid. This aristocrat was free from Nazi taint. He was a Junker and never had publicly praised Hitler. When he committed "suicide," Hans Heinrich Dieckhof, former ambassador to America, was sent to Madrid. An able career diplomat, known as a "gentleman," he, too, has never been a member of the Nazi party. He has good connections among old-school high officials, the army and industry.

For thirty-seven years Herr von Bergen had been Germany's ambassador to the Vatican. He was recently recalled and

substituted by Baron von Weizsaecker, member of a traditional family of diplomats. He, like Dieckhof, has played up to the Nazis. But he cannot be called a fanatic follower. He is closely related to old German Junker families. For years he had been a collaborator of Franz von Papen in Catholic interior politics.

The new ambassador in Sweden is Hans Thomsen, who was Dieckhof's successor in Washington. Thomsen has always been a protege of von Papen. His career began when the former chancellor appointed him in 1932 an adviser to the Reich Chancellor's Office. He was a fellow member of Papen's in the "Herren Klub," an organization of Junkers who undermined the Republic. In America, Thomsen followed the Nazi line. He never, however, joined the party or the SS. Von Papen always prided himself on his good connections in Sweden. Hitler has sent him there several times to act for him. His connections with aristocrats and industrialists are many. Von Papen, for instance, is a close friend of Mr. Wenner-Gren, the Swedish financier who has offered himself as peace negotiator for the Nazis.

Other ambassadors of the old pre-Hitler tradition, close to the von Papen group, are in other neutral countries. London newspapers mentioned them

recently as "doing preliminary work for peace negotiations." They are all career diplomats and not members of the Nazi party. In Lisbon is Herr von Hoyningen, in Bern, Herr Koechner. To cover the neutral countries Herr von Papen has been in Ankara. Perhaps he thinks he can get Turkey to play a peace-making role.

Within Germany he grooms an old friend and a fellow traitor of 1932, Max Planck, son of world-renowned Nobel Prize winner. Collaborating closely with von Papen in his intrigues against the German Republic, Herr Planck was his secretary of state during his chancellorship. He later was connected with the leading German manufacturers' association. Often a spokesman for heavy industry, Max Planck would be an acceptable chancellor for the reactionary conservative groups. He will also be a reliable Franz von Papen puppet.

Can von Papen possibly succeed? If his intrigues were known would't he be eliminated? The answers depend upon Germany's immediate failures, home morale, and upon the extent of the success of German Junkers in their plans to save Germany from a complete defeat. Von Papen has survived many a crisis. His slogan had been, "Danger is my daily bread."

Pic.

Why the War Criminals Should be Brought to Book

N J NANPORIA

ONE of the immediate post-war problems with which we are confronted is the fore-most one of bringing guilty men and women throughout the world—and this specifically means not confined to the Axis countries before a court of justice. It is significant that the present war, in sharp contrast to the war of 1914-18, has been characterised by a widespread public demand not only that conditions should be established which would make impossible the revival of war, but that guilty men and parties should be eliminated and appropriate retribution meted out to them.

It may be objected, with some show of justification that this desire for retribution is not a constructive attitude and that the possibility remains that it is but a passing phase of what is generally and collectively known as war mania. Admittedly, it is obvious that the temper of the people in the mass is inclined towards constructive work, and not towards what is felt the futility of retributory measures—after all the mischief has been done. But it may be contended—and it is our con-

tention—that this constructive attitude is very far from complete if the public, the masses, are not made conscious of the fact that there are guilty men and parties, and that the present catastrophe of war cannot wholly be attributed to vague, metaphysical entities labelled 'forces' and 'influences' about which many academic voices are heard.

It must be admitted then that there is a strong realisation of the necessity of applying retributory measures on specific men or parties, as a part of the constructive effort after the war. It is an essential part of the post-war programme that all obstacles to future peace and prosperity should be eliminated, and this elimination cannot be consummated by a mere military victory over the Axis forces. Something more than that is required. An international inquiry into the causes of the war, as they are manifested as men and influences, is considered necessary.

The feeling for and support of retributory measures must be distinguished from the crude

'hang the Kaiser' passions that ran riot after the last great war People are more sophisticated today, and though there are yet blood-thirsty old ladies who advocate the decapitation of Hitler and the display of his head throughout the countries of the United Nations, the general attitude is one which recognises that retribution is necessary not so much because criminals must be brought to book and justice done, as because, in the process of working for international justice, much light will be shed on causes and forces and men whose unobtrusive yet vital roles in bringing about the war still remains to be adequately publicised

To those who are the victims of intellectual honesty it is a pretty question to ask whether Fascism as a doctrine or the sincere advocate of Fascism is the prime cause of the war A sincere Fascist may plead in extenuation that his was an error of judgment The most superficial consideration of this problem gives us some conception of the many difficulties with which the protagonists of justice are faced

These difficulties are interestingly brought out in a recent publication which I would commend to all readers interested in this subject—*The Trial of Mussolini* by Cassius The author brings out with startling

clarity the fact that if Mussolini as the original exponent of Fascism is condemned before an international court of justice, by the same token there are Fascists and appeasers of Fascism in every country including Britain who deserve similar condemnation

The book is in the form of a mock trial, and by means of incriminating quotations proves that despite Mussolini's outright espousal of Fascism and all that this doctrine implies and involves, despite his rape of Abyssinia, despite his murder of Giacomo Matteotti the prominent Italian socialist, man of the calibre of Winston Churchill, Chamberlain, Ward Price, Lord Rothermere and Lord Halifax referred to Mussolini in the warmest of terms and revelled in the most degrading forms of appeasement

A typical quotation to which the prisoner's advocate draws the attention of the court is the following which despite our admiration for Mr Churchill as a war leader we are compelled to stress as important In a speech delivered by Mr Churchill when he held the position of Chancellor of the Exchequer under Mr Baldwin, he declared 'I could help being charmed, like so many other people have been, by Signor Mussolini's gentle and simple bearing and by his calm, detached poise

in spite of so many burdens and dangers. Secondly anyone could see that he thought of nothing but the lasting good, as he understood it, of the Italian people, and that no lesser interest was of the slightest consequence to him. If I had been Italian I feel sure that I should have been wholeheartedly with you from start to finish in your triumphant struggle against the bestial appetites and passions and Leninism. I will however say a word on the international aspect of Fascism. Externally your movement has rendered a service to the whole world. The great fear which has beset every democratic leader or a working class leader has been that of being undermined or overbid by someone more extreme than he. Italy has shown that there is a way of fighting the subversive force which can rally the masses of the people, properly led, to value and wish to defend the honour and stability of civilised society. She has provided the necessary antidote to the Russian poison. Hereafter no great nation will be unprovided with an ultimate means of protection against the cancerous growth of Bolshevism.

The quotation is typical of the statements which were made from time to time by British Government spokesmen during the appeasement stage—if indeed

what cannot be distinguished from outright support of Fascism can be termed appeasement. The somewhat naive theory that Fascism is extreme capitalism on its defensive against socialism in its extreme form—communism—appears to be substantiated by Churchill's last sentence. True to his saying that he would make a pact with the devil to save England, Mr Churchill did not hesitate to throw in his lot with Stalin and the Soviet Union when Hitler crossed the border into Russia on June 22nd 1941. As Stalin told Mr Willkie his respect for Mr Churchill is the respect of a realist for a realist.

Men like Baldwin and Chamberlain and Ward Price lacked Churchill's forthright realism, but were as guilty in establishing Mussolini's position as a bulwark against the 'cancerous poison of Bolshevism'. It is enlightening to reflect now that it is precisely this poison which is saving the world from Nazism today.

Baldwin and his crew may plead an error of judgment, so can Mussolini, and so can Hitler. Ever since his march on Rome Mussolini has been consistent in his policy of establishing Fascism, and using means of brute force which though ignored then have since the outbreak of the war been condemned unconditionally. If Mussolini was

not a monstrous criminal during the appeasement period it is difficult to argue that he has since become one, just as it is difficult to adopt ourselves to the fact that whereas socialism was once 'a cancerous Bolshevism' it has now become 'that great Russian experiment'

In considering the trails of Mussolini and Hitler and their acolytes, it is also necessary then to consider the appeasers, the neo-Fascists, the anti-progressives, the reactionaries, that

backed the wrong horse and made the whole world suffer in consequence. The point which requires emphasis at this stage of the war, is that there has been no sign as yet of the abandonment of the policy of appeasement. The same policy may be perpetuated under another name, the struggle between extreme capitalism and extreme socialism can yet proceed apace. It is to realise these truths that an international inquiry into the causes of the war is of such supreme importance

ONE day a man was taunting Alexandre Dumas, the great French novelist, with his ancestry

"Why," sneered the fellow "you are a quadroon, your father was a mulatto, and your grandfather was a negro"

"Yes," roared Dumas, "and, if you wish to know, my great-grandfather was a monkey. In fact, my pedigree began where yours terminates"

WHEN Napoleon III made a triumphal entry into Bordeaux soon after the *coup d'etat*, it was arranged that from an arch of flowers under which he was to pass an imperial crown should hang, surmounted by the words "He well deserves it". But the wind blew away the crown, and when the emperor passed under the arch, to the great joy of the Republicans only a rope with a noose at the end of it dangled there, with "He well deserves it" standing out in bold relief above it!

A CERTAIN lord who wore a very heavy, ferocious-looking cavalry moustache met Mr O'Connell in Dublin. O'Connell said to the lord "When are you going to put your moustache on the *Peace Establishment*?"

"When you put your tongue on the *Civil List*," replied the lord

JERROLD was asked, one day, by an actor if he had sufficient confidence in him to lend him a guinea

"Oh, yes, the confidence but not the guinea," replied Jerrold

Have You Seen Jawaharlal?

JOHN GUNTHER

THE remarkable human being whose name is Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru is, next to Mr Gandhi, the most important Indian in India. This handsome, cultivated and exceptionally fastidious and sensitive Kashmiri Brahman, who is generally accepted as the Mahatma's successor in the nationalist movement, is not so baffling a creature as Mr Gandhi, but he has complexities enough. The struggle in Nehru is triple. He is an Indian who became a Westerner, an aristocrat who became a socialist, an individualist who became a great mass leader. More than this, he is a man with a modern mind, a man of reason, a devout—if this is the proper adjective—rationalist. And in India—the continent of caste and holy cattle, of religious fanaticism in an extreme degree—India, which is a sort of cesspool of rival faiths, but in which faith, any faith, is a paramount desideratum! Nehru the agnostic, Nehru the modern man, faces the colossal medievalism of India. He fights the British, but he fights the entrenched conventions of ritualism of his own people too. His struggle is that of a twentieth-century mind trying to make a revolu-



Jawaharlal Nehru

tion of material going back beyond the Middle Ages

Nehru was born in Allahabad on November 14, 1889, the son of Motilal Nehru, one of the greatest lawyers and richest men in India. It is difficult to call him "Nehru," because in India he is universally known just as "Jawaharlal." Sometimes he is referred to as "Panditji," but Jawaharlal is enough. "Pandit," incidentally, which means "wise man," is a Kash-

miri title he took on from his father

When one says that Jawaharlal is a Kashmiri Brahman and the son of Motilal Nehru, it is as if one were to say that man was a Boston Cabot or Lowell, with a father like Mr Justice Holmes. He comes not only of the bluest blood in India, with a tremendous pride of race and heritage, but of a family with a deep tradition of public service.

Young Nehru had an English tutor from his earliest years, in 1905, at sixteen, he went to England, where he studied at Harrow and Cambridge and read for the bar—curious background for an Indian revolutionary who was to spend years in British prisons. During this period his influences were largely literary. He was shy and lonely, he read Pater and Wilde and was devoted to what he calls a "vague kind of cyrenaicism," though he came early in contact with social and scientific ideas.

In 1912, when he was twenty-three, Jawaharlal returned to India. Life smote him promptly. It was in any case impossible for him not to be close to politics—for instance, the coalition between the Indian National Congress and the Muslim League in 1916 was made in his father's house—and presently he was identi-

fying himself with the nationalist movement and making speeches.

Soon a turning point in Nehru's life occurred. He took his mother and wife, both of whom were ill, to Mussoorie in the north. It happened that an Afghan delegation, negotiating peace with Britain after the 1919 Afghan war, was housed in the same hotel. Nehru never talked to any of the Afghan plenipotentiaries, but after a month he was suddenly served with an order from the local police forbidding him to have any dealings with them. This struck him as ridiculously arbitrary, he had no intention of talking to the Afghans, but—a young man of fiber—he refused on principle to obey the order. Thereupon he was formally "externed" from the Mussoorie district. This was his first conflict with British authority. In the next two weeks he had nothing much to do and first became aware of the *kisans*, peasants, and their grievances.

Nehru first went to jail during the 1921 non-co-operation campaign. Altogether he has served seven terms. Jail alone did not make him a socialist, but it gave him the time and opportunity for exhaustive political study and introspection. Generally he was well treated in jail, as a rule he was permitted books and writing materials. Presently his socialism

took concrete form, and merged gradually with the nationalist side of his nature. He began to see the Indian problem as more than a struggle between rebel nationalists and British nationalists. He became convinced that British imperialism as a capitalist growth was the real enemy, and that it must be fought from the socialist as well as from the nationalist point of view. British imperialism rests on capitalist exploitation as well as on the political demands of empire, therefore a logical opponent of British imperialism must be not merely a nationalist but a socialist too. This is the root of Nehru's creed. In every way, he has tried to hammer it home to the Indian people.

Today, at forty-nine, Nehru is strikingly handsome—especially when he wears the Gandhi cap, a sort of white forage cap—and he is one of those fortunate people who photograph even better than they look. Usually he wears the Congress uniform—white *khadi*—and manages to appear courtly and impressive even when shrouded with yards of cheesecloth apron. His friends say that he has aged a good deal in the past two or three years, mostly as the result of fatigue, continual travelling and the giving out of energy. He is tall for an Indian, about five feet ten, with excellent bearing and a

sound, hale constitution. In prison he suffered from pleurisy, but it troubles him no longer. He exercises methodically, and loves winter sports and swimming.

Jawaharlal lives as a rule in a house called the Anand Bhavan at Allahabad. His father gave his tremendous house to the nation, renaming it Swaraj Bhavan, for the family he then built what was to have been a simple cottage, but Motilal was an exceptionally expansive personality, and the simple cottage—the Anand Bhavan where Nehru lives—turned into a house almost as big as the original one. The big house is now the headquarters of the Congress Party, part of it is used as a hospital.

But Jawaharlal isn't in Allahabad very often. His travels are formidable. He lives on the railway trains, and by choice travels third-class. Anyone who has been in India knows what an ordeal this is.

India—Indian India—has no capital. Gandhi is in Wardha, Nehru in Allahabad, Bombay and Calcutta are important centres to Congress, and so are Lucknow and Madras. The Working Committee of Congress—its executive body—meets once every six weeks. As a rule it rotates among different cities. The committee members are incessantly, un-

endingly travelling. The trains roar across dusty India, bringing them together.

Nehru's wife, Kamala, who came from a Kashmiri Brahman family like his own, died in 1936. She had been in ill-health for many years, and he was released from his most recent term of imprisonment in order to visit her in Switzerland. Previously, when she was in India, the British volunteered to free him so that he might see her if he would pledge himself informally to give up politics for the period corresponding to the rest of his term. He refused. She begged him to refuse. Their only child, twenty-year-old Indira, is in school in England. Nehru has two sisters, one, Lakshmi, married Ranjit S. Pandit and is the thoroughly competent minister for local self-government and health in the United Provinces government—the first Congresswoman to reach ministerial rank.

Nehru keeps closely in touch with the outside world. He subscribes to the *New Statesman*, the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*, *Time & Tide*, the *New York Nation*, *The New Republic*, the *Living Age*, and *Vendredi* and *L'Europe* from Paris. Recently he went for a brief vacation in the Himalaya. The books he took with him were Aldous Huxley's *Ends and Means*, Bertrand Russell's *Which Way to Peace?* John

Dewey's *The Quest for Certainty*, Edward Thompson's *Life of Lord Metcalfe*, *The Tongues of Man* (a book on comparative philology) by J. R. Firth, and Levy's *Philosophy for a Modern Man*.

His knowledge of English poetry is profound, and his love for it passionate. Incessantly he quotes classic verse.

He has, as his father had, a tremendous number of acquaintances, but very few intimate friends. He speaks often of his loneliness. He loves children, light-heartedness, laughter, but he is no backslapper, he hates promiscuous effusiveness, he is moody and ingrown, and finds it hard to meet people halfway. They must come to him. He made even his father come to him, to meet his growing mind and soul, for it was worry over Jawaharlal's youthful rebelliousness that gradually brought the elder Nehru to the point of taking his stand for Gandhi and civil disobedience. In one passage Jawaharlal says that he took to the crowd and the crowd took to him, but that he never was able absolutely to lose himself in the crowd, he was in it always, of it never. This diffidence, this loneliness, is probably the mark of jail.

He is the furthest possible removed from the mob leader like Hitler or Mussolini. American newspapers tag him

with the adjective "fiery," which is singularly inappropriate. When he talks, he deliberately understates his case, he sounds like a lecturer at Oxford, even at a political meeting. Frequently he confesses his failings, he is sometimes bored by politics he is the victim of competitive emotions, occasionally he is unsure of himself and divided in judgment. He talks frankly of his inner conflict, of "subconscious depths struggling with outer circumstances, of an inner hunger unsatisfied." Far cry from the brassy dogmatism, the surly self-assurance, of most national leaders.

In one despondent moment he wrote that he represented no one. "I have become a queer mixture of the East and West, out of place everywhere, at home nowhere." Much in India disgusts him and he confesses to "retreating into his shell" to avoid it.

He detests ritualism and mysticism, except perhaps in poetry. Religion he calls a kill-joy. He is all for modernization, westernization. "This spectacle of what is called religion or at any rate organized religion, in India and elsewhere, has filled me with horror, and I have frequently condemned it and wished to make a clean sweep of it." This—from an Indian leader! And there are many to say that

his hatred of religion will keep him from supreme heights in India, because it is inconceivable that India should surrender herself finally to an agnostic.

He has no faddisms, like the Mahatma, he is appalled at Gandhi's dictum that sexual intercourse is evil and must never be practised except to create offspring. He ate meat from childhood, but gave it up under Gandhi's influence in 1920. He reverted to meat again in Europe, though he felt that it "coarsened him", now (like Hitler, whom he in no other way resembles) he is "more or less" a vegetarian. He smokes occasionally, and outside India may even take a little light wine. His general health is so good that even in jail he had no insomnia. He has, however, recorded some curious dreams. A favourite dream is of flying over open country. Once he dreamed that he was being strangled.

He gets no salary for political work, and the great family fortune has gone mostly to the cause. What little money he needs he gets from writing.

The things he likes most are mountains, running water, children, glaciers, good conversation and all living creature except bat and centipedes. Once he had a moment of intense enjoyment in prison, the temperature was 116 and his wife sent

him a thermos flask filled with sherbet. The things he dislikes most are exploitation, cruelty and people who, in the name of God, truth and the public good, are busy feathering their nests, in a word, most politicians

He wrote to me recently "I suppose my father and Gandhi have been the chief personal influences in my life. But outside influences do not carry me away. There is a tendency to resist being influenced. Still influences do work slowly and unconsciously. My wife influenced me considerably in many ways, though unobtrusively."

He proceeds to say that Marx and Lenin had a powerful effect on him, partly from the content of their writings, even more by reason of the way they wrote. He was tired of mysticism and metaphysics, he liked the unadorned, scientific, analytical point of view. He says that he is *certainly* a *socialist* in that he believes in socialist theory and method. His general approach is Marxist. But he wrote me "I am not a Communist chiefly because I resist the Communist tendency to treat Communism as holy doctrine, I do not like being told what to think and do. I suppose I am too much of an individualist. I feel also that too much violence is associated with Communist methods. The ends cannot be separated from the means."

One of his defects, people say, is that he is too decent, too honourable, to be a good politician. He is a gentleman. Worse, he is an English Gentleman! He has devoted his life to freeing India from Britain, but the British imprint is deep upon him. The old school tie has turned to homespun cheese-cloth, and he still follows a code of chivalry. Another defect is, of course, his ingrownness, his hatred of give-and-take and political hurly-burly.

The sources of his power are numerous. Consider his courage and obvious strength of character. Then there is his technical competence at a job, he was for instance, a highly successful mayor of Allahabad in his early years. Consider too his industry, both intellectual and physical. In jail he wrote not only most of a closely printed 617-page autobiography but a history of the world in the form of letters to his daughter which runs to 1569 pages. During the most recent election campaign, he travelled 110,000 miles in twenty-two months, in vehicles ranging from bullock carts to airplanes. Once he made a hundred and fifty speeches in a week.

Then again there is his modesty and complete honesty with himself. By 1929 he was a hero, almost inundated by the

applause and enthusiasm of the masses, by 1930 he had to face hero worship such as no man in India, Gandhi alone excepted, had ever known. He writes that "only a saint or inhuman monster could survive" the praise that came his way without being a little affected. He was distrustful of his popularity, but he couldn't help being exhilarated and impressed by it. His family quickly chastened him with railery, his wife and sisters, even his small daughter began to call him in the home the names he was given by the crowd. They would say, "Oh Jewel of India, what time is it?" or "Oh Embodiment of Sacrifice, please pass the bread."

His political integrity is insatiable, unshakable. Nothing can deflect him from the path he has chosen if he believes it to be right, nothing can make him compromise an issue if it is turning out badly, he has nothing of the occasional slipperiness of Mr. Gandhi. He makes definitions scrupulously and abides by them. All told, I think he is probably the finest character in public life I have ever met.

One small anecdote is to the point. In 1928 came a crucial vote in the Calcutta Congress session, over which his father was presiding. Gandhi and Motilal were strongly backing a proposal that Congress should adopt officially what was known

as the "Nehru Report," a document prepared by Motilal to answer the Simon Commission. Jawaharlal and his group—he was at the time head of a separate organization, the Independence League, as well as Secretary of Congress—opposed this. The vote was close. Jawaharlal's side won. Then he discovered that there had been a technical error in the voting. As Secretary of the Congress he brought this to the attention of the meeting, even though he knew that it would mean overriding his victory and that in the next vote his group would lose.

He has great detachment. Recently—this is a curious oblique sidelight on his character—he wrote a character sketch of himself and carefully arranged so that it was published in a magazine anonymously. No one knew that he was the author until he let the secret out to a few friends months later.

It begins with a resounding "*Rashtrapati Jawaharlal Ki Jai*" (Long Live Jawaharlal, Chief of State), and describes in somewhat indignant detail his manner as a conqueror of the multitude.

"The Rashtrapati looked up as he passed swiftly through the waiting crowds, his hands went up and his pale hard face was lit up with a smile. The smile passed away and the face

became stern and sad. Almost it seemed that the smile and gesture accompanying it had little reality, they were just tricks of the trade to gain the goodwill of the crowd whose darling he had become. Was it so? Watch him again.

"Is all this natural or the carefully thought out trickery of the public man? Perhaps it is both and long habit has become second nature now. The most effective pose is one in which there seems to be the least posing and Jawaharlal has learned well to act without the paint and powder of the actor. Whither is this going to lead him and the country? What is he aiming at with all his apparent want of aim?"

"For nearly two years now he has been President of Congress. Steadily and persistently, he goes on increasing his personal prestige and influence.

From the far North to Cape Comorin he has gone like some triumphant Cæsar, leaving a trail of glory and a legend behind him. Is all this just a passing fancy which amuses him or is it his will to power that is driving him from crowd to crowd and making him whisper to himself, 'I drew these tides of men into my hands and wrote my will across the sky in stars'?

"What if the fancy turns? Men like Jawaharlal with all their great capacity for great

and good work are unsafe in a democracy. He calls himself a democrat and a socialist, and no doubt he does so in all earnestness but a little twist and he might turn into a dictator. He might still use the language of democracy and socialism, but we all know how Fascism has fattened on this language and then cast it away as useless lumber.

"Jawaharlal cannot become a Fascist. He is far too much an aristocrat for the crudity and vulgarity of Fascism. His very face and voice tell us that. His face and voice are definitely private. And yet he has all the makings of a dictator in him—vast popularity, a strong will, energy, pride and with all his love of the crowd an intolerance of other and a certain contempt for the weak and inefficient. His flashes of temper are wellknown. His overwhelming desire to get things done, to sweep away what he dislikes and build anew, will hardly brook for long the slow processes of democracy."

The article—Jawaharlal must have had a good time writing it—ends with a stirring appeal that he be defeated if he runs again for Congress President. It attacks his "Cæsarism," and says that he must not be spoiled by more success. "His conceit is already formidable. It must be

checked We want no Cæsars

It is not through Cæsarism that India will attain freedom, and though she might prosper a little under a benevolent and efficient despotism, she will remain stunted and the day of the emancipation of her people will be delayed '

The lessons of this document are obvious Jawaharlal was outlining possible remote dangers of the future quite unconnected with himself As for himself, he was desperately anxious *not* to be President of the Congress for another term

Jawaharlal's relations to Gandhi are more complex than those of a disciple to a master Poles apart as they are mentally and emotionally, they are devoted to each other—recent rumours that they quarreled are quite without foundation—and they complement each other nicely Nehru needs Gandhi because Gandhi alone can carry the mass of the Indian people Gandhi needs Nehru because Nehru is his indispensable second-in-command

When Nehru first came in close contact with the Mahatma, he thought that in time Gandhi would turn gradually toward socialism Years went by, and he saw his mistake He worried terribly about it It seemed to him an unreasonable paradox that Gandhi, with all his "love and solicitude for the

underdog," should "yet support a system which inevitably produces it and crushes it" He was impatient with Gandhi's ideas of trusteeship by the upper-classes, he could not endure it that the Mahatma, who believed in non-violence, could support a system, capitalism, which was based on violence Now he has given up Gandhi as incorrigible on this issue

Nehru, however, is not, strictly speaking, the leader of the left in Congress There are many others much more to the left than he is He is not, oddly enough, even a member of the Congress Socialist Party a sort of autonomous bloc within Congress This may be partly because the socialists fear that his identification with them would embarrass his leadership of Congress as a whole Jawaharlal holds an approximate left centre position, just as Gandhi is right centre Sometimes young men in Congress think that, in the future, Jawaharlal may turn out to be Trotsky to Gandhi's Lenin Jawaharlal himself quotes grimly a prophecy that he will some day be hanged by his own Congressmen

Nehru likewise differs basically from Gandhi in that he cannot follow his leader all the way on non-violence He admits the political value of

'Bapu' Was Afraid Of 'Ba'!

"AN OLD ASHRAMITE"

GANDHIJI'S iron will is wellknown. He is gentle but inflexible. The nearer one is to Gandhiji, the more ruthless is the discipline imposed. That is perhaps why Gandhiji is most ruthless with himself. But he is never intolerant. He likes and even encourages genuine opposition. And yet people shrink from opposing him, because they learn to trust him more than they trust themselves. But in the Satyagraha Ashram at Sabarmathi there was one person who was an exception to this rule. That person who was the one nearest to him, his own wife, Kasturba Gandhi.

"THE LITTLE, IMPERIOUS WOMAN"

In the Satyagraha Ashram she was always called Ba, means mother. There she was a little, imperious woman with flashing eyes, a sharp voice and firm-set lips. When she chose she could be wonderfully sweet. When she chose she could also be hard and unbending. She ruled her part of the Gandhi cottage including the kitchen with a will of her own.

But dear soul, she had a heavy daily job on her hand



Kasturba Gandhi

She had to cook for and feed besides her great husband and some of the grand children. Over 20 other inmates of the Ashram. These last were her share out of some 200 inmates of the Ashram who were divided among the few available kitchens. In her kitchen Kasturba was no mere supervisor. She was the chief cook. There were, of course, others to help, but the main burden fell upon her.

Her energy was prodigious. Her temper too could sometimes be prodigious. She was an exacting mistress. She herself was regular to the minute and kept others, at the work with unyielding regularity. It was difficult for any lazy or indif-

ferent person to be a helpmate to her in the kitchen. Several young people who joined her kitchen had to leave one by one. But when a person was hard-working and regular, there was no trouble at all. Gandhiji always kept an unobtrusive eye on the kitchen department and knew all about its difficult politics as he did those of India.

THE HOST TERRIBLE!

There was one matter during those good old days in the Sabarmathi Ashram on which Ba would sometimes stand up to Gandhiji, Gandhiji used to be somewhat nervous on such occasions. Justice was on Ba's side. There would often be a crowd of unexpected guests at the Ashram which was the political capital of India. These guests also would be divided among the various kitchens as became convenient at the time. But Ba naturally always got more than her fair share of guests.

It was when she had many unexpected guests arriving without notice, and when Gandhiji put the burden on her to feed them that she would sometimes flare up and speak out her mind. Gandhiji would be very humble and tactful on such occasions. He was also a little afraid of Ba at such moments.

INNOCENT CONSPIRATOR

One day this very thing happened, Ba and her assistants had washed up the kitchen after lunch and just closed it. She was very tired. Who would not be? She was also a little indisposed. She went and laid herself down to rest for a while in her room. Gandhiji just then quietly came to the kitchen and beckoned to one of the assistants. He spoke in a low voice not to disturb Ba in the adjoining room. A number of guests were to arrive in an hour, very distinguished guests including the late Sri Motilal Nehru. Gandhiji wanted lunch to be ready for them.

He put a finger to his lips looking towards Ba's room, and said "Do not disturb her. You boys, start all the work of lighting the fire and cutting the vegetables, etc., and call Ba only when she is needed. And mind you, do not irritate her. You will deserve a prize from me if Ba does not go for me." He had the look of some innocent conspirator.

MISCHIEVOUS CAT

The assistants started the work in the kitchen. The fires were lit, the vegetables cut and the atta made ready. And then as ill-luck would have it, a brass plate clattered to the ground with a real sound. That woke up Ba. There was a cat. It was always upsetting things.

in the kitchen Ba thought that the cat was up to its usual mischief

She sprang up and came on to the kitchen. She was astonished to see what was going on. She asked what it was all about, and when told, smiled graciously, and made a gesture indicating, that she knew that Bapu must have ordered what was going on. Ba's English was always a little uncertain. She said "Why I not called? I am not so tired as you imagine!"

NOT A BAG OF LAZY BONES!

At night after prayers, when all the guests had left Ba suddenly went up to Gandhiji. She stood in front of him with her arms on her hips and a

mischievous twinkle in her eyes "Why did you not tell me about the guests, and ask me at once to get lunch ready? Do you think I am such a bag of lazy bones?"

Bapu replied with an answering twinkle in his eye "Don't you know, Ba that I am afraid of you on such occasions?"

Ba gave out a quiet peal of unbelieving laughter. That laughter seemed to say, "What! You afraid of me!" And yet Bapu had spoken the truth. He was afraid of perhaps none in the world. But if he was afraid of anyone, may be he was just a bit afraid of the little indomitable woman, his wife.

—Nagpur Times

THE opulent Earl was very anxious that his son should have a magnificent day at the shoot. He was too ill to take part himself, but as soon as results were known, he made instant inquiry of a retainer. The retainer, knowing how much store the father set upon his son's achievements, said "Well sir, your son shot superbly, but God was merciful to the birds."

ALEC McHaggis was a Scotsman with a tendency to philosophising, and he used to drive his friends nearly crazy with his invariable catch-word "Well, it might have been worse."

One day a man tottered into the club looking distraught, and explained how the local doctor had just come home, found a neighbour embracing Mrs. Doctor and shot him.

Everybody was dumb with horror, till McHaggis broke the tense silence by exclaiming "Well, it might have been worse!"

"How could it had been worse?" demanded the bearer of evil tidings "I tell you he shot the poor fellow stone dead."

"It might have been worse," repeated the imperturbable Scot "If he had come home yesterday at the same time he might have shot me!"

The Psychology of Security

Social Security is a phrase that is running very fast round the world just now, and one that has, manifestly, a very powerful appeal to great masses of people in many countries. The purpose of this article is to study the character of this appeal, and to ask what visions of security men and women conjure up for themselves when they respond to it

G D H COLE

THE kinds of security I propose to discuss are those of the type covered by the Beveridge Plan in Great Britain, the parallel plan issued in the United States, and the legislation actually passed some years before the war in New Zealand. The security aimed at in these proposals and plans has, generally speaking, a direct objective of ensuring to every one a minimum living income including the supply of indispensable services. But behind them, as Sir William Beveridge has made plain in his Report, lies, a second objective, which he defines as the assurance of a condition of "full employment", and there lurks also in the background the realization that it is not enough to ensure for all living incomes when they are not working, unless steps are also taken to ensure that they can earn a decent living when they are at work.

The sense insecurity under which great masses of men and women have laboured in recent years has arisen primarily from the fear of unemployment in a world ridden by recurrent economic crises and the fear of an unprovided old age, which becomes intensified as people live longer, as the proportion of old people in the total population increases, and as the changing techniques of production appear to put a rising premium on youth and adaptability. The more unemployment there is, the greater all these fears becomes, for though older people are not perhaps more subject to discharge than younger people, they do find it much harder, when they are discharged, to find a fresh job. Thus, the sense of insecurity is strongest in those who are getting on into middle life, and as these form an increasing part of the population in most advanced coun-

tries, the sense is also stronger in the population as a whole

If I were writing about the peasant countries I should have to modify this diagnosis, for the main insecurity under which the peasants have been suffering is that of the utter instability of agricultural prices, which has made farming a mostly disastrous gamble and has reduced many millions to sheer penury

On a quite different plane, there is another kind of insecurity that has affected a relatively small section of the population, but one that is of key importance in forming public opinion. Wherever, as has occurred in many countries, acute economic disorder has existed side by side with increasing opportunities for higher education, there has appeared a class of people who have found that there are far too few jobs of a sort which they regard as compatible with the rise in status and income which they feel to be their due as educated persons. It is common knowledge that the sense of thwartedness and insecurity among such "intellectual proletarians" turns easily to Fascism, and is very potent in unburying the buried man, in preventing the socially desirable sublimation of repressed tendencies, and in destroying the power of reason in the government of human behaviour

For the less educated and the less ambitious, the craving for social security is, at any rate at the level of reasoning awareness, mainly a desire for the assurance of a minimum standard of income and welfare. They want to be safe against the more elementary privation, and to see their parents, wives and children safe against these things. Greatly as most of them would prefer to be in a position to earn incomes which will ensure this minimum of safety, they want above all to possess it in some form, and it is of secondary moment to them *how* they possess it. But as one ascends the social scale, the "how" becomes more and more important. The worker who has the pride of a skilled artisan feels, in most cases, the ignominy of living on "doles" much more keenly than the labourer (of course, this is only a generalization to which there are many exceptions). The "dole" *degrades* him more, in his own estimation, and very often in his status among his family and his friends.

It follows that the assurance of a minimum living income in sickness or unemployment, even if it be given without question, is not enough to create a sense of security among those who, either by pride of craft or calling, or by belonging to a group in which earnings are commonly a good way above the socially

assured minimum, pitch their expectations above mere subsistence. The demand for security assumes, at these higher levels, the form of a demand to be given a reasonable assurance of being accorded a chance of *doing the job for which the man or woman in question is qualified*. The "Right to Work" is something more than the right to an income: it is the right to earn an income in the way a man or woman deems compatible with human dignity and self-respect.

The aging or disabled worker looks at the matter somewhat differently. The fear in his case, even when there is no threat of the workhouse, is that of having to become a burden on his relatives, and to fall from a position of respect in the home to one of being a supernumerary dependant. What such a man or woman wants is primarily an income, because this confers a status in the family home, or at all events an assured position of respect in the family group. Hence the strength of the demand for adequate pensions and for a more generous scheme of workmen's compensation. No doubt, this demand could be made less insistent, as well as less expensive to meet, if industry were so organized as to provide the maximum of opportunities for elderly and partially disabled persons. In

fact, I believe both the changing age-distribution of the people and the incidence of war injuries will compel us, after the war, to make much better provision for using the labour of such persons.

Is this demand for security a good thing? It is often argued that it is not, because it tends to undermine the spirit of enterprise and adventure on which social progress ultimately depends. But I think this view rests on a confusion. Security for life in a particular job, coupled with the near-certainty of moving up a recognized ladder of promotion unless really gross incompetence is displayed is, I believe, thoroughly bad. It does undermine initiative, and foster habits of timidity and mediocrity. This, however, is quite a different thing from either of the two forms of security I have been discussing—the assurance of a minimum income and the assurance of having a good chance of getting another job on reasonably decent terms if one loses one's present job. Security in these two forms, so far from sapping initiative, tends to encourage it. The man who knows he has something to fall back upon in adversity can afford to take more risks, and the man who puts high his prospect of getting a new job is less likely to cling to the job he has. The more we can reconcile a

basic assurance of income with hopeful outlook on the prospects of employment, the more courage and initiative our people will be likely to display

If the community is prosperous and forward-looking and bases its entire economic policy on "full employment"—that is, on making the fullest possible use of its resources of land, capital, and man-power in the common interest—that will not make its citizens less insistent on social security in the form of assured minimum standards for all. But it will prevent this security minimum from assuming the character of a standard to which they are to adjust their lives. It will be a "fall back," rather than an inspiration, and it will leave men and women the more freedom to aim at something better.

As for the peasant, what he wants—and ought to get—is an assured price for his produce. Not necessarily a high price, but a price that will save him from the feeling that it is not worthwhile to struggle with nature, and will give him a measure of hope. In the peasant areas adversity takes the shape not of unemployment or total loss of income, but of penury, of deep depression in standards of living. The advanced countries need their "Beveridge Plans"—including the policies of "Full-Employment" on which alone such plans can satisfactorily rest. The peasant needs his "Wheat Agreements"—his assurance that in the exchange of the world's goods he will be able to "swop" his foodstuffs against manufactures and services on tolerably fair terms.

Psychology

EVE AND HER-SEX

YES, Sir. In the olden days the girls used to blush, but now they make the boys blush.

They may be as guileful as they were twenty years ago, but they are easier to see through.

Every now and then a fellow loses his best friend by marrying her.

A lot of girls put me in mind of a violinist. They like to get their beau on a string.

Mirrors reflect without speaking and women speak without reflecting.

How to be a radio success

HOWARD THOMAS

IN other days men sought magic lamps, fairy wands or secret passwords. Conjure up a genie to do your bidding and, hey presto! fame and fortune came.

Nowadays the genie is the microphone. A sturdy husk of delicate mechanism, talk to it the right way and you are a master of men, a spellbinder, a bewitcher with words, a power in the land.

Once upon a time it took years for writers to impress their names on the book-buying public, orators had to address thousands of meetings before they could command a national audience.

To-day a reputation can be made over-night. An unknown can have his say with millions.

No wonder the microphone has so many suitors. To the ambitious it is the short-cut to success, to the vain it is the loftiest of all pedestals, to the ordinary man it is glory within his grasp.

With the microphone the ordinary man can come into his own and be on equal terms with the most exalted. There may be the magic *something* in

his voice that will endear him to the hearts of a nation. Who knows?

Mr Ordinary-man, two doors away, may be the next C H Middleton, the successor to 'Commander Campbell or Christopher Stone.

Many a man has heard his wife say "You ought to be on the wireless. You're as good as some of them—better than most." The fascinating part of it is that she might be right.

Warm, human, ordinary broadcasters are rare, but if the B B C were able to hold a mass audition, nation-wide, with every man and woman given a fair hearing, there would be a fine crop of vivid new radio personalities.

But there are programmes to be made and a war to be won. By the time the B B C had staff and opportunity to search for the voices of Britain, television would have been established, and the new need would be not for radio voices but for television faces.

It is a fact, though, that everyone seems to want to broadcast. Put up a microphone in a public place, and of

those who crowd round, many will elbow forward and try to say something

In the Merchant Navy Club the microphone goes "dead" after we have finished a broadcast of "Shipmates Ashore," but then dozens of seamen (and Britain's merchant seamen are singularly retiring and quiet), will wander up and speak a few words or pretend to hum a few bars to the magic mike

Men, more than women, are easily lured to the microphone, and I can never remember any man refusing an invitation to speak into it. Women are less eager to be brought forward from an audience to say a few words, although mostly their reasons are personal. "He would think I was silly."

It is curious, too, how hard the "mike" bug bites. Once bitten, rarely mikeshy. People who are chosen casually for interviews or for topical programmes like "In Town Tonight" are seldom content with their single airing. They will not rest until the second chance comes, and for long after they will write and telephone for a chance to broadcast again.

Apart from their ticket in the sweepstakes of fame, there is, of course, the satisfaction of hearing from all their relatives, friends, and acquaintances. "I heard you on the wireless."

Whether or not they succeeded as broadcasters would have depended on several factors—the "colour" of their voices, their turns of phrase, their manner of speaking, and their subject matter. All these things must be right in the successful broadcaster.

Have the masters of the microphone a special technique? Of course! The technique is acquired fairly quickly. What counts more is their attitude of mind and their ability to project themselves.

Technique is knowing the mechanics of microphone work—when to move in closer and whisper, when to raise the voice, when to pause, when to increase the pace, how to begin, how to end. Those are tricks to be learned only by experience.

Far more important is having the right attitude towards the listeners, and for that attitude to be natural and sincere enough to be accepted and liked by the listeners. It is not the voice, the accent or the phrases that win the affection of the listening audience.

It is the person behind all these things, the personality that is built up out of these qualities. Everyone visualises the man who is speaking, so long as he is at all interesting, and the successful broadcasters

are those who project an accurate image of their likeable selves

Think of the broadcasters you like best, and you will agree that you "see" them as people and not merely hear them as voices on the air

Announcers and news readers you have to visualise by their voices alone, for their job is essentially impersonal and a news reader is trained to subjugate his own personality in favour of the news he is giving out

So listeners can create only an idealistic vision of the man who is announcing, visualising him as immaculate and perfect as his voice

This is why when the *Radio Times* publishes news readers photographs from time to time, there is a certain amount of disappointment

It is different with the Middletons and the Campbells. So well do we get to know their characters from their broadcasts that we can "type" each man and find that he looks much as was expected

There should be plenty of evidence about whether or not this statement is accurate, for listeners flock by the thousands to see these favourites in the flesh. It is this public *reclame* which helps to sweeten "mike" fame. Success means crowded

halls, well-paid personal appearances, increased royalties on publications, newspaper contracts, important business associations

So the "mike" is for ever wooed. And never is it won. The broadcaster is only successful so long as he serves the "mike". Once he imagines himself its master, his popularity begins to decline

The temptation is agonising. Imagine that you have acquired a national reputation by your intimate and warm broadcasting manner. Listeners accept you as a friend, as someone who is always welcome in the home. They like you exactly as you are—but watch them change if you change

Suppose you grow superior, slightly conceited, then doors begin to close on you, the welcome fades from the friendly faces

That is the potential Mr Hyde of every radio Dr Jekyll, the moment when they feel superior to the microphone, when they feel that they know all the tricks and have only to switch themselves on for their audience to listen in gaping admiration

It has happened very often, so often that there is real difficulty in preventing it happening. Mr A very quickly learns from his friends and his correspondents what are his

lovable characteristics on the radio That suaveness, that wit, that geniality! It is his natural manner—to begin with, the danger is that the manner will become a cloak, to be donned at the microphone

Too many of the most popular broad-casters lose their grip for that very reason Success turns their heads, and they have to *act* the part of themselves as they used to sound They lose their respect for the microphone and for listeners, and balance this loss with too much self-esteem

Thus when they broadcast they are merely the shell of themselves The naturalness and the friendliness which were the essence of their success have departed They commit the worst of all sins on the radio—being condescending to the listeners

An alert wife, a wise producer, a candid friend, will notice the trend and point it out, early enough for the broadcaster to correct his mistake But too often he thinks he knows all there is to know, and after one attempt discards the good advice From that moment his broadcasting career has passed its peak

While we are on this point, it is interesting to watch how the microphone has shaped the lives of some of its slaves Some broadcasters who have

been idealised by their public have unconsciously redesigned their characters, so to speak, to come right up to the public's mental specification of them

There are examples, too, of people setting out deliberately to discover the facet of their character most likely to appeal to listeners and then pouring themselves into the mould

I am thinking now of one extremely well-known broadcaster who, at the outset of his career, recorded his voice in half a dozen different ways He then listened to himself carefully in all his moods, flippant, ponderous, sophisticated, casual, earnest, and so on

Voice D, he decided, was the style that suited him best, so he adopted it at the microphone

He was right His voice and manner are universally known It is interesting to speculate on how much the course of his existence has altered by living up to his radio manner, first at the microphone, then down the subsequent years of his life

Mr Ordinaryman, fancying his own chance as a broadcaster, would probably be encouraged to know that it is mostly the amateur who has made the deepest mark in broadcasting Professional actors and practised politicians rarely reach the absolute summit of listener affection.

Campbell and Middleton are typical of the group of famous broadcasters who could well have entered broadcasting by saying "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking "

It will be noticed, though, that these are mostly single-style broadcasters That is to say, outside their own highly specialised line of broadcasting they lose much of their magnetism Campbell reading a serious script as a narrator, Middleton introducing artists in a variety show, this would be shadow without substance

Perhaps the only example of a broadcaster being superb as himself, as an actor, or in any type of broadcast, is Wilfred Pickles Whatever he does is real and right, and true radio

Pickles is one of the few broadcasters I have not met, which is a real loss on my part as I personally regard him as the best we have in Britain

He does appear to have mastered the microphone, but he is sage enough to have remained its modest servant A great respecter of "mikes," is Mr Pickles So am I

A thousand programmes and more I have produced, and I try to set myself a fairly high standard I would never employ myself as a broadcaster, so therefore I do not broadcast in my programmes

The "mike's" the boss Or may be it is not the mike at all May be it is you

Strand Magazine

THE two prim ladies who had taken the front rooms at Sea View summoned the landlady on the second morning after their arrival and complained that they could see men bathing from the window

'Oh indeed, I think you must be mistaken, miss," said the landlady earnestly "Why, the bathing place is far away, and at that distance I'm sure you could not tell whether men or women were bathing "

"With the opera-glass we can," replied one of the prim ladies, austere

A man called for a boiled new laid egg in one of the city tea-shops When it was served he noticed that someone had written on it in tiny lettering

"I am lonely, beautiful and young, and desire marriage, apply——"

He lost no time in writing off to the address given—you see, he was a bachelor and enjoyed a spice of the adventurous By return of post came an answer

"Dear sir,—Thanks for your enquiry I have to inform you that I was married eighteen months ago "



REVIEW *of the* WORLD PRESS



GUESTS OF PARLIAMENT

THE British Parliament is about to invite a delegation of the U.S. Congress to Britain as its guests. This is a break with tradition. Since Guy Fawkes' day Parliament's manner has not been expansive. Memories of that danger have remained ever since, so that a suspicious round of the premises is made every evening to discover men with dark lanterns and powder casks. As the visitors are to be in Britain for some weeks, they will have good opportunity of seeing with what procedure and what temper the Mother of Parliaments goes about her business. If she can keep the work at a high level of good behaviour throughout she will be fairly entitled to a little relaxation when the guests have gone. It is a strain to be good all the time. Her appearance in any case during war-time is not quite the same, architecturally or in personnel, as it was in peace.

The U.S. Congress will choose the guests, and we may readily believe there will be eager

competition for places despite the demerits of war-time travel, for Westminster's hospitality is famous. Also, for parliamentarians, there will be wrinkles to pick up. Westminster has not finished its great work of setting examples and laying down principles. It spreads its influence in many ways. Speakers elsewhere thumb its records to find out how Speaker A of the 17th century, or Speaker B of the 18th would have ruled on points that worry them. Visiting Speakers attend assiduously to catch the intonation with which the most renowned Speaker of all says "the amendment is out of order" or "the question before the House is . . ." Not in a few weeks of diligent study of procedure and diligent attendance at rationed tea parties will everything be understood that Westminster can impart.

If the experiment is a success it may go further. A delegation of MPs may return the compliment after being invited to visit Congress from whose

methods there are good things to be learned too. Nor need legislators remain the only class of person to be shuttled beneficially back and forth in organized fashion across the Atlantic. Deputations of teachers, architects, bank managers, trades unionists, doctors, engineers, even of journalists might be arranged. In that way would be fostered the more thorough Anglo-American understanding which the necessities of the time so obviously require. Through it—and especially perhaps through planned interchange of legislators—might be achieved that formal fusion of the English-speaking peoples without which, in this newspaper's opinion, mankind's affairs will probably continue to run away

The Statesman.

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EXCLUSIVE ALLIANCES

MR CHURCHILL has expressed in no uncertain terms his determination to preserve the "traditional Britain". Not only does he mean to safeguard the present social and political fabric, but to maintain intact the Empire on which the power and glory of his country depends. But the task will not be easy. More than ever it is clear that in the post-war world Britain will have to find means of adding to her strength if she is to keep up her

world position on terms of equality with the United States or Soviet Russia. Her imperial statesmen have therefore been busying themselves with schemes to achieve this end.

The first in the field was Mr Curtin's plan of an Empire Council of Premiers which would meet frequently at the various capitals and the formation of an Imperial Civil Service. But this move to revive the old idea of an Imperial Federation has not been favourably received. Canada is the main stumbling block. Her production record in the present war makes her the arsenal of the Empire and without her active support no scheme of integration will succeed. The reason for her unwillingness is clear. Her economy is closely linked with that of the United States and she will not be enthusiastic about a scheme which leaves out her great neighbour. Australia and New Zealand are also establishing closer relations with U.S.A. It is significant that the Government of New Zealand—"the most loyal Dominion"—is taking steps to adopt the Statute of Westminster to assert their country's sovereign status, even as Canada is planning to do away with the provision that requires amendments to her constitution to be effected only by British Parliamentary statute.

The second Imperial scheme is that of General Smuts. His suggestion is that Britain should extend her hand across the Channel and ally herself with the North-western democracies. The orientation he would give is towards Western Europe, whose leadership he wants Britain to assume. As the Premier of a British-Dutch Dominion, where the European racial problem has been solved, he is supposed to be specially qualified to speak for a union of Britain and the Netherlands in Europe. The truth of the matter is that he aims at giving Britain a powerful position in world affairs independent of the United States by linking her with Western Europe. But his scheme has been equally vehemently criticised. The Dominions have not been enthusiastic. Belgium is willing, but Dutch and Norwegian spokesmen have stated that they will not consider it, because it will result in the exclusion of the United States from Western Europe.

The Hindu

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EIRE ISOLATED

MR CHURCHILL'S explanation of the steps taken against Eire is eminently reasonable. There seems to be little doubt that if considerable traffic is allowed to continue across the Irish Sea, the German and Japanese missions in Dublin, within a few hundred

miles of London, are in an excellent position to keep Berlin informed of second front developments.

As Mr Churchill pointed out, the United States considers that the presence of a German Minister and a Japanese Consul with their staffs in Dublin is likely to cause danger to the American armed forces.

The restrictions which have so far been announced bear out the Prime Minister's statement that American and British policy is to isolate Southern Ireland "from the outer world during the critical period which is now approaching."

The Times of India

* *

UNJUSTIFIABLE

THE Bombay Government's decision to extend the term of the Bombay Municipal Corporation for two more years is utterly unjustifiable on any ground. Government's objections to general elections at present are that as under the new constitution of the Municipality elections are to be on the basis of adult franchise, such elections are bound to cause dislocation in the life of the city at a time when war effort needs to be greater than ever, and, secondly, that there is considerable apprehension in the mind of the public, especially of the minority communities, as regards elections based on the new system.

Both the objections are untenable, their force being unduly exaggerated. General elections on the basis of adult franchise will doubtless cause enthusiasm and some excitement but it is fantastic to suppose that they will so dislocate the life of the city as to affect war effort. Adult franchise gives satisfaction to the poor who form the bulk of the electors and they are, therefore, hardly likely to cause trouble.

The rich have partially lost their privileged position but they are less likely or able to cause any dislocation. To the minorities, too, adult franchise is a special advantage. For with the help of cumulative voting they can pull their full weight and gain more seats than under a restricted franchise, unless there is gerrymandering in the delimitation of constituencies. In so far as the proposed plan of constituencies is unfair to any minority it should be improved. But it is unjust to put off general elections year after year on flimsy grounds.

The Bombay Chronicle

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HABSBURG PROPAGANDA

WHAT are the prospects of a Central European federation today? Can the Habsburg dynasty play any unifying role again?

For Otto of Habsburg the task of a Central European federa-

tion is more insoluble now than it was in the past.

For, first, in view of the historical memories, he can no longer claim to possess the common allegiance of the various nations on the strength of emotional ties. The Habsburg idea has long been dead in Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, and, I would say, also among the large masses of Austria and Hungary.

Secondly, he is bound to fail as far as the Czechoslovaks and Yugoslaves are concerned, for the very same political reasons for which he is being supported by some Austrian and Hungarian circles.

Indeed, Otto of Habsburg would not for a moment enjoy the support of the Hungarian ruling clique and its American representative, Tibor Eckhard, if he proposed (let us assume the unimaginable) the democratisation of Hungary by the abolition of class privileges and by a thorough land reform, along with the recognition of and union with Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia.

Habsburg propagandists might have some chance in convincing some of their friends abroad of their good intentions by appealing to the monarchic traditions and sentiments of the Anglo-Saxons. But that restoration is meant to take place not in Canada, but in Central Eu-

rope And there, undoubtedly, the return of the Habsburgs to the Austrian and Hungarian throne would only create a dangerous tension, and would inevitably isolate Austria and Hungary from the other Central European nations For they would not find any adherence from the Czechoslovaks and Yugoslavs The unity of the Czechoslovak and Yugoslav people will automatically emerge again as soon as the Nazi yoke, is overthrown Thus the Habsburg dynasty, if restored in Austria and Hungary, would constitute rather a check than a stimulus for Central European consolidation That propaganda simply does not take into account the real conditions existing in Central Europe and not even those in Austria and Hungary The situation there cannot be appraised according to the conceptions of Austrian or Hungarian legitimist refugees

F Sedlicky in the Dalhousie Review, (Nova Scotia)

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FIGHTING MEN SALUTE THE PRESS

AS ordinary fighting men, may we say a word for the pressmen and photographers who accompany us on operations? We, the armed forces, get all the praise But they, without weapons and with a delicate job to do that needs both concentration and steadiness, get all too little. Their

courage is just as great (if not greater very often) as that of any fighting man We salute all the pressmen in the battle zone,

*Sergents in Sussex,
Picture Post*

* * *

BACK TO RULE-OF-THUMB!

PLANNING has become a political mania The good old English rule-of-thumb is being banished No longer must we be sure of the first steps before taking the next Experience on the job, and of the job, is to be a minor aid Unfortunately, the number of planners who possess the required qualifications is much too small to meet the demands made upon them They will, we hope, score some great successes, but it is pretty certain that, if the zealots have their way, there will be some very great failures

Sunday Times

SEAT OF THE MIGHTY

AN old man died in Lisbon leaving £60,000 in order to build a hospital and a poor-house in his native town All his life he had been known as a miser who, being one of the principal shareholders in the Lisbon tramway company and being entitled to travel free, always walked through the streets so as not to occupy a seat that might be used by a paying passenger

Seculo (Lisbon)



TO-MORROW ALWAYS COMES *By Vernon Bartlett*
(Chatto and Windus) 5sh

THE disastrous lack of foresight evinced by representatives of Allied governments at Versailles, which made them lose the peace after they had won the war has been responsible for the considerable amount of attention which is being paid to the problems of peace while the Germans are still on Italian soil and the Japanese flag flies over Singapore

In this book which is an imaginary diary, "a rash attempt" as Mr Bartlett describes it "to write history before it has happened" the magnitude of the problems involved and their infinite variety are dealt with in detail and apparently workable solutions provided for some of them

Mr Bartlett begins by analysing the situation in the four

large states engaged in the present struggle—America, Great Britain, China and the Soviet Union and emphasises the change in the British attitude to life "Nobody", he asserts, "can remain quite so selfish or self-centred after a bad air-raid as before it" and adds that the British have undergone a spiritual revolution which has altered their outlook on material things—a state of affairs which will reconcile them to the possibility envisaged by Mr Bartlett of Great Britain being a second-rate power after the war. The leadership would in that case pass to America "Few men", in the Old World he continues in an excess of optimism not warranted by fact, "will grumble much with if the leadership is, in fact, now to pass to the New World. But

they will grumble if the leadership is demanded and then is not used

At least some of those who claim that this is the American century seem much less interested in the restoration or the introduction of democracy in the countries that are saved from Fascism than in the prevention of Communism. But there is going to be no American century if Americans are so frightened of change that they seek to establish throughout Europe regimes controlled by exponents of ideas that are dead.

The second part of the book commences with an entry dated 30th June (the year is not mentioned) thus "Gerald Barry, editor of the *News Chronicle* rang me up at 3 this morning. Willy Forrest cabling from G H Q has confirmed a midnight report from Berne that the German army in Southern Austria has surrendered. A day of wild rumours. The cabinet met twice. It appears that the Allies are hesitating to announce the news for they don't yet know how much attention to pay to this army surrender and whether it has taken place in agreement with the German Supreme Command."

From thence onward to November 25th the welter of problems that is Europe is presented with convincing and intelligent realism. France,

Poland and the occupied countries revolt, the question of food supplies provokes heated discussion, the House of Commons debates for fourteen solid hours on the problems of peace, Hitler is thrown into a great cauldron of molten metal by workers in a factory near Cologne while attempting to escape, the Czecho-Slovak Government goes back to Prague, refugees in London storm Bloomsbury House, riots break out in Germany, the American press is concerned over Russian intentions in Hungary, problems of finance, demobilisation, Relief and Rehabilitation cause a hundred headaches to those concerned till the Peace conference at Washington where "axes are being ground so noisily and aggressively that the voice of the smaller nations cannot be heard."

Mr Bartlett devotes disappointingly few pages to the problems of education in the post-war world where the main problem, as some people see it is the evolution of a new type of individual trained to find alternatives to settling international disputes other than war. Without this the writer's optimism as regards the future does not seem particularly justified but he has established his claim to be heard and in this stimulating and provocative book adds further laurels to his reputation.

THE DREAM OF RAVAN (*International Book House* Rs. 2-8)

"NEARLY a century ago", writes Madame Sophia Wadia in the course of an introduction to this book, "even before Max Muller began his project of the "Sacred Books of the East" series there appeared in more than one European language, writings on philosophical and mystical themes based upon the Hindu Shastras. Thus in 1853 *The Dublin University Magazine* published papers which are reprinted in this volume. *The Dream of Ravan* is more than a *Ramayana* tale retold, it is more than a philosophical exposition of the three *Gunas*—Satta, Rajas and Tamas—or a psychological one of the four *Avasthas*—Jagrat, Swapna, Sushupti and Turya, it is all these and more, its main value consists in the theosophic and mystic lore of which the author seems to be an experienced

master. *The Dublin University Magazine* does not disclose the name of the author."

Prose and verse as well as dramatic dialogue are employed with equal degrees of success on this unusual and fascinating work which ranges from sheer poetry and highly philosophical argument to satire and the restrained irreverence of Victorian journalism. In it the super-normal rubs shoulders with the superbly grotesque and in an atmosphere of frolicking divinity gods and rakshasas, rishis and kings live through a pageant made intensely real by the talent of a gifted writer. The average modern reader used to quick and effortless satisfactions is likely to fight shy of this book, but the more intelligent minority will find it acceptable and well worth reading.

TOMORROW IS OURS By K Ahmad Abbas (*Popular Book Depot* Rs 4-8)

THE journalist in fiction, like the novelist in a newspaper office seems unhappily called upon to pay allegiance to each of two distinct if superficially related arts. Now the newspaperman and now the novelist comes to the fore and the reader in his passage through the book is faced with

a series of mental jerks which do not always contribute to his desire to persevere to the end. Having accustomed himself however to the motion of this literary see-saw, he is free, as it were to look around and discover for himself the highlights and shadows of the landscape from two separate planes.

"Tomorrow is Ours" is the work of that lively and enterprising young journalist, Khwaja Ahmed Abbas whose first scenario, the publisher's blurb informs us proved a sensational hit winning the Bengal Film Journalist's Award for the best original screen play of the year. This book which is described as 'a novel of the India of today' relates the least attractive period in the history of a country—the period of transition—to the consciousness of various familiar and recognisable types.

Parvati, young attractive and talented represents the better type of College girl, Shrikant, the son of a zamindar with a fully developed social conscience which makes him revolt against the tyranny of an unjust social order, Roopmati his mother who embodies the most feudal aspects of her heritage, Kamini, an ineffectual but pretty young woman married to a gross and lecherous rajah Ajay, the selfless idealistic devotee of Communism, and Roopmati, a lively, good-natured nautch girl of easy virtue in the portrayal of whom Mr Abbas comes nearest to being successful as a novelist. Roopmati purveys no ideology, is not tacked on to an "ism", betrays no social consciousness, displays no urge towards uplift activity, is innocent of debating

societies and editorials in Socialist dailies but manages to be what the others are not—made of flesh and blood, alive and human, breathing God's air and not an *ersatz* product bubbling out of cylinders.

The descriptions of village life are good, the story absorbing and though the characters are created to present the welter of problems that is the India of today they suffer vicissitudes which evoke some very genuine tears. India, in the English novel (of Indian origin) is a blowsy, unattractive female mainly because such novels are political or economic treatises with slight fictional interest. The characters belong to the Indian intelligentsia the members of which, educated in a foreign language, tethered to strange and unassimilable ways of life are surely the most nauseatingly half-baked spectacles of humanity that history has ever witnessed. One hopes that Mr Abbas who as his publishers inform us "threatens to write another novel" will then remember the real India nestling in her green shadows, lovely in her simple dignity, soft-voiced and humble with the wisdom of the years. This India is waiting to be found and Mr Abbas who has the talent and the courage and faith will, I hope find it.

CITIZEN TOM PAINE. *By Howard Fast (International Book House)*

Abridged Rs. 3

THIS historical novel of which over 400,000 copies have been sold in America is the life-story of that great revolutionary, Tom Paine whose existence was based on a passionate belief that "men have it in their power to fashion the world anew" It

is a moving story set against the vividly evoked background of the French and America revolution and even in the abridged form in which it is now presented makes acceptable and interesting reading

A SAILOR'S JOTTINGS *By Lieut-Commander J F Carter (New Book Co Bombay)*

BOOKS dealing with sailors' experiences while out at sea have a limited appeal because the average reader is a little uncertain about the meanings of nautical terms and is irked by constant reminders of his ignorance This book by a retired Lieutenant Commander of the

Royal Navy is free from such references and makes easy reading It contains a series of mildly interesting anecdoted related simply and directly and should be a welcome gift for school boys interested in adventure

"**H**I, waster, I've just found a lot of splinters in this stuff you've given me"

"Quite correct, sir, it's cabinet pudding"

"**M**A," said a little girl who was reading a geography book, "where is the state of matrimony?"

"That," said the mother, "is one of the united states"

AUNTIE And how did Jimmy do his history examination?

Mother Oh, not at all well, but there, it wasn't his fault Why, they asked him things that happened before the poor boy was born

ENTHUSIASTIC Little Boy Father, when I grow up, may I be an actor?

Fed-up Father It all depends

Enthusiastic Little Boy What does it depend on?

Fed-up Father. On how long you can go without food

Indian Film Section

EDITED BY D C SHAH

PUBLIC PERSONALITIES AND THE FILM INDUSTRY.

AT a time when a number of prominent men and women in our public life do not as yet appear to have learnt the wisdom of refraining from unnecessarily allowing their well earned reputation to be rather cheaply involved in what passes by their "boosting" certain—mostly indifferent—films despite bitter experience, and when much criticism against this tendency of theirs—which is fast becoming a habit with them—is being offered by the press day in and day out, it won't be amiss to review the subject in a nutshell with a view to see whether or not there can be a really healthy co operation between these personalities and the film industry, a co operation as distinct from the one in vogue, a co-operation that would prove advantageous and helpful to the progress of the latter, a co-operation that would once and for all dispell that nasty notion about the notorious traditions of filmdom and bring home the realisation that these proclaimed bene-

factors of society and the common people cannot afford to overlook the basic fact that their status and influence are as much liable to be enhanced by the most insignificant of their actions and utterances in the open forum as they are liable to suffer by them



Jayshree the winsome Star of Shantaram's 'Shaktuntala' which is heading towards a Golden Jubilee at the Swastik

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of GLORIOUS RUN
SADHONA BOSE
AROON
in RANJIT'S**

SHANKAR PARVATI

Director C A DOSHI

OPERA HOUSE

Daily 4, 7 & 10 p m
Sat, Sun Matinee 1-30 p m
Advance Booking
9 30 to 12-30 & 3 to 6-30

ADMIT RELEASE



Naseem who is co starred with
Ashok Kumar in Filmistan's Chal-
Chal re Navjivan

**2ND MONTH
NAVIN'S
DOST
NURJEHAN * MOTILAL**

Director
SHAUKAT HUSSAIN

IMPERIAL

Daily 4, 7 & 10 p m
Matinee on Sun 1-30
Advance Booking 10 to 12

An interesting example as personally witnessed by this writer should give one some idea as to the utter absurdity behind the existing tendency between the two—the film industry and these public personalities, whose names are so commonly associated with this or that publicity stunt these days. A guy had occasion to approach a well-known businessman, whose unsparing praise over an absolutely insipid picture he had read with disgust not long ago. During the course of the conversation, the fellow happened to mention that film casually “What? Oh, I haven’t seen it” retorted the big one rather hurriedly! Of course

he attempted to wriggle out of the uncomfortable situation he had invited upon himself, but the fact remains that he had not seen that film, about whose merits his so-called views had been announced so picturesquely. Incidentally, this is not to suggest that there are no exceptions to this nauseating practice, but isn't it akin to a needle in a haystack?

Our publicity departments are admittedly more blameworthy in this respect than these "innocent abettors" (as a prominent journal calls them) who usually mean no harm to the industry in particular, but are more or less led away by the tactical pursuits of the self-interested studio-men whom they oblige by accepting their invitation which is followed by the inevitable paraphernalia that constitute the sole object. And the least said about the plight of those who, trusting this unqualified though not uncere-monious recommendation for an evening's pastime, visit the particular film, the better!

Now it is certainly desirable that a good film with sufficient documentary appeal or educational importance, which are likely to go unnoticed because of the laxity of box-office value, be patronised by eminent men and women whose opinion the public has learnt to regard and respect. That would be a genuine national service instead of the



Sadhana Bose who rises to newer heights of her art in Ranjit's *Shankar Parvati*

present variety of impropaganda that is fast becoming sickening. Surely then it is not only unbecoming but outrageous for such personalities to go on paying tributes to hit-makers of the song-cum-dance type unblushingly. And one wonders if that could be the limit to this abysmal folly.

It is indeed high time for these great men and women to take stock of the veritable valley of ridicule into which they will be deliberately plunging themselves, if they do not pay proper heed in time. And that is speaking the mind of the industry itself!

—Filman.

"FASHION"

FAZLI Brothers Limited's "FASHION" which had its premiere recently at the Roxy amidst scenes of wild enthusiasm can be truly described as a brilliant gem of wit and pathos

Produced and directed by S F Hasnain who, also wrote the story, this purposeful and thought-provoking social is replete with both highly amusing humorous situations and heart touching emotional scenes. The remarkable feature of the film is that the comedy as well as the pathos, apart from holding

the audience interest, is both pointed and purportful

While the comedy mostly arises out of the scathing satire on the cheap imitators of Western ideas and codes of behaviour, the pathos in the picture arises out of the silent, suffering and nobility of a true ideal of Indian womanhood who is imbued with our own culture and tradition

This cleverly blending comedy and pathos Mr Hasnain, the author-director-producer, with keen insight into the realities of India has told through the post marital story of "Fashion" how the sudden acquisition of

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V. SHANTARAM'S**

MALI



Direction

K DATE

Story:

S A SHUKLA

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NOVELTY

SHAKUNTALA IN 8TH MONTH AT SWASTIK

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STIRRING APPEAL**

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Symbolised by the Greatest
Battle of The War**

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OF

**THE STORY OF
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OUR NEXT

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wealth makes a man lose the balance of his mind and how he falls an easy prey to the seductive glamour of western fashion and ruins himself with the wavering man as the central figure, and two women—one representing the true Indian culture and the other just a superficial image of glittering fashion—to influence in good and bad way respectively. We get a vivid picture of the conflict between west and east and the triumph of the latter over the former

Moreover, this extremely purposeful and entertaining social screenplay is presented in a daringly original style by Hasnain with new symbolism and new technique of commentary with the result that "Fashion" is expected to qualify itself for the award of the year both as a brilliant social story and magnificent specimen of filmcraft. The performances by Sardar Akhtar, Chandramohan and Sabitadevi are superb, the songs tuneful and production values first rate

"MALI"

THE common conception of a saint is that he does nothing but sings 'Bhajans' and waits for miracles to solve his life's problems, this conception will be rudely shaken by Rajkamal's and V. Shantaram's second production "MALI" which is

produced in two versions—Hindustani and Marathi.

Based on the life story of Savanta Mali, this picture seeks to propound his rational and progressive philosophy—"to work is to pray"—and shows how, instead of rushing to the temples and ignoring his work, Savanta Mali devoted himself to his work in his garden and regarded it as god and his garden as temple.

While this role is played by Master Krishnarao, renowned singer and stage artist, Baby Nalini, a new child prodigy plays the role of his daughter, Amir Karnatak, who is as a

play-back singer, has the most popular song-hits of the year to her credit, she is assigned a very unusual role in the picture.

The inclusion of Amir Karnatak and Master Krishnarao holds a promise of a grand feast of songs in "MALI," which, produced by Shantaram, is bound to be another great piece of progressive film art. The picture is directed by Dade from a screenplay by S. A. Shukla and is expected to be a worthy successor to "SHAKUNTALA", which is still running to packed houses at Swastik

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"PUNDALIK"

FOR the first time since its inception, Navyug departing from its usual tradition of social comedies is offering us a period picture in "PUNDALIK", based on the life story of Maharashtra's first saint, which is booked as next change at the Central

Though the story of a saint, it is purely a domestic drama showing how "PUNDALIK," one and only son of his parents, infatuated first by his wife and then by a dancing girl discards them only to repent afterwards and set an ideal of filial lover for every son and daughter to emulate. Thus, in a way it is a social subject concerning problems that occur in every home, and director Junnarkar, whose handling of intimate marital life in 'Pahili Manglagour' had won laurels is reported to have handled this picture with the warmth and delicacy that will earn for it the distinction of the year's outstanding emotional hit

Incidentally, "PUNDALIK" will reveal to us two new faces in Devdas and Sharda and a new author in Roy Kinikar. The cast also includes such veterans as Kusum Deshpande, Saroj Borkar, Sudha Apte, Javdekar and Savkar.

STIRRING DOCUMENTARY OF STALINGRAD BATTLE

DEWAN Sherar has been entrusted with the Hindi



Maya Bannerjee in Navins Dost at the Imperial

version of the commentary of the story of "Stalingrad", the stirring documentary film of the epic battle for freedom. The All-India rights of the English as well as vernacular versions of the film have been acquired by the new firm of distributors, Asia Films of China. The firm, whose office is situated at Excelsior Theatre building, Bombay, also proposes to take in hand other versions of this film in Tamil and Telugu.

"The Story of Stalingrad" is a 7,000 feet record of the greatest struggle for freedom in all history—a struggle symbolic of the deathless instinct for liberty surging

within the human breast all over the world. As such it has a universal appeal to all peoples and all countries. As many as 14 cameramen were put on the job of capturing on the celluloid all the heroic episodes of the historical battle, beginning with the first enemy air raid on August 23, 1942, to the last shot of the Soviet victorious offensive

"DOST"

THE hottest favourite amongst the latest stars of the Indian screen, Nur Jehan, has given the best performance of her career in Navin's "Dost", which has been proving popular at the Imperial.

Nur Jehan has a role of an innocent girl who is ignorant of the wiles of the world and who is harassed by her uncle. She has depicted the role with a sincerity that appeals. Her performance is lively and graceful. Add to this her lilting songs that appeal to the head and the heart and you will easily know why "Dost" has become a very popular picture

Nur Jehan and Motilal are supported by Husn Banu, Maya Banerjee, Kanaiyalal, Mirza Musharraf, Himalayawalla, Vatsala Kumthekar and others. The picture is directed by Shaukat Hussain

**HIS DEVOTION FOR
PARENTS WAS SO GREAT
THAT IT BECAME AN
INSPIRING LEGEND!**



*NAVYUG'S Tale of Maharashtra's First
and Foremost Saint*

PUNDALIK

INTRODUCING A NEW PAIR
DEVADAS & SHARDA

Direction

JUNNARKAR

Story

ROY KINIKAR

Starring

**KUSUM DESHPANDE,
SAROJ BORKAR SUDHA APTE,
JAYDEKAR, SAVKAR**

Commencing From Saturday 8th

CENTRAL

"SHUKRIYA"

THE newest production of Mr R C Talwar is now announced to be soon released in Bombay, probably within a week or so. The picture "Shukriya" is written by Hakim Ahmed Suja, well-known in Urdu circles, and starring the ravishing Ramola, the most versatile of our screen beauties.

"Shukriya" is not merely a love story. It is in fact a satire on our present day ways and manners. It is the story of a girl who had lost her soul through vanity, but who regained it through love. This dramatic and colourful role is played by Ramola and it is found to be the most dazzling

performance of the brilliant star by the Calcutta audiences.

"SHANKAR PARVATI"

THE Indian Screen has its brilliant gem in the danseuse Sadhona Bose, famed for giving finely cut and polished—representations on the screen. In Ranjit's "Shankar Parvati," which is now running at the Opera House, she has a role that brings out to the greatest advantage her histrionic as well as dancing capacities.

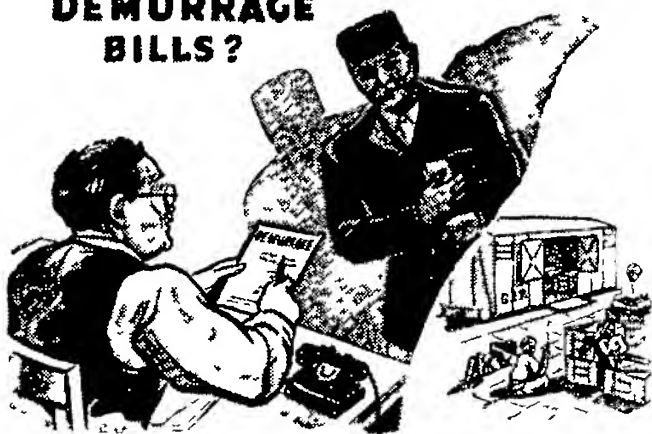
Sadhona Bose and Arun lead the cast which includes Kamla Chatterjee, Rajendra, Bhagwan-das, Brijmala and others.



A tense moment from the thrilling Soviet documentary film "The Story of Stalingrad," the English and Hindi versions of which will be shortly released in India through Asia Films of China.

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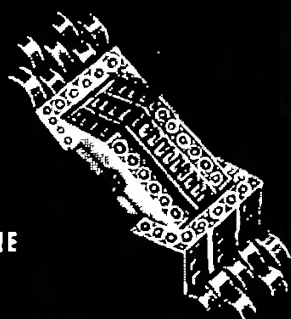
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